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ATOMS AND SUNBEAMS.

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IN recent years an important change has taken place in the manner in which many physical problems are approached. The philosopher who now seeks an explanation of great natural phenomena not unfrequently finds much assistance from certain remarkable discoveries as to the ultimate constitution of matter. Many an obscure question in physics has been rendered clear when some of the properties of molecules have been brought to light. No doubt our knowledge of the natural history of the molecule is still vastly wanting in detail. It must, however, be admitted that we have traced an outline of that wonderful chapter in nature which is specially serviceable in the question which I now propose to discuss.

The problem before us may be stated in the following terms. We have to illustrate how the sun is enabled to maintain its tremendous expenditure of light and

heat without giving any signs of approaching exhaustion. It will be found that the atomic theory of the constitution of matter exhibits the mechanism of the process by which that capacity of the great luminary for supplying the radiation so vital to the welfare of mankind is sustained from age to age.

Let me here anticipate an objection which may not improbably be raised. Those who have paid attention to this subject are aware that the remarkable doctrine first propounded by Helmholtz removed all real doubt from the matter. It is to this eminent philosopher we owe an explanation of what at first seemed to be a paradox. He explained how, notwithstanding that the sun radiates its heat so profusely, no indications of the inevitable decline of heat can be as yet discovered. If the sun had been made of solid coal from centre to surface, and if that coal had

been burned for the purpose of sustaining the radiation, it can be demonstrated that a few thousand years of solar expenditure at the present rate would suffice to exhaust all the heat which the combustion of that great sphere of fuel could generate. We know, however, that the sun has been radiating heat, not alone for thousands of years, but for millions of years. The existence of fossil plants and animals would alone suffice to demonstrate this fact. We have thus to account for the extremely remarkable circumstance that our great luminary has radiated forth already a thousand times as much heat as could be generated by the combustion of a sphere of coal as big as the sun is at present, and yet, notwithstanding this expenditure in the past, physics declares that for millions of years to come the sun may continue to dispense light and heat to its attendant worlds with the same abundant prodigality. To have shown how the apparent paradox could be removed is one of the most notable achievements of the great German philosopher.

What Helmholtz did was to refer to the obvious fact that the expenditure of heat by radiation must necessarily lead to shrinkage of the solar volume. This shrinkage has the effect of abstracting from a store of potential energy in the sun and transforming what it takes into the active form of heat. The transformation advances *pari passu* with the radiation, so that the loss of heat arising from the radiation is restored by the newly produced heat derived from the latent reservoir. Such is an outline of the now famous doctrine universally accepted among physicists. It fulfils the conditions of the problem, and when tested by arithmetical calculation it is not found wanting.

But the genuine student of nature loves to get to the heart of a great problem like this; he loves to be able to follow it, not through mere formulæ or abstract principles, but so as to be able to visualize its truth and feel its certainty. He will, therefore, often desire something in addition to the bare presentation of the theory as above stated. It may be no doubt sufficient for the mathematician to know that the total potential energy in the sun, due to the dispersed nature of its materials, is so vast that as contraction brings the materials, on the whole, somewhat nearer together, the potential energy thus

surrendered is transformed into a supply of heat quite adequate to compensate for the losses arising from the radiation by which the contraction was produced. The student who admits—and who is there that does not admit?—the doctrine of the conservation of energy knows that in this argument he is on thoroughly reliable ground. At the same time the argument does not actually offer any very clear conception, or indeed any conception at all, of the precise *modus operandi* by which, as the active potential energy vanishes, its equivalent in available heat appears. I have always felt that this was the unsatisfactory part of an otherwise perfect theory. It was, therefore, with much interest that I became acquainted a short time ago with a development of the molecular theory of gases which afforded precisely what seemed wanted to make every link in the chain of the great argument distinctly perceptible. I make no doubt that the notions which have occurred to me on this subject must have presented themselves to others also. I have, however, not read in print or heard in conversation any use made of the illustration that I am going to set forth. I feel, therefore, confident that even if it be known at all, it is certainly not generally known among the large and ever-increasing circle of readers to whom the great questions of physics are of interest.

The division of matter into the three forms of solids, liquids, and gases has acquired in these days a special significance now that the constitution of matter is becoming in some degree understood. First let it be noted that, though matter is capable of subdivision to a certain extent, yet that there is a limit beyond which subdivision could not be carried. This statement touches upon the ancient controversy as to the infinite divisibility of matter. Even still we can find the statement in some of our old text-books that there is no particle of matter so small that it could not be again subdivided into half. No doubt, so far as most ordinary experience goes, this statement may be unquestionable. It is quite true that we do not often reduce matter to fragments so small that each of them shall be insusceptible of further conceivable division. But, to illustrate the natural principle now under consideration, let us take the example of a body which is itself composed of but a single element. Think, for instance, of a



diamond, which is, as we all know, a portion of crystallized carbon. It is true that the reduction of diamonds to powder is a laborious process. Still, diamond dust has to be produced in the finishing of the rough stone, and this element will serve the purpose of our present argument better than a substance of a composite nature. Each particle of the diamond dust is, of course, as much a particle of carbon as was the original crystal. We may, however, suppose that by a repetition of the process a reduction of the diamond dust to powder still finer is accomplished. The grains thus obtained may have become so minute that they have ceased to be visible to the unaided eye, and require a microscope to render them perceptible; but even after this comminution each of these particles is still a veritable diamond. It possesses the properties, optical, chemical, and mechanical, of the original gem, from which it differs merely in the attribute of size. Even when the disintegration has been carried to such a point that each individual particle can be only just perceived by the keenest power of the most powerful microscope, there is still no indication that the particles cease to possess the characteristics of the original body. These facts being undoubted, it was perhaps not unnatural to suppose that the reduction could be carried on indefinitely, and that even if the smallest fragment of diamond which could be seen in a powerful microscope were reduced to a millionth part, and each of those to a million more, yet that the ultimate particles thus reached would be diamonds still. Now, however, we know that that is not the case. The smallest particle visible under a microscope might indeed be crushed into a thousand parts, and each one of those parts, though wholly inappreciable to our sense of touch or vision, would nevertheless be a genuine diamond. If, however, the subdivision be carried on until the particles produced are, roughly speaking, one-millionth part of the bulk of the smallest objects which could be seen in the microscope, we then approach the limits of partition of which the diamond would be susceptible. We now know that there is an atom of diamond so small that it must refuse to undergo any further division. This ultimate atom, be it observed, is not an infinitely small quantity. It has definite dimensions; it possesses a definite weight.

All such diamond atoms are precisely alike in weight, and probably in other characteristics. It might be thought that if this atom has finite dimensions, it is, at all events, conceivable that it should admit of further subdivision. In a certain sense this is, no doubt, the case. The diamond atom is made up of parts and, being so made, it is, of course, conceivable that those parts could be separated. The important point to notice is, that no means known to us could produce this separation, while it is perfectly certain that if the decomposition of the atom of diamond into distinct parts could be effected, those parts would not be diamonds at all, nor anything in the least resembling diamonds.

What we have said as regards the element carbon may be extended to every other elementary substance. Sulphur is familiarly known in a form of extreme subdivision, and each little particle of sulphur could be further comminuted to a certain point beyond which any further partition would be impossible. So, too, any composite body, such, for example, as a lump of sugar, admits of being decomposed into molecules so small that any further separation would be impossible if the molecule were still to remain sugar. No doubt, a separation of the molecule of any composite body into constituent atoms of other elements is not alone possible, but is incessantly taking place.

The first step in our knowledge of the constitution of matter has been taken when we have come to recognize that everybody is composed of a multitude of extremely, but not infinitely, small molecules. The next point relates to the condition in which these molecules are found. At first it might be thought that in a solid, at all events, the little particles must be clustered together in a compact mass. If we depended merely on sensible evidence it would seem that a lump of iron, if constituted from molecules at all, must be simply a cohering mass of particles, just as a multitude of particles of sand unite to form a lump of sand-tone. But the truth is far more wonderful than such a belief would imply. Were the sensibility of our eyes so greatly increased as to make them a few million times more powerful than our present organs, then, indeed, the display of the texture of solid matter would be an astonishing revelation. It would be seen that the diamond atoms, which, when ag-

gregated in sufficient myriads, form the perfect gem, were each in a condition of rapid movement of the most complex description; each molecule would be seen swinging to and fro with the utmost violence among the neighboring molecules. It would be seen quivering all over under the influence of the shocks which it would receive from the vehement encounters with other molecules which occur millions of times in each second. Such would be the minute anatomy of the diamond. The well-known properties of such gems seem, at first sight, wholly at variance with the curious structure we have assigned to them. Surely, it may be said that the hardness and the impenetrability so characteristic of the diamond refute at once the supposition that it is no more than a cluster of rapidly moving particles. But the natural philosopher now knows that his explanation of the qualities of the diamond holds the field against all other explanations. The well-known impenetrability of the diamond seems to arise from the fact that when you try to press a steel point into the stone you fail to do so because the rapidly moving molecules of the gem batter the end of the steel point with such extraordinary vehemence that they refuse to allow it to penetrate or even to mark the crystallized surface. When you cut glass with a diamond it is quite true that the edge, which seems so intensely hard, is really composed of rapidly moving atoms. But the glass which is submitted to the operation is also merely a mass of moving molecules, and what seems to happen is, that, as the diamond is pressed forward, its several particles, by their superior vigor, drive the little particles of glass out of the way. We do not see the actual details of the myriad encounters in which the diamond atoms are victorious over the glassy molecules; we only discern the broad result that the diamond has done its work, and that the glass has been cut.

It may well be asked how we know that matter is constituted of molecules in intensely rapid movement. The statement seems at the first glance to be so utterly at variance with our ordinary experience that we demand, and rightly demand, some convincing proof on the matter. There are many arguments by which the required demonstration can be forthcoming. The one which I shall give is not

perhaps the most conclusive, but it has the advantage of being one of the simplest and the most readily intelligible.

Let us see if we cannot prove at once that the molecules in, let us say, a piece of iron must be in movement. Suppose that the iron is warmed so that it radiates heat to a perceptible extent. We know that the heat which, in this case, affects our nerves has been transmitted from its origin by ethereal undulations. Those undulations have, undoubtedly, been set in motion by the iron, and yet the parts of the metal seem quite motionless relatively to each other, notwithstanding that they possess the power of setting the ether into vibration. It is impossible that such vibrations could be produced were it not that there is in the iron a something which vibrates in such a manner as to communicate the necessary pulses to the ether. It therefore follows that in the texture of the solid iron there must be some molecular movement, timed in such a way as to impart to the ether the actual vibrations which we find it to possess. The argument in this case may be illustrated by the analogous phenomena presented in the case of sound. As we listen to the notes of a violin, what we actually perceive are vibrations communicated through the air to the auditory apparatus. We can trace these aerial vibrations back to their source, and we find they originate from the quivering of the violin under the influence of the bow of the performer. Were it not for these vibrations of the instrument the aerial vibrations would not be produced, and the corresponding sounds would not be heard. Far more delicate than the atmospheric waves of sound are the ethereal waves corresponding to light or to heat, but none the less must these latter also originate from the impulse of some vibrating mass. It is thus apparent that a hot piece of iron, however still it may seem, must be animated by an excessively rapid molecular movement. Nor is the validity of this conclusion impaired even if the iron be at ordinary temperature. We know that a body which is no hotter than the surrounding bodies is still incessantly radiating heat to them and receiving heat from them in return. Thus we are led to the conviction that a piece of iron, whatever be its temperature, must consist of atoms in a state of lively movement. The im-

portant conclusion thus drawn with regard to iron may be equally stated with respect to every other solid, or, indeed, every other body, whether solid, liquid, or gaseous. All matter of every description is not only known to be composed of molecules, but it is also now certain that those molecules are incessantly performing movements of a very complex type.

A closer study of this subject will be necessary for our present purpose, and it will be convenient to examine matter in that state in which it is exhibited in its very simplest type from the molecular point of view. This condition is not presented, as might at first be supposed, when the matter is solid, like a diamond, or like a piece of iron. Even in a liquid the complexity of molecular constitution, though somewhat less than in the case of a solid, is still notably greater than in matter which has the gaseous form. The air that we breathe is matter almost of the most simple kind, so far as molecular constitution is concerned. It should, however, be noted that, as air consists of a mixture, it would be better for our purpose to think of a gas isolated from any other element. Let us take the case of oxygen, the most important constituent of our atmosphere.

Like every other element, oxygen is composed of molecules, and those molecules are in a state of rapid motion. It might be expected that the affinity by which the different molecules were allied in the case of a gas should be of the simplest nature, and this is indeed found to be the case. Notwithstanding that oxygen is an invisible body, and notwithstanding that the molecules are so excessively minute as to be severally quite inappreciable to our senses, yet we have been able to learn a great deal with regard to the constitution of the molecules of this gas. The mental eye of the philosopher shows him that, though the oxygen with which a jar is filled appears to be perfectly quiescent, yet that quiescence has there no real existence. He knows that oxygen consists of myriads of molecules identical in weight and in other features, and darting about one among the other with velocities which vary perhaps between those of express trains and those of rifle bullets. He sees that each little molecule hurries along quite freely for a while until it happens to encounter some other molecule equally

bent on its journey, and then a collision takes place. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that what usually happens is that the two impinging molecules make a very close approach; then each of them so vehemently attracts the other as to make it swerve out of its course and start it off along a path, inclined, it may be, even at a right angle to that which is previously pursued. The molecules in a gas at ordinary pressures are so contiguous that these encounters take place incessantly; in fact, we are able to show that each individual molecule will probably experience such adventures some millions of times in the course of each second. We are able to calculate the average velocity with which the several molecules move when the gas has a certain temperature. We know how to determine the average length of the free path which each molecule traverses in the interval between two consecutive encounters. We are able to trace how all these circumstances would vary if, instead of oxygen gas, we took nitrogen, or hydrogen, or any other body in the same molecular state. It is, in fact, characteristic of every gas that each molecule wanders freely, subject only to those incessant encounters with other similar wanderers by which its path is so frequently disturbed. If two gases be placed in the same vessel, one being laid over the other, it will presently be found that the two gases begin to blend; ere long one gas will have diffused uniformly through the other, so that the two will have become a perfect mixture just as the oxygen and nitrogen have done in our own atmosphere. The molecular theory of gases explains at once the actual character of the operation by which diffusion is effected. Across the boundary which initially separates the two gases certain molecules are projected from either side, and this process of interchange goes on until the molecules become uniformly distributed throughout.

There is, indeed, nothing more remarkable than the fact that information so copious and so recondite can be obtained in a region which lies altogether beyond the direct testimony of the senses. Just as the astronomer staggers our powers of conception by the description of appalling distances and stupendous periods of time, and relies with confidence on the evidence which convinces him of the reality of his

statements, so the physicist avails himself of a like potent method of research to study distances so minute and times so brief that the imagination utterly fails to realize them.

In the case of a liquid, the freedom enjoyed by the molecules is considerably more restricted than in the case of a gas. It would seem that in the denser fluid there can be no intervals of undisturbed travel permitted to a molecule; it is almost incessantly in a state of encounter with some other similar object. When a molecule in a liquid breaks away from its association with one group, it is only because it has entered into alliance with another. As, however, two liquids will very frequently blend if so placed that diffusion be possible, we have a proof that, though the transference of a particular molecule through the liquid may be comparatively slow, yet it will gradually exchange association with one group for association with another, and may in this way travel throughout any distance to which the liquid extends.

In the case of a solid there is still further limitation imposed on the mobility of each separate molecule. It is now no longer permitted to make excursions throughout the entire volume of the body. Each molecule is in rapid motion it is true, but those movements are confined to gyrations within minutely circumscribed limits. Two solids placed in contact do not generally diffuse one into the other, the incapacity for diffusion being the direct consequence of the inferior degree of mobility possessed by the molecules in this condition of matter.

It is known that the immediate effect of the application of heat is to increase the velocities with which the molecules move. Apply heat, for instance, to the water in a kettle; the moving molecules of water are thereby stimulated to even greater activity and it will occasionally happen that the velocity thus acquired by a molecule becomes so great that the little particle will swing clear away from the influence of the other molecules with which it had been associated. When this takes place in the case of a sufficient number of molecules, they dart freely from the surface of the liquid, thus producing the effect which in our ordinary language we describe as giving off steam. If, therefore, a volume of gas be heated, the veloc-

ities with which its molecules are animated will be in general increased. As the molecular velocities throughout the extent of the gas are, on the whole, augmented, it is quite plain that the intensities of the shocks experienced by the molecules in their several encounters will be also accentuated. The more rapidly moving particles will strike each against the other with increased violence, and the contemplation of this single fact leads us close to one of Nature's greatest secrets.

Let us think of the abounding heat which is dispensed to us from the sun. That heat comes, as we know, in the form of undulations imparted to the ether by the heated matter in the sun, and transmitted thence across space for the benefit of the earth and its inhabitants. I have already explained that these vibrations in the ether must take their rise from molecular movements, and it is important to notice that the character of the vibrations in the ether enable us to learn to some extent the precise description of molecular movements which alone would be competent to produce the particular vibrations corresponding to radiant heat. At first it might be thought that it was the rapid movements of translation of the molecules themselves, as entire if extremely minute bodies, which caused the ethereal vibration, but this is not so. We must carefully observe that there is another kind of molecular motion besides that which the molecule possesses as a whole. We have hitherto been occupied only with the movements of each molecule as a little projectile pursuing its zigzag course, each turn of the zigzag being the result of an encounter with some similar molecule belonging to the same medium. But we have now to observe that the molecule itself is by no means to be regarded as a simple rigid particle; indeed, if it were so, it is certain that we should receive no heat at all from the sun. We have the best reasons for believing that the molecule of matter, so far from resembling a simple rigid particle, is an elaborate structure, whose parts are in some degree capable of independent movement. It will not, indeed, be necessary for us to adopt the splendid hypothesis of Lord Kelvin, which supposes that molecules of matter are merely vortex rings in that perfect fluid, the ether. It seems difficult to doubt that this doctrine represents the



facts, but if any one should reject it, then I have only to say that its assumption is not required for our present argument. All that is necessary for us is to regard each molecule as somewhat resembling an elastic structure made of parts which can quiver like springs, and so arranged as to be susceptible of many different modes of vibration. We are to suppose that each molecule, in addition to the energy which it possesses in virtue of its movement of translation as a whole, has also a store of energy corresponding to the oscillations of its electric springs. We can, in fact, in some cases determine the ratio which exists between the amount of energy which is, on the average, possessed by molecules in consequence of their velocities of translation, and the amount of energy which they possess in consequence of the vibrations by which their several parts are animated. It is these internal molecular vibrations which are of essential importance in our present inquiry. It is believed that the radiation of light, or of heat, generally takes rise in the impulses given to ether by the internal molecular vibrations. Do we not know that the essential characteristic of those ethereal movements which correspond to radiant light and heat is that they have the nature of oscillations? Such could not be imparted by mere rectilinear movements of the molecules as a whole. They must be due to those internal oscillations by which the actual molecules are animated.

No doubt it is difficult to realize that much can be learned with regard to the performances that actually go on in the internal parts of a molecule, especially when it is remembered that each molecule in its entirety is so extremely minute as to be entirely beyond the reach of our organs of sense. It is, nevertheless, impossible to doubt that the statements just made correspond to the veritable facts of nature. It would be impracticable here to go into any complete detail with regard to the evidence on this subject; I can only sketch an outline of it. Let us take, perhaps as the simplest case, that presented by hydrogen.

At the ordinary temperature of the air hydrogen is, of course, invisible; this means that the vibrations in the interior of the molecules are not sufficiently vehement to impart pulses to the ether with the energy that would be required to pro-

duce visual effects. Now, let us suppose that the hydrogen is heated. The effect of heating is to impart additional speed to the molecules of the gas, and consequently when the molecules happen to come together their encounter is more violent. The effect of such an occurrence on one of these little elastic bodies is to set it quivering with greater vehemence in those particular modes of vibration for which it is tuned. If the temperature of the gas has been raised sufficiently high, as it can be by the aid of electricity, then the internal energy acquired by the molecules, in consequence of the increased vehemence of their collisions, has become so great that they are able to impart pulses to the ether with sufficient intensity to affect our nerves of vision; thereupon we declare that the hydrogen is now so hot as to have become luminous. Suppose we employ a spectroscope for the purpose of studying the particular character of the light which the glowing hydrogen dispenses. It will appear that the spectrum consists of a definite number of bright lines. We know that each one of these lines corresponds to a particular period of vibration of the ether, and hence we see that the light emitted by the hydrogen does not consist of vibrations of all periods indiscriminately, but only of certain particular waves which are in unison with the oscillations to which the internal parts of the molecule of hydrogen are adapted. Had we examined the spectrum of some other gas in a state of incandescence we should have found a wholly different system of lines from those pertaining to hydrogen. This demonstrates that the molecules of one gas differ essentially from those of another in respect to the character of the internal vibrations which they are adapted to perform. The extraordinary activity of the movements which take place within the molecules may be appreciated from the following facts. We know that the wave corresponding to one of the hydrogen lines has a length of about the forty-thousandth of an inch; we also know that in a single second of time light travels over a space of a hundred and eighty-six thousand miles; a simple calculation will, therefore, assure us that certain vibrations in the molecules of hydrogen corresponding to this particular undulation must take place with such an extraordinary frequency that about



four hundred and sixty millions of millions of them are performed in each second of time.

Provided with these conceptions we shall now, I think, be able to see without difficulty how it is that the sun's heat is sustained. We may, for our present purpose, think of the great luminary as a mass of glowing gas. It is quite true that the physical condition of the matter in the interior of the tremendous globe can hardly be that which we ordinarily consider as gaseous. But this need not affect our argument. It is undoubtedly true that those portions of the solar atmosphere from which the light and heat are mainly dispensed are gaseous in their character, or, at all events, come sufficiently near to matter in the gaseous state to permit the application of the line of argument with which we have hitherto been engaged. In consequence of the vast mass of the sun the gravitation with which it draws all bodies toward it is very much greater than the gravitation on the surface of the earth. On our globe we know that the effect of gravitation is to impart to any body near the surface velocity directed toward the earth's centre at the rate of thirty-two feet per second. The sun is more than three hundred thousand times as massive as the earth; we cannot, however, assert that the gravitation is increased in the same proportion, because, on account of the vast size of the sun, a particle at its surface is more than a hundred times farther away from the solar centre than a body on the surface of the earth is from the terrestrial centre. It can, however, be shown that, taking these various matters into account, the actual intensity of gravitation at the solar surface is sufficient to tend to impart to all objects an increase of velocity toward the sun's centre at the rate of four hundred and fifty-seven feet per second. This would apply not only to a meteorite, or other considerable mass, which is falling into the sun; it would be equally true of an object as small as a molecule. Every one of the myriads of gaseous molecules in the outer regions of the solar atmosphere must be constantly acted upon by this attractive force, which tends in the course of each second to add to them a downward velocity at that rate per second which has already been stated. It is quite true that to a great extent the effect of this attraction is masked by

counteracting tendencies. In particular we may mention that, inasmuch as the density of the solar atmosphere increases as the sun's centre is approached, the flying molecule generally finds itself more obstructed by encounters with other molecules when it is descending than when it is ascending. We may here contrast the condition of the atmosphere on the earth with the condition of the solar atmosphere. Each molecule in our air, being acted upon by terrestrial gravitation, has thereby a tendency to fall downward with a velocity continually increasing at the rate of thirty-two feet per second. As, however, the terrestrial atmosphere has long since reached a stable condition, in which it undergoes no further contraction, the effect of gravitation in adding velocity to the molecules is so completely masked by the counteracting tendencies that, on the whole, there is no continual increase of molecular velocities downward due to gravitation. Were such an increase at present going on, we should necessarily find that the terrestrial atmosphere was decreasing in volume, and ever becoming more condensed in its lower strata. It is, however, well known that no such changes as are here implied are taking place. The essential difference between the earth and the sun, so far as the matter now before us is concerned, is to be found in the fact that, as the sun has not yet passed into the form of a rigid body, it is still contracting at a rate very much greater than that at which a body grown so cold as the earth draws its particles closer together. The molecules in the solar photosphere accordingly yield to a certain extent to the gravitation which constantly seeks to draw them down. The counteracting tendencies cannot in the sun, as they do in the earth, mask the direct and obvious effect of gravitation. The consequence is that the intense attraction which is capable of adding velocity to the molecules at the phenomenal rate of four hundred and fifty-seven feet per second is permitted to accomplish something, and thus increase the average speeds with which the molecules hurry along. To express the matter a little more accurately, we should say that the downward velocity imparted by gravitation, being compounded with the velocities otherwise possessed by the molecules, tends, on the whole, to increase the rate at which they move.

We shall now be able to discern what actually takes place as the sun contracts by dispersing heat, and in consequence of its decline in bulk finds a store of energy liberated which it is permitted to use for the purpose of sustaining its radiating capacity. Owing to the intense heat which prevails in the photosphere, the molecules must there be in very rapid movement; their mutual encounters must be of the utmost vehemence, and their internal vibrations, which are the consequences of the shocks in the encounters, must be correspondingly energetic. It is, as we have seen, these internal molecular vibrations which set the ether in motion, and thus disperse solar heat and light far and wide through the universe. But this the molecules can only do at the expense of the energy which they possess in virtue of their internal vibrations. Unless, therefore, the internal molecular energy were to be in some way recuperated from time to time, the radiating power must necessarily flag. It is now plain that the necessary recuperation takes place in the successive encounters. A molecule whose internal energy of vibration is becoming exhausted by the effort of setting the ether into vibration presently impinges against some other molecule, and in consequence of the blow is again set into active vibration which permits it to carry on the work of radiation anew, until its declining energies have again to be sustained by some similar addition arising from a fresh collision. Of course, we know that the internal molecular energy thus acquired cannot be created out of nothing. If the molecule receives such accessions of internal energy, it must be at the expense of the energy which is elsewhere. Obviously the only possible source of such energy must be found in the movement of the molecule as a whole, that is to say, in the velocity of translation with which it rushes about among the other molecules. Thus we see that the immediate effect of expenditure of heat or light by radiation is to diminish the internal energies of the molecules. These energies are restored by the transference of energy obtained from the general velocities of the molecules regarded as moving projectiles. It follows that the velocities of the several particles must on the whole tend to decline; in other words, that the temperature tends to fall. What we have to dis-

cover is the agent which at present prevents the solar temperature from falling. We want, therefore, to ascertain the means by which the molecular velocities are preserved at the same average value, notwithstanding that there is a constant tendency for these velocities to abate in consequence of the losses of light and heat by radiation. We have already explained how the gravitation of the sun constantly tends to impart additional downward velocity to the molecules in its atmosphere. This is precisely the action which we now require. The contraction of the sun tends to an augmentation of the molecular velocities, and this augmentation just goes to supply the loss of velocities which is the consequence of the radiation. A complete explanation of the maintenance of the sun's heat is thus afforded. Observation, no doubt, seems to show that the capacity for radiation is at present sensibly constant, and this being so, we see that the gain of molecular velocities from gravitation and their losses from radiation are at present just adapted to neutralize each other. Nothing, however, that has as yet been said demonstrates that the efficiency of the sun for radiating light and heat must always be preserved exactly at its present value.

It is quite possible that if we had the means of studying the sun heat for a hundred thousand years, we might find that the capacity for radiation was slightly decreasing, or, it may be, that it would be slightly increasing, for it is at least conceivable that the gain of molecular velocity due to gravitation may, on the whole, exceed the loss due to the dispersal of energy by radiation. On the other hand, it is, of course, possible that the acquisition of velocity by gravitation, though nearly sufficient to countervail the expenditure by radiation, may not be quite enough, in which case the sun's temperature would be slowly declining.

It must not, however, be supposed that the argument which we have been here following attributes eternal vigor to the great luminary. It will be noted that it is of the essence of the argument that the contraction is still in progress. If the contraction were to cease, then the restitution of velocity by gravitation would cease also, and the speedy dispersal of the existing heat by radiation would presently produce bankruptcy in the supply of sun-

beams. Indeed, such bankruptcy must arrive in due time, when, after certain millions of years, the sun has so far contracted that it ceases to be a gaseous mass. The vast accumulated store of energy which is now being drawn upon, to supply the current radiation, will then yield such supplies no longer. Once this state has

been reached, a few thousand years more must witness the extinction of the sun altogether as a source of light, and the great orb, at present our splendid luminary, will then pass over into the ranks of the innumerable host of bodies which were once suns, but are now suns no longer.—*Fortnightly Review*.

### THE MINERS' BATTLE—AND AFTER.

BY SYDNEY OLIVIER.

THE London Dock Strike, the South Metropolitan Gas Strike, the Scottish Railways Strike, the Welsh Railways Strike, the Durham Miners' Strike, the Lancashire Cotton Lock-out, the Hull Dock Strike, each involving directly many thousands of wage-earners, and the comforts, health, and lives of their families; each involving indirectly the earnings of hundreds of thousands in connected industries, and the expenditure of millions of consumers: these are the social portents of our time. And now, within four years of the first-named contest, has arisen the most gigantic and calamitous struggle of industrial history, which is still dragging grimly on as I write; a struggle deliberately provoked by a demand by the associated Coalowners, which more than one of them has publicly confessed to have been in no way justified by the pretexts put forward in declaring it; and of which the sordid actual significance did not begin to be generally realized till three hundred thousand miners had been wageless for weeks, and numbers of workers in trades dependent immediately on the coal-supply had been thrown on short time or locked out altogether.

We need not here attempt to evaluate closely the money-cost, the waste, the suffering, the permanent demoralization and national damage this three months' warfare has involved. Every householder in the kingdom has felt something of it. One tenth, or more, of the bread-winners have been either totally or partially thrown out of work by it. What that has meant to our people throughout one quarter of England can only be realized, and that but faintly, by those who have been living and moving in the smitten districts. The impressions left on others by a gen-

eral study of the reports of articulate spectators may be summarized in one word—Famine. As to the money cost, say half a million a week (too low an estimate) in wages withdrawn from the workers, mining and other; coal withheld from supply at the rate of something like two million tons per week with the profits to the trade thereon; loss to the railways, in freight, one hundred and fifty thousand pounds a week; loss to the metal and chemical trades, the shipping interests, and innumerable associated industries, at present altogether incalculable, but combining to a still increasing total that will run into scores of millions, and will be augmented by the inevitable shrinkage in consumption and by the check to foreign trade which this vast dislocation of production must entail, and from which we may take years to recover.

Statements and calculations such as these may, after all, be but tales of little meaning. Hurricane, earthquake, pestilence, war, any mere brutality of nature or delirium of insane rulers might work more serious mischief to a nation, and yet be of far less importance than this lock-out, the significance of which lies in its spirit. The material evil and suffering are doubtless great, and cry aloud for some remedy or future preventive. From all directions come proposals for the establishment of arbitration tribunals, of boards of conciliation, with or without Government assessors, for sliding scales of wages, for control by the Board of Trade, for control by combination of employers, by combination of the employed, or by a trust of associated coal owners and workers, for confiscation of mining royalties, for municipalization of the coal supply, for nationalization of the mines, and so on. The out-

cry is proportionate to the suffering, but it may not be according to understanding.

Unquestionably some expedient is most pressing required to prevent the recurrence of the piteous scandal of these thirteen weeks. And it is the more important that some provisional arrangement or *modus vivendi* should, if possible, be speedily arrived at because, in the opinion of most witnesses well qualified to judge, it appears very probable that even should the collapse of the coal-owners' combination now in progress result in the resumption of work by all the men still locked out, at their old rate of wages, we shall be confronted by a recrudescence of the struggle which seems now ending before this winter is over. It is no use blinking this consideration. As Mr. John Burns, speaking in Hyde Park at the demonstration of the 15th of October pointed out, unless great prudence is exercised, and the output carefully watched by the federated unions of the miners, they may very soon place their masters once more in the position which encouraged and was used to justify the recent onslaught of the latter on their wages. The management of every pit that opens will be keen to take advantage to the utmost of the higher price of coal which the vanishing of stocks has produced. They will force their output, to make profits while high profits are to be made. And the men employed will be tempted to make up for lost time by excessive labor, to drive up the day's winnings, to work long weeks and extra shifts. Taking the normal week as of three to five days in the Midlands, it is obvious that there is a possibility of an increase in production which, when arrears have been worked off and orders fall slack after the New Year, might begin to swell stocks at the pit's mouth or encourage the coal-owners to a renewal of competitive tenders at ruinous prices, which can only be made good by encroachments on wages, or evaded under the strike clauses in contracts by a repetition of the murderous tactics which produced the disaster of this summer. This feature in the situation will give force to the public demand that some step shall be taken with all possible despatch to avert a recurrence of a crisis so calamitous to the nation.

The expedients most commonly suggested we shall presently briefly consider. At this point it is only relevant to observe

that the remedy does not lie in the hands of those who are the first to demand that "something should be done," but must be a growth of the industrial world itself, and that there is no short cut or royal road to the prevention of coal strikes or any others. There is, indeed, no form of industrial dislocation that is more generally or more immediately felt by all consumers; and there is on this account, perhaps, a more general disposition throughout the articulate public to call out through the press and on the platform for State intervention in the control of the mining industry and coal trade, as the source of a prime requisite of life, than is shown when other services are interrupted, of which at this moment the State could much more easily, promptly, and effectively assume the direction. (By "the State," I mean, of course, any delegated representative authority, national or local, as distinguished from the authority of capital in individual private ownership.) For example, looking back to the great contests which were named at the commencement of this article, we see that all but one (the Cotton lock-out) occurred in industries much more amenable to and ripe for assumption by the State than is at present our national coal supply. Yet, although the "Progressives" in London, and the New Unionists, the Collectivist Radicals, and the Socialists throughout the country have been and are proceeding with clear purpose toward establishing public ownership and control in gasworks, docks, and railways, it is notable that the middle-class consumer, represented by the bulk of the daily and weekly press and its amateur correspondents, has shown much more disposition to advocate or approve, however vaguely, intervention by the State in connection with the present struggle than it has done during former similar contests. The public has felt more generally the inconvenience resulting from that "subjection of labor to capital" which John Stuart Mill declared to be the chief cause of the evils and iniquities which distract the industrial world. But although more widely spread, the evil has not in itself been essentially greater or more serious in this instance than in the other disputes referred to, and in many another now forgotten; and although more individuals have suffered, the sufferings of individuals have not been more severe. The evil, in the



one case and in all, lies in the constitution of the system of the industry and the situations to which it inevitably gives rise; and only modifications of the system will assist toward a remedy. The system itself is not modified by the establishment of Conciliation Boards or Courts of Arbitration, but only by some essential readjustment of the economic interests and dynamic relations of the parties concerned—the workers, the owners, and the consuming public. Such a scheme, therefore, as that propounded by Sir George Elliot for the formation of a comprehensive Coal Trust, under which these interests and relations should be adjusted on deliberate principles, is very much more relevant to the problem which calls for treatment than any schemes for tribunals to pronounce what it is that competition prescribes as between masters and men (for it is really competition that creates the data upon which all such tribunals decide) or than vague demands for protection to the pockets of the public, or proposals (such as that just adopted by a Special Committee of the Senate of the State of New York) to fix maximum coal prices by law.

The importance and significance, then, of this vast contest lies not chiefly in its mere enormity or in the acuteness of the suffering it has caused; not in the colossal disingenuousness of the associated employers and their callousness\* to the misery of millions while they netted famine prices for their stocks, and shunted the bad bargains they had made at impossible quotations; not in the invincible doggedness of the locked-out miners and the women their comrades during weeks of starvation; but rather in the fact that this resistance was inspired by an idea and a principle, the same that was asserted in the majority of those other great strikes of the last four years, and that it did aim at introducing a deliberate new adjustment and essential modification of those said relations and interests of the parties concerned in production. The miners, like the workers in those other contests, have been fighting for the basic principle of a minimum wage: of a decent standard of living for human workers as the first charge on the product and the condi-

tion of any production at all. In other strikes and lock-outs the workers have been forced to give way, to fall back under a "competition wage" insufficient for the support of a household in tolerable poverty. Twenty years of the Education Acts have raised up a generation that will less and less consent on any terms to this. Two hundred and seventy thousand miners have elected starvation in preference. Their work has got to keep them living at a standard at which life is worth enduring, or their work and they together may cease out of the land. They know, too, that although their masters will compete—must under present conditions compete—among themselves till there come periods when prices leave no profit, yet the coal industry of Great Britain could be so ordered by rational organization and economy as to yield both owner's profits and worker's living wage continuously, and this without such prices to consumers as would hurt either our home or export trade. They, or at least their chosen representatives and the vast majority of the more intelligent among them, have it in mind to bring about such organization; by methods indeed perhaps not yet very clearly conceived, but already declared to involve not only the legal limitation of working hours but the transfer of all proprietary interests, in royalties and the like, to the State, and the administration of the mine in the joint interest of the public and the workers, instead of, as at present, in the interests of mere profit-eating shareholders. In a word, the Midland and Western miners are of the economic and political school of industrial democracy; and their battle has been not merely a vast "higgling of the market," but an engagement in the Collectivist campaign, a demonstration of the vigor in England of that Socialist movement one chief aim of which is to supersede the relations out of which such battles arise.

The main facts of the story of this lock-out must be already too familiar to most readers to require more than summary rehearsal. Briefly, on the 30th of last June 271,000 miners were given two weeks' notice of a reduction of 18 per cent. on their actual rates of payment. It has appeared from the statistics which the controversies of this struggle have forced under the notice of all readers of the daily press that have cared to inform themselves impar-

\* Joint-stock enterprise (between the match girls' strike and the Liberator Society) has of late years kept us well inured to this.



tially upon the question, that these rates, at the number of days per week habitually worked, gave the miners an average net wage which varied according to the districts affected from 16s. or 17s. to 24s. or 25s. a week, and that the average throughout the whole area was not more than 20s. throughout the year. I have examined a comprehensive return of gross average wages drawn up for the employers in these districts, which therefore does not err by understatement, and corrected by the necessary deductions, and adjusted to the number of days of work, it does not discredit this estimate, though no doubt some few coal-brewers may do rather better.

Whenever a dispute in the coal trade lays a tax upon the pockets of the public, you may always expect with perfect confidence to hear (as of the sea serpent in August) of the pianos, the champagne, and the bull pups' mutton chops. The public of the afternoon tea-table, the dinner party, and the club have recorded and registered these monstrous orgies as the disposing and discrediting causes of all mining strikes. The tradition of them dates from 1873, but they served last August to make many reputations for "knowing all about these things—you know." Three months of starvation for the sake of prime vintages and the "poop"! The strain of this hypothesis must, we fear, have done something to depreciate these venerable fictions. At any rate, the miners should in future have credit for a disposition to die like gentlemen. Yet within this last fortnight there comes up smiling the belated (and, of course, anonymous) correspondent to the *Times* with his tale of the Chesterfield pitmen and their average wage throughout the year of £3 a week, "30s. of which they spend regularly in drinking and betting." And the *Times* hawks this venomous rubbish as though there were either truth or relevance in the statement.

The public, then, as usual, cursed "the miners" for their "strike," and the coal-owners for their immediate raid of extortionate prices and profits, and waited till the men should "come to reason," as it remembered vaguely they had generally done on former like occasions after three or four weeks of stoppage.

The situation was aggravated by a strike of more miners in Wales and the Forest of Dean, to repudiate the sliding scale un-

der which their wages were regulated. This did the men no good in the estimation of the outside public, unskilled in industrial questions, to whom a "sliding scale," that specious but discredited expedient, still appears an unexceptional and equitable device for combining the interests of masters and men. But this was a side issue; the strike was on the whole unsuccessful, and this element was withdrawn from the main battle.

The Miners' Federation stood out steadfastly and made no explanation of its position in reply to the misunderstandings of its critics. The men knew what they were about, if the lookers-on did not. This vastest of industrial wars was inaugurated and continued with proportionally less intimidation and violence than any other great recent struggle. Indeed, these have been almost wholly absent throughout most of the area affected; and the most conspicuous instance has been the killing at Featherstone by troops requisitioned by coal-owners to assist in defeating the men, and precipitated into firing on the crowd through the apprehensions of a colliery manager. The reason of this great absence of intimidation is the extensive organization of the miners and their very clear general understanding of the issue and the principles involved. Curiously, too, from the point of view of those who still believe in the "pestilent agitator," the local disturbances have been in inverse ratio to the numbers of delegates sent to the Federation Council by the several districts. Yorkshire sends five; Lancashire twenty-four. Curiously, too, from the same point of view, Lancashire, the best educated and most intelligent district, would appear to be most "ridden" by these "agitators," whom, so many correspondents to the newspapers tell us, the men follow blindly and without understanding. The fact is that for two years past the organizers of the Federation have foreseen that this blow would be struck by the employers when a suitable occasion should arise; and the result was that the miners were prepared, and knew, when at length the blow fell, that they must act as one man or be lost.

By degrees the disquiet of the public, the increasing disorganization of industry, and the revolt of individual employers began to elicit the true facts of the situation; and the miners' case grew clearer.

Thanks chiefly to the London *Daily Chronicle*, it began to be recognized that the pretext of the masters' demand was not beyond suspicion; and that the men's wages were not at a figure at which that demand could be conceded without plunging many thousands of families into grinding and demoralizing penury. The economic issue, whether prices should rule wages or wages prices, we may consider anon; what now appeared was a question whether the masters' contention and action was adopted *bonâ fide*, and whether the men were justified in resisting at all costs any reduction.

There was plenty of criticism of the men, from the point of view implied in that word "justified." For however much the miners might disdain to explain their position in a conflict which had been forced upon them, and in which they had no alternative to resisting the attack upon their livelihood, the fact that so many outsiders were affected inevitably provoked moral judgments. In the first place, it was asked, why did they not resolve that those who could return to work at the former rates should do so at the earliest opportunity? They voted the contrary. Was not this, even from their own point of view, a mistake in tactics? Such a return, with a levy on those returning, would have proved six weeks earlier that the master's case was not all sound, and their financial position would have been strengthened. They have since then adopted this tactic. There was, perhaps, too much passive doggedness and too little generalship here. Then, again, it was asked, why not go to arbitration? There seems much virtue to many in that "blessed word" arbitration. But what was the question to be arbitrated on? The masters' contention that current prices required a reduction? With contracts for gas-coal accepted at 5s. 3d. a ton there would be little doubt as to the answer. The men's position was that such prices should never have been touched. Arbitrate on that? Conceive the comments of the *Economist* or the *Times* on such a suggestion. Unquestionably the men would have lost, upon grounds they judged irrelevant to the issue, in any arbitration conducted on the lines on which arbitrators usually proceed. The parties could scarcely have agreed on the terms of a reference. The only point which the

men could consistently have submitted was the question of their actual average earnings, and of the effect of a reduction on their standard of living. But this, though its discussion might have helped them in public opinion and obtained for them earlier support, would no doubt have seemed irrelevant to the employers, whose position was that the rates could not possibly be maintained, and who therefore could not commit themselves to be guided by a verdict on these issues. But after all the men were nowise bound, under current competitive principles, to take counsel of or satisfy the public as to what rate of wages they should put up with.

The attitude of the employers, on the other hand, was more open to condemnatory criticism, and has been convicted on at least some damaging charges. It has, for instance, been admitted through the press by various coal-owners that the state of ruling prices did not, except possibly in the case of particular businesses, warrant the demand of an eighteen per cent. reduction of wages. It is admitted that the lock-out has resulted in enormous profits on stocks in hand to some of its most determined promoters. It is admitted that it has enabled large firms to get rid of engagements to sell coal at cut-throat rates, and has given them, through famine prices to the public, that profit which they could only have hoped otherwise to reap by forcing famine wages on the men. It is an admissible inference, and it has been more than hinted by certain seceders from the ranks of the Associated Owners that the reason why the notice of a reduction so unnecessarily large was so suddenly sprung upon the men, when the need—if it existed—for reduction could have long been foreseen and the change effected, if at all, by more moderate steps, was that it was known that so excessive a demand would not, and could not, be acceded to by any section of the men concerned, and that a general suspension would result, to the immediate advantage of the holders of large stocks and rotten contracts, and with the prospect that the men would meanwhile be starved out into accepting an abatement of, say, half the amount first demanded—for the "fifteen per cent." reduction at which the owners that still hold out have expressed themselves willing to re-open will no doubt soon be lowered

a few points more. And, finally, owners have made no secret of their design to use this crisis to destroy the organization of the men.

But excursions into moral reprobation might seem out of place in a critical survey of these facts. The policy of the owners, if the worst that has been said of it be true, is no more than an ordinary business transaction. It is the scale of it that rivets our attention; but in kind or in essential cruelty it does not differ from innumerable daily interpretations of the principle that "business is business." Setting feeling aside, then, we may glance briefly at the economic determinants of the situation. Assuming the most honorable intentions on both sides, and dealing again in the first place with the men, it is asked: Are they not fighting against the inevitable? If, as the masters allege—and as we will for the sake of argument suppose to be the case—the pits cannot be worked to pay expenses at ruling prices, there is actually less money available for wages, to say nothing of interest and profits, without which, it may be assumed, production would not long be maintained at its present amount. Either, then, all wages must be reduced, or the worst paying pits, at any rate, must fall out of working; for of course some pits do, and always will, yield high profits at any conceivable rate of wages. This argument appears convincing to many; and the miners' reply that the prices must be adjusted to pay their minimum wage is scouted as a paradox of puzzle-headed mob-economics.

Now it must be confessed that the new theory, that prices are the arbiters of wages, which has been quoted as a kind of Holy Writ by the official apologists for the masters, and officious advisers of the men, is too new for some slow-witted survivors from the period of the old economics. We that were nurtured on the milk of Mrs. Fawcett, and the stronger meat of John Stuart Mill, were taught to believe that the basis of Exchange Value was Cost of Production, and that the first element in cost of production was a wage determined by the standard of life of the worker. That, after this, for increase of efficiency, came interest or profit upon capital, and last of all, out of the surplus of most favored sites or mines, came a balance of rent which equalized wages

throughout the country, and averaged the interest on investments. No doubt this analysis is effete; we should not now teach any one in that way; but it passes my understanding to conceive on what ground it is assumed that an exact extraversion of that analysis, and the statement of all its terms in an order precisely the reverse is now the orthodox pronouncement of economics. I suggest, with timidity, that this portentous dogma owes its rampancy in the present dispute to the fact that in the coal industry the last term of the old Ricardian series is patently and unquestionably the first. The first charge on production, the first element in the exchange value of coal, is Rent, in the form of rent, royalties and wayleaves, and of fines on renewal of leases. Every ton raised must first pay from threepence to fifteenpence to the landlord. This, possibly, I say, may explain the remarkable notion that price comes first, then rent, then profit and interest (on watered stock if need be), and last of all, wages to share the available balance: which I take to be a fair statement of this position. Neither version may be true or adequate, but we may surely have leave to consider that the old is as sound as the new, and the old is the doctrine of the men.

In mentioning royalties, we have touched upon a factor in the problem presented by our coal industry which, although important in itself, may, as regards this present controversy, be eliminated as a constant quantity. We are concerned with the variables between the masters, the men, and the public; profits, wages, and prices. The £4,200,000 paid in royalties is a direct tax on the miners and the whole community which only nationalization can restore to them. But in this regard they need not be distinguished from Rent in general.

To come a little nearer to the concrete. The miner's economic theory is supported by the argument that if the price of coal has fallen to a rate at which employers cannot carry on their businesses without cutting down wages, that is the employers' own fault. Parenthetically, it is not the fact that many collieries are working at a loss. The dividends declared by the joint-stock companies prove this. No doubt many joint-stock collieries have been bought too dear from the private vendor, and the nominal capital over which

dividends must be spread is far too large. But if prices have been driven down to such a level, it is because lessees, believing they could force reductions on the men, have gone into the market and sold coal at lower rates than the public demanded or desired, most buyers having been satisfied with things as they were for some time past. Before the Durham strike of 1892, one firm in Durham is stated to have offered coal to the London Gas Light Company at 2s. 6d. per ton lower than any Yorkshire firm could or would offer to sell at. This firm got the order, for 280,000 tons. And are we then to say that the Durham men were to yield to "economic necessity"? The gas companies are among the largest customers of the collieries, and it is with them that the most ruinous bargains are made. The gas companies pay dividends which range from 8 to 13 per cent. and more on their exaggerated and dropsical capitals. Will any one maintain that to keep up prices against them would cause any hardship to the consumer? Are the profits of the railway companies cut so low that they must reduce either their coal bills or their wages? There is good reason for alleging that in many instances these low sales have been made to other businesses in which the coal proprietors were directly interested; so that the profits of both concerns were to be screwed out of the miners' stomachs. If the coal-owners combined to keep prices at a reasonable level, as they can combine to beat down wages and break up the federation of the unions, they could, without extortion against the public, keep their businesses going and their workers properly paid. That is the men's contention, and Sir George Elliot's calculations in his scheme for a combined Coal Interests Trust entirely bear it out.

I may here incidentally observe that among the various reasons why the sliding scale system has been condemned after trial by most miners' associations, one is that a scale leaves wages directly at the mercy of prices, and that prices are wrecked by the methods and for the reasons explained above. Further, the colliery business is one in which periods of high profit are habitually interleaved with periods of no profit at all, and a standard struck at an unfavorable period may operate most unfairly against the men during the whole of the currency of that particu-

lar scale. Moreover, there is no sound reason why wages and profits should vary together on any of the principles usually followed in sliding scales; and their interpretation gives rise to endless controversy. Nor need the public desire to see profits increased out of its necessities, and wage-earners sharing the tainted spoil. But I do not think it necessary to discuss at any length this one among the remedies proposed, because, though scales have some advantages in the averting of strikes and lock-outs (assuming that both parties abide by them, which they often do not), they are off the line of development of industrial policy in these matters; and there is not the slightest probability of the Miners' Federation making any permanent arrangement with the masters on any such basis. If anything of the kind should be agreed to at any pit for the sake of concluding this contest, it will only be as a temporary expedient for gaining time and breath; and it will certainly be thrown over on the earliest suitable opportunity.

But, it is answered for the owners, they are not combined; they cannot keep up prices against the public; they would if they could. They must compete and cut each other's throats to live. Prices, therefore, do go down—you must deal with the facts—they are driven down by competition; and when they are down full wages cannot be paid. The men must suffer; it is regrettable, but cannot be avoided. Now this is a conclusive answer to the men. If prices had not gone up, or if they fall again after work is now resumed, wages must be cut or mines be closed. It is conclusive in more senses than this. The argument, to a Socialist, has a curiously familiar ring. Now one thinks of it, it is the argument of Karl Marx in *Das Kapital*. Capitalist employers *must* compete, the big ones *must* strive to swamp and swallow the little ones, and consolidate their own supremacy over the market on ever-narrowing lines. This competition *must* incessantly cut money prices and drive down the wages of the worker. That is his argument briefly, and it leads, by another road than Ricardo's, to that thesis of the iron law of wages which is the basis of the Marxian conclusions. It appears to be also the argument of the *Times* and other spokesmen of the coal-owners in the press. I would urge those who honor and who



stand by our competitive industrial system, to be very, very careful of uncovering its nakedness in this ingenuous fashion. If they will appeal to Cæsar, to Cæsar they must go.

If the masters appeal to Socialist premises, the men will not be slow to follow with the Socialist conclusion. This as a fact they have done; and the Miners' Federation delegates voted with the majority at the Belfast Trades' Union Congress for the creation of a Parliamentary fund for the election expenses of candidates pledged to promote the establishment of collective ownership in the instruments of production, distribution, and exchange. If private employers, they say, cannot organize and regulate production, if the workers are to pay them half their product with no better results than starvation to themselves and a shortage of a quarter of a year's supply of coal to the nation, and all that this has involved, the sooner industrial democracy takes such responsibilities off these impotent shoulders the better. If the coal-owners cannot keep prices at a level which will guard us from such cataclysms, the organized workers must do it for them—and, indeed, they alone can do it. The workers, as trade unionists on the one hand, must maintain the living wage as the bed-rock basis of price; on the other, as citizens, they must effect through State action the regulation of the industry which individual ownership has failed to control. The loss by this battle has been already at least £25,000,000 in three months—the rate of our national taxation. It would be childish for belated Individualists to attempt any longer to pretend that any wages that could have possibly been fixed for the mining population of the country, or any conceivable stiffening of the price of coal to the consumer, could have left a balance of economy against this to the credit of "free competition" in the conduct of our coal trade.

The miners' perception and acceptance of these views is the most important factor in the present situation; and it may safely be prophesied that such views will determine more and more in the future the conditions of equilibrium in the coal industry, and not in that industry alone. Considering the immediate prospect, and the possible steps to forestall a near recurrence

of the death-struggle now raging, we may hope, and it seems almost certain, that at least there will be formed a board of conciliation, and perhaps subordinate district boards on which delegates of masters and men may meet for discussion and for the removal of any possible misunderstandings. It is conceivable, though not very comfortingly probable, that acute industrial warfare might at times be averted through the operation of such a board. It is much more doubtful, for reasons, among others, already referred to, whether any arbitral tribunal can be formed to give decisions that would be respected upon serious points of difference that may arise. We are forced to this discouraging anticipation by the fact that employers and men do not meet on common ground. As regards lesser details of the conduct of work in the mines, interpretations of accepted rules and principles and similar matters, joint boards and arbitration by experts may often be exceedingly useful; but on the fundamental and all important questions of wages and (pending legislation) of hours, there is no permanent basis for arguing toward consent, except so far as an appeal to mere force may be postponed by a convincing demonstration that one side is overwhelmingly the stronger. But in such a case the force is only veiled, and a reduction of wages by consent under such conditions does not signify any real agreement or conciliation, but indeed very much the reverse.

During the recent lock-out of cotton workers in Lancashire (when the masters were trying to force a reduction of 5 per cent. in wages) there appeared in the *Times* a letter very precious in its old-fashioned simplicity. "A Capitalist" wrote, in the course of it, as follows: "*This combat is really meant, not to enforce this paltry reduction, but to determine who is to have the management of our mills—our workpeople, or we who own the mills and supply the capital.*" This is, in a nutshell, the real issue involved in every one of these great fights of the last five years. At the date when this letter appeared the Shipping Federation had just entered on an attempt to cripple the organization of the Hull dock-workers, and to smash up the Seamen and Firemen's Union—the latter an aim which they have since then steadily pursued by



every despicable and pettifogging device that their money could command. The coal-owners are on the same road.

The Hull dock strike was an ill-advised struggle. The ramification of interests involved in dock business is so vast that no sectional trade union could control it. But trade unionism is barren if it remains a mere device for raising wages, and does not go on to the organization and regulation of production. Yet no trade union—certainly not the Hull Dockers, not the Miners' Federation, not even that of the Cotton Operatives, which, perhaps, comes nearest to ability to do so—is in a position at once to assume irresponsible control of its own industry. Nor would it be tolerable that it should do so. We do not want "the mine for the miner," any more than "the sewer for the sewer-men." The great engines of our national subsistence are not to be run as the property and for the profit of the engineers, any more than for that of private capitalist owners. This the "New Unionists" see clearly enough, and it is this that inspires their policy of industrial democracy.

The Zurich International Socialist Congress declared that the establishment of Social Democracy must be worked for along two main lines—trade union organization, and political organization of the workers. This programme needs to be filled by the definition of a third line of advance. Besides trade unionism to assert the standard of living and the limits of work, besides legislation to control the general principles and conditions of industry, there must be built up a social tissue of citizen workers actually conducting and directing industry as public servants. This is the road of national and municipal ownership in the means of production. It is nonsense to talk of a central Government in London directing all the industries of the country. No Socialist ever does so. But he recognizes that the system of competitive capitalism can only be ousted by the substitution of organization to do the work it does, but does so ill, and that this organization must be built up by trade unionism, legislation, and between the two Collectivism, national and local.

In the face of such a movement as this the employer—the coal-owner—has no permanent place of abiding. There can be, and will be, no lasting adjustment of

the interests of masters and men. The workers of the country, as their organization and understanding advance, must inevitably claim more and more. The "master" is, indeed, effacing himself daily in the impersonal capitalism of limited companies. The men have caught the Socialist idea, and must and will go forward. They intend to absorb the capitalist. They have declared it at the Belfast Congress. And all who desire to avoid a recurrence of this year's experience will work with them, along their lines, to do this. Coal-owners cannot compromise with such a movement; they can only fight, and fight with the weapon of starvation. They say there are too many men in the mines; but they resist the eight hours' day, which would absorb any excess there may really be. Their system, and their whole economic theory, requires this reserve. They cannot keep up prices: they must needs have a surplus of workers to keep down wages, and prevent the men from determining prices themselves.

Because this is the essence of the situation we cannot yet prophesy peace—not even if Sir George Elliot's very notable scheme is carried out. This scheme proposes, briefly, to consolidate all coal properties into a Trust, allotting to present owners the estimated value of their interests in one-third five per cent. debentures and two-thirds ordinary shares; to establish a pension fund for the men; to fix uniform wages at a fair minimum rate, and to raise them according to profits; to fix the prices of coal to the public at a figure which will be low, because of the immense economy of working which the consolidation will unquestionably permit, and to reduce the price, under control of a State Board, whenever a fifteen per cent. dividend is reached. In short, it undertakes to do most things which the coal-owners have said cannot be done. It is understood that most owners have agreed to co-operate in the carrying out of this scheme, and it is strongly to be hoped it may go through. Properly controlled by Government, it can do nothing but good; and if successful it will set at rest the question whether the coal supply can ever be administered as a single national concern. For if this can be done by the paid officers of a corporation of shareholders, it can be done by the paid

officers of a corporation of citizens, and the profits returned to the public. To talk of nationalization as an immediate remedy is idle. Expropriation, by purchase or otherwise, is no measure for this Parliament or the next. We can tax mining royalties and profits, as we can tax all unearned incomes; but we could not in a moment command the organic tissue for carrying on the functions required. We can build up that tissue locally, as we are building it up in other industries, by the extension of municipal enterprise; but for the speedy establishment of a national organization, to adjust the innumerable special problems of particular pits and districts, a trust is the most practicable expedient. It would organize the whole business, distinguish the capitalist interest from that of the workers' over the whole field, and hand over the destined victims with but one neck for their ultimate execution. With profits duly taxed, and the conditions of work and prices prescribed by State control, the result would be similar to that of the leasing of mines by the State. If the scheme goes through it will probably improve matters all round for a time; and whether the inevitable assault on it will come from within, by a strike once more disorganizing production, or from without, through political action by the workers at large, can hardly be guessed.

But we must not reckon on the success of private schemes, however heroic. No lasting help can come to men except out of their own intelligent action; and we must consider what in any case might be done toward nationally safeguarding this most vital of our national industries. The unions, at least, know their business in the matter. Sir George Elliot agrees with them as to the minimum standard of wages. So do the Collectivists and Progressive Radicals all over the country. They have to set the standard of living according to the conditions of their industry. The workers, as citizens, must strengthen the unions, and stay the feeble hands of the employers by insisting on the eight hours' day in mines. This will do much to steady production and prices. And they must get power for municipal and local authorities, not only to organize the distribution of coal in towns and villages, but to own their own collieries and coal-ships for their supply of gas and

household coal, for the supply of the engines of their works departments, for consumption in their schools and institutions, and for all other services that may pass into public management. Colliery towns might advantageously own and work their local pits. In any case public bodies should get their supplies from those mines only where the standard wage is paid. Such measures will not "nationalize" the coal supply in the full sense intended by the superficial use of that word—they will not, for instance, touch the export trade, or much of the supply to manufacturers—but they would be the opening of the road toward that end, and are capable of indefinite extension. Meanwhile, any developments of this kind bring us forward toward the substance of "nationalization." They set the national standard of wages determined by the workers, and thereby they steady and improve the condition of all workers still in private employment. They thus win back something from rent and profits over and above that portion of them saved by the public ownership of industrial concerns. They tend to equalize wages—or rather the net advantages of different employments—as Sir G. Elliot's scheme proposes to equalize them throughout the coal industry, and as every advance of Democratic Collectivism tends to equalize them throughout the nation. They tend to steady production, for while miners in private employment, fighting for their lives against shareholders fighting for profit, gain sympathy and public support, public servants, with an assured subsistence, and a rate of wage that the wage-earners themselves have settled, become mutineers if they strike, and get little countenance in a struggle against the commonwealth.

The miners' claim to a living wage, then, is identical in significance with the whole of the Collectivist programme as it appears in contemporary politics, and every advance attained on every item of that programme strengthens the position both of the miners and of the wage-earners in every other industry. One question may by anticipation be answered. How, it is often asked, can you possibly raise wages all round? There need be no mistake or ambiguity as to the reply. Mostly out of rent and interest—at any rate, as far as they will go—by combination, taxation, regulation of industry, and exten-

sion of public ownership. The miners' battle means no less than that, and the miners' leaders know it.

This conflict, then, is the outcome of a new constructive idea, encountering the forms of an old system. It is part of the awakening of the working class to self-consciousness and deliberate common purpose. A movement of this kind is not turned back by reverses; it destroys both its instruments and their opponents rather. The tyranny of the idea is inexorable, as has been seen in the sufferings of the miners in this contest. It is quite conceivable that such a movement, if it cannot build

up the executive organization for its ends, might ruin in the attempt the trade of a country (the coal trade, at any rate, is safe from this), just as the revolutionary idea in France has been too strong for the executive capacity of her citizens and has left her in political impotence for nearly a hundred years. But there is no need to fear this in England if the lesson of this bad business be laid to heart, and it be clearly realized that such industrial struggles are not mere casual illustrations of inflexible economic laws, but the prophetic mirror of constructive democratic statesmanship.—*Contemporary Review*.

### VILLAGE AND VILLAGERS IN RUSSIA.

BY FRED WHISHAW.

I HAVE described on a former occasion the general aspects of the streets of St. Petersburg, together with some of the types of humanity infesting those streets. I now propose to give the reader some idea of the look of a Russian village and of its inhabitants, with a word or two as to the life lived by the ordinary *moujik*, or rather *krestyánin*. Let us drive out from the stuccoed grandeur of the Metropolis toward the increasing squalor of its suburbs. The stucco soon gives place to wooden structures as we approach the boundaries of the town, and long before we reach the open country we shall have left all such magnificence as bricks and mortar far behind. There is nothing around us now but wooden houses, some tidy and well kept, but mostly neglected and ruinous; chaotic gardens increase in numbers, their principal feature being, not flowers and lawns, but gigantic swings, parallel-bars and "giant-strides;" all of which seem to grow naturally out of the sandy soil of the place, and without which, apparently, no garden is complete. The roads are gradually deteriorating. They were bad enough in the centre of the town, they are far worse here; what will they be like when we reach the now rapidly nearing environs of the city? The open carriage in which we are seated, and which is drawn by two automatic-looking steeds who are certainly fatalists, and take things as they come—whippings, swearings, endearments, etc.—without betray-

ing the slightest interest, rumbles along in and out of deep holes and ruts, which the coachman does not dream of avoiding, at an average pace of five miles to the hour. Nothing will persuade these horses to accelerate their movements; they know their business, and are ready to do it, as per agreement; but as for assuming a fancy rate of progression for even a limited distance, oh, dear no! They are acquainted with the Russian proverb, which teaches them that "the slower you go, the further you'll get!" Therefore, the pace is five miles an hour, and at this figure it will remain, be the journey two miles or twenty. Consequently it is a full hour before we reach the limits of the town, and find ourselves in full view of the open country. And what a dead level it is, now we have reached it, and how destitute of every feature which goes to make up the beauty of a landscape. There is not a hill or even a rise of twenty feet within sight. The belt of pine wood which separates suburb from country, and through which we have just passed, is repeated here and there at intervals, in each direction, suggesting the inference that the whole area was at some no very distant period covered by one unbroken forest of pine-trees. Over the patches of plain which occupy the space between the belts of dark wood, fields of growing grass and oats alternate with vast areas of moorland, picked out with frequent clumps of low bushy cover, suggesting all sorts of

tempting possibilities to the sportsman's eye. Here and there a village may be noticed, generally in the centre of the spaces devoted to cultivation, and an occasional herd of cows dotted over the plain gives a touch of life to a scene depressingly devoid of animation and interest.

It is a holiday, some minor saint's day probably; anyhow, there is ample excuse for Ivan Ivanovitch to spend the day in the vodka-house. His grass may be wasting away for want of cutting, or the whole herd of village cows may be disporting themselves in his oat-field; but Ivan is not going to incur the implacable hostility of a saint, even a second-rate one, by doing a stroke of work on his anniversary—not if he knows it. So his grass may wither and the cows may enjoy themselves to the top of their bent, but Ivan remains at home or in his beloved *kabák*. Consequently there is but little human life to animate the scene. Here and there a solitary red-shirted peasant may be observed working single-handed in his field; but he is probably an impious creature whose crop is sure to fail, or that *rara avis* in rural Russia, a teetotaller. In a word, the prospect is dreary to a degree. Some one who is an authority on these matters (I fear I cannot remember his name, doubtless the reader will supply the omission) has said that, however uninteresting the landscape may appear, all that the beholder need do is to raise his eyes to the sky above him, which, says this writer, is invariably beautiful. This may be true; but on this particular morning which I am now discussing, the sky above us is so blue and so blazing that it would be a foolish action to turn one's gaze upon it for relief; the eyes of the most ardent would water. Let us therefore use those organs for the purpose of selecting one from among the villages within sight for our proposed visit. They are all the same apparently. Let us leave the matter to our driver, stipulating only that he chooses the village which is approached by the least murderous road. We are soon jogging along over a track which cannot surely justify its description as given to us by the "isvoschick." He selected it as the best. We promptly conclude that our driver is a person of humor, though he does not look it, and that this is one of his jokes. If this be in reality the best road available, what, we wonder, can the

others be like? It is a mere succession of immense pits, formed by the disappearance of several of the huge cobbles, of which the road was originally made. Some of these holes are filled up with rubbish, broken crockery, etc., near the village, still green boughs of trees further away; others are left unfilled, and into these the carriage wheels plunge, in a manner which sets us wondering what the springs are made of that can stand such treatment, and, further, whether there is a surgeon anywhere within a mile or two. We find, afterward, that the springs of our carriage have succumbed long since, and are merely tied up with cord, and that most carriages employed to visit the suburbs or the country are in this condition.

The village is now but half a mile away, let us get out and walk. This is decidedly better, and here we are, at last, close to the village which, as the taxation board at its entrance informs us, is called Drevno, and contains "forty-seven souls." My friend, who understands these matters, explains that the "souls" are the male inhabitants, those among whom the land-tax imposed upon the village is divided, and who are the proprietors of the communal land around the village in shares proportioned to the working-power of their families. Each "soul" pays for the share of land allotted to him. Where the land is good and repays its owner for cultivation, the peasant will, at the periodical redistribution, gladly accept all that the village council, or *Mir*, can be persuaded to apportion to him. If the land is bad, the reverse is the case, each peasant finding a hundred excuses for taking over the smallest possible proportion of the communal acres. The peasant with five stalwart sons is sure to make a good thing of his land, while the moujik whose children are all daughters, and who is obliged to farm his tiny corner of land single-handed, is marked out for semi-starvation and hardship, unless, fortunately for him, the allotments are regulated by his fellow-villagers with a wise breadth of view as regards the special merits and needs of each case; thus, though the widow with one small son and half a dozen grown-up girls—a sum-total of one soul among eight—would be entitled by the strict letter of the law (or rather *tradition*, for the *Mir* is governed by no written law, but only by the traditions of centuries) to but one



portion of land, she will no more expect to be allotted the strictly accurate share due to her son than will the mother of a large family of small male children expect, or desire, to have apportioned to her a large tract of land which she and her babies may be entitled to, but could not possibly cultivate. It may be inferred from the above facts that the periodical meetings of the Mir for the redistribution of communal lands are functions marked by considerable animation and occasionally some warmth of argument.

The fields alongside of which we pass, as we proceed toward the village, are all divided into long strips, each strip being the property of one moujik. The consequence of this arrangement is that occasionally a large hayfield may be seen with one strip in the centre devoted to oats, or *vice versa*; another field may be divided into plots of all sorts of grain or potatoes; while a third may present an unbroken expanse of waving oats. As a rule each peasant owns several strips of land, situated in different parts of the commune; thus, not only the quantity but also the quality of the land is considered in the equitable distribution of the common property which the moujiks effect for themselves and each other.

But here we are at the village itself and in the midst of the village street. The cows are coming up the centre of it, a wide phalanx with straggling wings; there is no room for us. The cows evidently consider us *de trop*, for they march along without regard to the fact that we too need a modicum of space. We are obliged to take refuge within a yard whose gate is opportunely open, an action on our part furiously resented by first one dog and then a whole pack of dogs, which approach with every intention, apparently, of tearing us limb from limb. I soon learn, however, that one need but bend to pick up a stone, and before one's back has straightened itself there is not a village dog in sight. Now the cows have passed out of the street on their way to the communal pasturage, so we can resume our tour of inspection. Along both sides of the one street which runs through the village stand the peasants' huts. These are nearly all alike, only in different stages of decay. There is hardly one which does not present some sign of incipient ruin, neither are there any two huts facing

the same way. Some offer a full front to the street, others turn their backs upon the world, some push forward an angle, as though shy of being seen at full face; the general impression given by the haphazard array of ruinous habitations being, that they had been brought to the locality *en masse*, and set down "anyhow," *pro tem.*, and that they had not possessed the energy to set themselves straight, but had preferred to remain as originally placed. Each hut possesses a yard which is knee-deep in mud and filth, and in which may be obtained a glimpse of an open shed, wherein are stored sledges, ploughs, manure-carts, and agricultural implements, all of which property appears to be, like the houses themselves, in the last stage of decay.

The cottages consist of one room and a garret, some few possessing a second room, which appears to be given over to poultry and dogs, together with odds and ends such as snowshoes, firewood and empty bottles. There is scarcely a hut which can boast of an entire window; at least one of the small panes of glass is invariably absent, the vacuum being filled up with part of an old cotton dress, which is bunched into it in the best way that the lady of the house can get it to stick, without regard to appearances. Somewhere about the outer wall of each house will be found a rough picture designed to represent either a ladder or a bucket, or a coil of rope. This mysterious sign is intended to indicate what part the proprietor is bound to play in case of fire in the village, and what article he is expected to supply toward the work of extinguishing the flames.

It is not a pleasant experience to enter Ivan Ivanovitch's home, for if there is one thing in the world that Ivan cordially dislikes and banishes, it is fresh air within the house. He loves to have his room reeking with heat and frowsiness. He will not open his window if he can help it, however warm the weather. It is a special dispensation of Providence, or a beautiful provision of Nature, that Ivan is occasionally—nay, frequently drunk and breaks one of his windows. Were this not so he and his family would undoubtedly be asphyxiated. Though the room we now enter has two panes broken, the atmosphere is hardly supportable. The room is of good size, but a large portion



of it is occupied by a huge stove of plastered brick. When the weather is cold this stove is hot day and night, and Ivan and his family sleep on the top of it, where there is accommodation for half a dozen, at a pinch. Round the walls runs a narrow bench, and in one corner is a table. At this table sits the lady of the house taking her dinner, which consists of a slice of black bread with plenty of salt. The children prefer to eat their share outside, in the road. As for Ivan himself, he is feasting upon a salt herring at the *kabák*; salt herrings are thirsty fare and require the assistance of copious libations of vodka, therefore the *kabák* is a handier place in which to eat it than his own apartment. Besides, Gavril Nicolaievitch is obliging with a tune on the *garmonka*, and no Russian will stir from the spot where a *garmonka* is playing.

Mrs. Ivan greets us with a bow and a smile, showing a set of splendid teeth as she does so. She is a pretty woman, but somewhat worn and tired-looking; her life is not an easy one, for besides her domestic duties and the care of her children, she takes her share of work in the fields, and, since her husband is a bit of a drunkard, occasionally does his share as well as her own. "*Hlyeb da soil!*" ("Bread and salt!") is our greeting to this lady: it is the Russian equivalent for "Good appetite to you!" She replies, "*Meelostye prosem!*" ("We beg your charity!") which implies that the victuals are not "up to much," but that, such as they are, you are welcome to share. Madam informs us that, this being the anniversary of Saint-somebody, Ivan is not at work, but, as usual, at the *kabák*.

"How came you to marry such a man as your husband?" asks my companion, with a bluntness which surprises and shocks me. Avdotia Egorevna is not in the least disconcerted, however, by this very plain question. "Oh," she says, "I didn't choose him, of course; my parents did that for me. I hated him at first, but now I'm rather fond of the poor old vodka bottle."

What divine particle, I wondered, had this good woman discovered in her drunken, swearing, bullying partner to cause her to change her opinion of him! Truly the ways of woman are mysterious. Avdotia, as she finishes her short speech, actually has a tear in her eye. I determine

on the spot that Avdotia is a "good sort," and present her with a rouble—a mark of admiration which she immensely appreciates, dashing away the tear with the back of her hand and beaming all over, as she expresses her hope that "God will give me health."

There are her children outside—a little boy with grimy face, and nothing but a short print shirt to clothe his small brown person, and two tiny girls, in print dresses down to their toes; all three munching large lumps of black bread, and playing at some game which appears to resemble "knuckle-bones." Avdotia informs us, in reply to our question as to whether the share of land apportioned to her husband is sufficient to support the family, that they manage to live, one way and another, thanks to the town being so close; were it otherwise, she does not think that the land would keep them. "Life is very hard, Barin," she says. "We have a horse and two cows (glory to God!), but they must be fed through the winter, and that takes all our hay and oats, for the soil is not good here. Then we have a little rye for our own bread, but not enough. There is the milk (glory to Thee, Lord!), but it fetches a very low price, though it is good milk. See, Barin, *meelostye prosem* try a little" (we did so, and found it excellent); "and Ivan gets jobs with the horse, carting sand to town, and driving Barins down to the country houses beyond here; but the *kabák* is the fly which sucks our blood; if there were no *kabák* we might be rich." Poor Avdotia, she speaks for many millions of poor women throughout the Tsar's dominions: it is always the same tale; "but for the *kabák* we might be happy!"

But where are the "souls" all this time? for Avdotia is not, of course, a soul; being a woman she has no claim to that distinction. I fear we shall find most of the souls in the village drinking-shop, toward which we now bend our steps. There is one house in the centre of the village which boasts of two stories and looks more imposing, though not less dirty and ruinous, than its neighbors; this is the *kabák*. A greasy and begimed swing-door opens into the midst of the pandemonium. Here are the souls in all their glory! Here we see the curse of Russia impersonified. Half a dozen moujiks are lying about the floor quite drunk;

a dozen others are in varying stages of intoxication; a few are still fairly sober, and two or three are drinking tea. Among these last is Stepán Abramitch, the proprietor. This man is observable among the crowd of moujiks because, unlike them, he wears his shirt European fashion, not outside his trousers as do the moujiks. If the Russian proverb is true then Stepán is not to be trusted, for the saying runs that a Russian remains honest as long as he wears his shirt outside his trousers; as soon as he hides away his shirt-tails, away go the qualities of truthfulness and honesty with them. Stepán looks sleek and well fed, as, no doubt, he is, for he fattens upon the substance of the community. All the money earned in Drevno goes one way, and that is into the coffers of Stepán Abramitch. He does not like the look of us: are we spies, secret police, or, least probable of all, customers? We order some tea, however, as an excuse for our descent upon his premises, and endeavor to tolerate the awful atmosphere of the place while we look around.

Some of the moujiks are remarkably good-looking fellows, in spite of the somewhat tipsy expression most of them are wearing at this moment; they have good eyes, and thoughtful, sun-burned faces, not a few boasting of fine long beards. Many of them wear nothing but a cotton shirt, a pair of loose cotton trousers, and the usual long boots, into which the trousers are tucked. The shirt is belted at the waist, and worn, as already mentioned, outside the nether garments. Some were playing at cards, quarrelling good-naturedly and tipsily over each deal. One almost sober "soul" was intent upon his *garmonka*, or square concertina, from which he produced really wonderful results so far as the melody was concerned; as to the bass, the *garmonka* being limited to two chords, his imagination was necessarily hampered. The tea served to us was weak but of excellent quality, slices of lemon taking the place of milk or cream. Small lumps of sugar were handed to us, and these we were expected to use *à la Russe*, that is, not to drop them into the cup or tumbler, but to nibble them before each sip of tea. Stepán came over to us and entered into conversation. He explained that he was the "universal provider" of the place, and

that in the room corresponding to this one on the other side of the house he traded in calico prints, shirts, boots, black bread, gaudy handkerchiefs, candles, sweets, salted herrings, and *ikons*. This, he explained, comprised about all that the Russian peasant ever purchased. With his usual bluntness my companion inquired whether Stepán's conscience never gave him a bad quarter of an hour over the part he played in the ruin of these poor tipsy "souls"? But Stepán's conscience was altogether void of offence. If he did not run the *kabák*, he explained, some one else undoubtedly would. The moujiks would not tolerate the absence of their beloved haunt for a single week, and besides that, it would never suit the Government if the *kabáks*—their principal source of revenue—were to give up business. Besides all this again, said Stepán, "I am very good to them; there is hardly a man or woman in the village who does not owe me money, but I never press them, as another might, and get hold of their land." Poor Drevno, poor Russia! it is even as Stepán said. To explain the situation in a few words: if the moujik drinks, he supports the State, but ruins himself; if he remains sober, he can support himself, but he ruins the State.

Out into the road again, and not too soon, for the atmosphere is beginning to tell upon us. The village dogs again consider it incumbent upon them to charge open-mouthed upon us, and once again the simple threat of a pebble is sufficient to put them to ignominious flight. A half-drunken moujik has accompanied us from the *kabák*, and is determined to act as our guide. This turns out to be Avdotia's husband, Ivan. He takes us to the village bath-house, a tumble-down, smoke-blackened hut, dark as pitch within and dirty beyond the wildest flights of fancy. On Saturdays this is a busy spot. The stove is alight then, and the "souls" take their turn at the steam bath; no water is used, except for the purpose of generating steam. Ivan explains that the "patient" lies upon one of the shelves running round the room, which is full of scalding steam, and that a companion then flogs the air within an eighth of an inch of his body, driving the steam well into the pores of his skin. Ivan declares that this is better than washing; but after a careful scrutiny of our friend's face and neck we decide

that unless Ivan has missed his turn at the steam-bath for a year or so, water must, on the whole, do the thing more thoroughly. The moujik rarely washes during the week, though each hut has a kind of small teapot hung at the porch; this contains a drop or two of water which Ivan can, if he chooses, tilt out into one hand and pass over his face; but, as a rule, Ivan does not choose.

That house there belongs to the *Starost*, or elected elder of the village community or Mir. His duties are to preside over the meetings of that body. He is elected for a term of two or three years, and is the responsible agent to Government for the payment of the taxes due by the community. The position involves considerable responsibility and no little trouble, while the stipend attached is but a few roubles and a medal; so that the title of *Starost* is not, as a rule, competed for with any conspicuous degree of keenness; in many villages the honor is carefully avoided and only accepted under compulsion.

"The house on the right," says Ivan, with some pride, "belongs to my brother, who is the richest man in the village. He has five grown-up sons, and therefore a large amount of land, four good horses and six cows: he lives well."

"Does he drink?" we inquire.

"Of course he does," says Ivan, "hard, on holidays; but he is a good worker; and with five sons one can spare two or three to work in town. Three of his are laborers, and most of their wages come home. As for the land, my brother and his two sons and their wives can easily cultivate it. Ah, Barin! it's a great thing for us moujiks to have grown-up sons!" Ivan's remarks were true enough. The large family in a Russian village is a co-operative concern and pays well.

The rich man's house was no better than its neighbors. It presented the same appearance of decay and age; there was no indication of the prosperity of its owner beyond the fact that there appeared to be more accommodation in the yard for live stock.

"Is your rich brother at work to-day?" we asked.

Ivan made a tipsily comical gesture of horror; he spat upon the ground with unnecessary vehemence and then crossed himself.

"The Barin is pleased to joke," he said; "it is a holiday: my brother and his sons are not sinners, they do not work on a holiday; they are all at the kabák, as they should be!"

"Drunk?" I ventured.

"Drunk, Barin, certainly!" said Ivan "Why, what would you have?"

Not being prepared with an answer to this rather unexpected inquiry, we allowed the subject to drop, dismissing the inquisitive but tottering Ivan with a small present of twenty copecks "for tea." I do not fancy any part of this sum of money was spent upon that innocent decoction, however, for apparently Ivan had convinced himself that the particular saint whose anniversary he was so worthily celebrating would be immensely offended if his devotees in Drevno should retire to bed even partially sober.

All this proved very depressing. Had we stumbled upon the true secret of the poverty of rural Russia? Supposing that the kabák could be eliminated, we reflected, could the Russian peasant proprietor live happily and support his wife and family in decency and comfort upon the produce and profits of his plot of communal land? I believe the answer to this would be, that famine and "the act of God" being absent, undoubtedly he could. Occupied with the consideration of this problem, we retraced our steps through the deep mud toward the carriage. As we passed the kabák sounds of revelry assailed our ears; we thought we recognized Ivan's voice, who, apparently, had already laid out his tea money, but not upon any infusion of that herb.

A body of young girls met us as we went; they were all arrayed in their gala frocks of bright prints, and each wore a gaudy handkerchief round her head. They were singing some rustic song in three parts, the highest soaring to heights undreamed of in this country. The quality of the voice was little better than a scream, but the actual notes reached were far beyond anything attempted by educated singers.

The girls were clean and not bad-looking; they appeared to be perfectly happy in their holiday occupation of parading the village street singing. Fortunately the drink demon does not possess the unmarried women of the villages; they never touch vodka. The matrons occasionally

drink, but, in comparison with their lords, they are rarely to be seen intoxicated.

With the screaming song of the gulls in our ears we leave behind us the village of Drevno and wade toward our carriage. We find the driver fast asleep upon the cushions inside, and awake him with difficulty; from his appearance when awake we conclude that he, too, has found the means of doing honor to the saint of the day—is it St. Bacchus?—and we receive full confirmation of our opinion on the way home. It appears that our Jehu had not introduced us to all, or nearly all, the holes and ruts on the way out; we plunged into numbers of new ones—all very fine and large—before we reached home; and my companion seriously assured me that had the drive been much longer he would certainly have arrived in several pieces.

In conclusion I will observe that since the day which I devoted to a visit of inspection to the village of Drevno, I have seen Ivan Ivanovitch—the Russian moujik—under more favorable auspices. Every day of the year is not a holiday, though most are. Ivan sometimes works, and works hard, but he will avoid labor whenever he can get out of it. During the famine of last year a landed proprietor, whose intelligent benevolence did him the greatest credit, organized works upon his own estate sufficient to provide work—and hence food—for the moujiks of several villages in the neighborhood. After a week's satisfactory work, a day arrived when no single moujik appeared to pro-

ceed with the lucrative job offered to him. After awhile, however, a spokesman arrived upon the scene, who explained that his companions had been informed that "Government was going to feed the peasants, and therefore it was unnecessary to take the useless trouble of working for bread. If the Barin wished to have his work done he must get other men."

This is poor Ivan Ivanovitch all over. Easily satisfied, indolent, self-indulgent, weak, he does not care to rise in the world. So long as he can exist and allow his wife and children to exist, and so long as he can obtain, for cash or credit, vodka enough to keep him going, he is content. He has no idea of any higher civilization, or of any sort of home-comfort. For the rest, he loves his "little father" the Tsar; fears God in a superstitious sort of way, and the *Lieshui* (wood spirits) and other supernatural creations of his national folklore in a very real way; observes the church festivals with bibulous piety; attends church at Easter; tolerates his wife and children, and knows absolutely nothing of the affairs either of this world or of the next. But education is making great strides, and the younger generation is growing up with advantages to which its forefathers were strangers. Light is stealing, gradually, over the land. Would that it might chase away the drink demon! With the vodka evil reduced to moderate dimensions, there would be a chance even for rural Russia.—*Temple Bar.*

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#### CHRISTIANITY AND MOHAMMEDANISM: THEIR POINTS OF CONTACT AND CONTRAST.\*

BY GEORGE WASHBURN, D.D.

It is not my purpose to enter upon any defence or criticism of Mohammedanism, but simply to state, as impartially as possible, its points of contact and contrast with Christianity.

The chief difficulty in such a statement arises from the fact that there are as many different opinions on theological questions among Moslems as among Christians, and that it is impossible to present any sum-

mary of Mohammedan doctrine which will be accepted by all.

The faith of Islam is based *primarily* upon the Koran, which is believed to have been delivered to the Prophet at sundry times by the angel Gabriel, and upon the traditions reporting the life and words of the Prophet; and, *secondarily*, upon the opinions of certain distinguished theologians of the second century of the Hegira, especially, for the Sunnis, of the four *Imams* Hanifé, Shafi, Malik, and Hannabel. The Shiites, or followers of

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Aali, reject these last, with many of the received traditions, and hold opinions which the great body of Moslems regard as heretical. In addition to the twofold division of Sunnis and Shiites and of the sects of the four *Imams*, there are said to be several hundred minor sects.

It is, in fact, very difficult for an honest inquirer to determine what is really essential to the faith. A distinguished Moslem statesman and scholar once assured me that nothing was essential beyond a belief in the existence and unity of God. And several years ago the *Sheik-ul-Islam*, the highest authority in Constantinople, in a letter to a German inquirer, stated that whoever confesses that there is but one God, and that Mohammed is his Prophet, is a *true* Moslem, although to be a *good* one it is necessary to observe the five points of confession, prayer, fasting, almsgiving, and pilgrimage. But the difficulty about this apparently simple definition is, that belief in Mohammed as the prophet of God involves a belief in all his teaching, and we come back at once to the question what that teaching was.

The great majority of Mohammedans believe in the Koran, and the traditions and the teaching of the school of Hanifé, and we cannot do better than take these doctrines and compare them with what are generally regarded as the essential principles of Christianity.

With this explanation we may discuss the relations of Christianity and Mohammedanism as Historical, Dogmatic, and Practical.

#### I. HISTORICAL RELATIONS.

It would hardly be necessary to speak in this connection of the historical relations of Christianity and Islam if they had not seemed, to some distinguished writers, so important as to justify the statement, that Mohammedanism is a form and outgrowth of Christianity—in fact, essentially a Christian sect. Carlyle, for example, says, "Islam is definable as a confused form of Christianity." And Draper calls it "the Southern Reformation, akin to that in the North under Luther." Dean Stanley and Dr. Döllinger make similar statements.

While there is a certain semblance of truth in their view, it seems to me not only misleading, but essentially false. Neither Mohammed nor any of his earlier

followers had ever been Christians, and there is no satisfactory evidence that up to the time of his announcing his prophetic mission he had interested himself at all in Christianity. No such theory is necessary to account for his monotheism. The citizens of Mecca were mostly idolaters, but a few, known as *Hanifs*, were pure deists, and the doctrine of the unity of God was not unknown theoretically even by those who, in their idolatry, had practically abandoned it. The temple at Mecca was known as *Beit Ullah*, the house of God. The name of the Prophet's father was *Abdallah*, the servant of God; and "By Allah" was a common oath among the people. The one God was nominally recognized, but in fact forgotten in the worship of the stars, of *Lat* and *Ozza* and *Manah*, and of the 360 idols in the temple at Mecca. It was against this prevalent idolatry that Mohammed revolted, and he claimed that in so doing he had returned to the pure religion of Abraham. Still, Mohammedanism is no more a reformed Judaism than it is a form of Christianity. It was essentially a new religion.

The Koran claimed to be a new and perfect revelation of the will of God, and from the time of the Prophet's death to this day no Moslem has appealed to the ancient traditions of Arabia or to the Jewish or Christian Scriptures as the ground of his faith. The Koran and the traditions are sufficient and final. I believe that every orthodox Moslem regards Islam as a separate, distinct, and absolutely exclusive religion; and there is nothing to be gained by calling it a form of Christianity. But after having set aside this unfounded statement, and fully acknowledged the independent origin of Islam, there is still a historical relationship between it and Christianity which demands our attention.

The Prophet recognized the Christian and Jewish Scriptures as the word of God, although it cannot be proved that he had ever read them. They are mentioned one hundred and thirty-one times in the Koran, but there is only one quotation from the Old Testament, and one from the New. The historical parts of the Koran correspond with the Talmud, and the writings current among the heretical Christian sects, such as the Protevangelium of James, the pseudo Matthew, and the Gospel of the nativity of Mary, rather than with the

Bible. His information was probably obtained verbally from his Jewish and Christian friends, who appear, in some cases, to have deceived him intentionally. He seems to have believed their statements that his coming was foretold in the Scriptures, and to have hoped for some years that they would accept him as their promised leader.

His confidence in the Christians was proved by his sending his persecuted followers to take refuge with the Christian King of Abyssinia. He had visited Christian Syria, and, if tradition can be trusted, he had some intimate Christian friends. With the Jews he was on still more intimate terms during his last years at Mecca and the first at Medina.

But in the end he attacked and destroyed the Jews, and declared war against the Christians; making a distinction, however, in his treatment of idolaters and "the people of the Book," allowing the latter, if they quietly submitted to his authority, to retain their religion on the condition of an annual payment of a tribute or ransom for their lives. If, however, they resisted, the men were to be killed and the women and children sold as slaves (Koran, *sura ix.*). In the next world Jews, Christians, and idolaters are alike consigned to eternal punishment in hell.

Some have supposed that a verse in the second *sura* of the Koran was intended to teach a more charitable doctrine. It reads: "Surely those who believe, whether Jews, Christians, or Sabians, whoever believeth in God and the last day, and doth that which is right, they shall have their reward with the Lord. No fear shall come upon them, neither shall they be grieved." But Moslem commentators rightly understand this as only teaching that if Jews, Christians, or Sabians become Moslems they will be saved, the phrase used being the common one to express faith in Islam.

In the third *sura* it is stated in so many words: "Whoever followeth any other religion than Islam, it shall not be accepted of him, and at the last day he shall be of those that perish."

This is the orthodox doctrine; but it should be said that one meets with Moslems who take a more hopeful view of the ultimate fate of those who are sincere and honest followers of Christ.

The question whether Mohammedanism has been in any way modified since the time of the Prophet by its contact with Christianity, I think every Moslem would answer in the negative. There is much to be said on the other side, as, for example, it must seem to a Christian student that the offices and qualities assigned to the Prophet by the traditions, which are not claimed for him in the Koran, must have been borrowed from the Christian teaching in regard to Christ; but we have not time to enter upon the discussion of this question.

## II. DOGMATIC RELATIONS.

In comparing the dogmatic statements of Islam and Christianity, we must confine ourselves, as strictly as possible, to what is generally acknowledged to be essential in each faith. To go beyond this would be to enter upon a sea of speculation almost without limits, from which we could hope to bring back but little of any value to our present discussion.

It has been formally decided by various *fatwas* that the Koran requires belief in seven principal doctrines; and the confession of faith is this: "I believe on God, on the Angels, on the Books, on the Prophets, on the Judgment-day, on the eternal Decrees of God Almighty concerning both good and evil, and on the Resurrection after death." There are many other things which a good Moslem is expected to believe, but these points are fundamental.

Taking these essential dogmas one by one, we shall find that they agree with Christian doctrine in their general statement, although in their development there is a wide divergence of faith between the Christian and the Moslem.

*First: the Doctrine of God.*—This is stated by Omer Nesefi (A. D. 1142) as follows: "God is one and eternal. He lives, and is almighty. He knows all things, hears all things, sees all things. He is endowed with will and action. He has neither form nor figure; neither bounds, limits, or numbers; neither parts, multiplications, or divisions, because He is neither body nor matter. He has neither beginning nor end. He is self-existent, without generation, dwelling, or habitation. He is outside the empire of time, unequalled in His nature as in His

attributes, which without being foreign to His essence do not constitute it."

The Westminster Catechism says: "God is a spirit, infinite, eternal, unchangeable in His being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness, and truth. There is but one only, the living and true God."

It will be seen that these statements differ chiefly in that the Christian gives special prominence to the moral attributes of God; and it has often been said that the God of Islam is simply a God of almighty power, while the God of Christianity is a God of infinite love and perfect holiness: but this is not a fair statement of the truth. The ninety-nine names of God, which the good Moslem constantly repeats, assign these attributes to Him. The fourth name is "The Most Holy"; the twenty-ninth, "The Just"; the forty-sixth, "The All-Loving"; the first and most common is "The Merciful"; and the moral attributes are often referred to in the Koran. In truth, there is no conceivable perfection which the Moslems would neglect to attribute to God. Their conception of Him is that of an absolute Oriental monarch, and His unlimited power to do what He pleases makes entire submission to His will the first and most prominent duty. The name which they give to their religion implies this. It is *Islam*, which means *submission* or *resignation*. But a king may be good or bad, wise or foolish, and the Moslem takes as much pains as the Christian to attribute to God all wisdom and all goodness.

The essential difference between the Christian and Mohammedan conceptions of God lies in the fact that the Moslem does not think of this great King as having anything in common with His subjects, from whom He is infinitely removed. The idea of the incarnation of God in Christ is to them not only blasphemous but absurd and incomprehensible; and the idea of *fellowship* with God, which is expressed in calling Him *our Father*, is altogether foreign to Mohammedan thought. God is not immanent in the world in the Christian sense, but apart from the world and infinitely removed from man.

*Second: the Doctrine of Decrees*, or of the sovereignty of God, is a fundamental principle of both Christianity and Islam.

The Koran says: "God has from all eternity foreordained by an immutable decree all things whatsoever to come to pass, whether good or evil."

The Westminster Catechism says: "The decrees of God are His eternal purpose according to the counsel of His will, whereby for His own glory He hath foreordained whatever comes to pass."

It is plain that these two statements do not essentially differ, and the same controversies have arisen over this doctrine among Mohammedans as among Christians, with the same differences of opinion.

Omer Nessefi says: "Predestination refers not to the temporal but to the spiritual state. Election and reprobation decide the final fate of the soul, but in temporal affairs man is free."

A Turkish confession of faith says: "Unbelief and wicked acts happen with the foreknowledge and will of God, by the effect of His predestination, written from eternity on the preserved tables, by His operation but not with His satisfaction. God foresees, wills, produces, loves all that is good, and does not love unbelief and sin, though He wills and effects it. If it be asked why God wills and effects what is evil and gives the devil power to tempt man, the answer is, He has His views of wisdom which it is not granted to us to know."

Many Christian theologians would accept this statement without criticism, but in general they have been careful to guard against the idea that God is in any way the efficient cause of sin, and they generally give to man a wider area of freedom than the orthodox Mohammedans.

It cannot be denied that this doctrine of the decrees of God has degenerated into fatalism more generally among Moslems than among Christians. I have never known a Mohammedan of any sect who was not more or less a fatalist, notwithstanding the fact that there have been Moslem theologians who have repudiated fatalism as vigorously as any Christians.

In Christianity this doctrine has been offset by a different conception of God, by a higher estimate of man, and by the whole scheme of redemption through faith in Christ. In Islam there is no such counteracting influence.

*Third: the other five doctrines* we may pass over with a single remark in regard to each. Both Moslems and Christians

believe in the existence of good and evil *angels*, and that God has revealed His will to man in certain *inspired books*, and both agree that the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures are such books. The Moslem, however, believes that they have been superseded by the Koran, which was brought down from God by the angel Gabriel. He believes that this is His eternal and uncreated word; that its divine character is proved by its poetic beauty; that it has a miraculous power over men apart from what it teaches, so that the mere hearing of it, without understanding it, may heal the sick or convert the infidel. Both Christians and Moslems believe that God has sent *prophets and apostles* into the world to teach men His will; both believe in the *judgment-day* and the *resurrection of the dead*, the immortality of the soul, and rewards and punishments in the future life.

It will be seen that in simple statement the seven positive doctrines of Islam are in harmony with Christian dogma; but in their exposition and development the New Testament and the Koran part company, and Christian and Moslem speculation evolve totally different conceptions, especially in regard to everything concerning the other world. It is in these expositions based upon the Koran (*e.g., suras lvi. and lxviii.*), and still more upon the traditions, that we find the most striking contrasts between Christianity and Mohammedanism; but it is not easy for a Christian to state them in a way to satisfy Moslems, and, as we have no time to quote authorities, we may pass them over.

*Fourth*, the essential dogmatic difference between Christianity and Islam is in regard to the person, office, and work of Jesus Christ. The Koran expressly denies the Trinity, the Divinity of Christ, His death, and the whole doctrine of the Incarnation and the Atonement, and rejects the sacraments which He ordained. It accepts His miraculous birth, His miracles, His moral perfection, and His mission as an inspired prophet or teacher. It declares that He did not die on the cross, but was taken up to heaven without death, while the Jews crucified one like Him in His place. It consequently denies His resurrection from the dead, but claims that He will come again to rule the world before the day of judgment. It says that He will Himself testify before God that

He never claimed to be divine; this heresy of His divinity originated with Paul.

At the same time the faith exalts Mohammed to very nearly the same position which Christ occupies in the Christian scheme. He is not divine, and consequently not an object of worship; but he was the first created being, God's first and best beloved, the noblest of all creatures, the mediator between God and man, the great intercessor, the first to enter Paradise, and the highest there. Although the Koran in many places speaks of him as a sinner in need of pardon (*e.g., suras xxiii., xlvii., and xlviii.*), his absolute sinlessness is also an article of faith.

The Holy Spirit, the third person in the Trinity, is not mentioned in the Koran, and the Christian doctrine of His work of regeneration and sanctification seems to have been unknown to the Prophet, who represents the Christian doctrine of the Trinity as teaching that it consists of God the Father, Mary the Mother, and Christ the Son. The promise of Christ in the Gospel of John to send the Paraclete, the Prophet applies to himself, reading *παράκλητος* as *περικλυτός*, which might be rendered into Arabic as *Ahmed*, another form of the name Mohammed.

We have, then, in Islam a specific and final rejection and repudiation of the Christian dogma of the Incarnation and the Trinity, and the substitution of Mohammed for Christ in most of his offices; but it should be noted in passing that while this rejection grows out of a different conception of God, it has nothing in common with the scientific rationalistic unbelief of the present day. If it cannot conceive of God as incarnate in Jesus Christ, it is not from any doubt as to His personality or His miraculous interference in the affairs of this world, or the reality of the supernatural. These ideas are fundamental to the faith of every orthodox Mohammedan, and are taught everywhere in the Koran.

There are *nominal* Mohammedans who are atheists, and others who are pantheists of the Spinoza type. There are also some small sects who are rationalists, but after the fashion of old English Deism rather than of the modern rationalism. The Deistic rationalism is represented in that most interesting work of Justice Ameer Aali, "The Spirit of Islam." He speaks



of Mohammed as Xenophon did of Socrates, and he reveres Christ also, but he denies that there was anything supernatural in the inspiration or life of either, and claims that Hanifé and the other Imams corrupted Islam as he thinks Paul the apostle did Christianity. But this book does not represent Mohammedanism any more than Renan's "Life of Jesus" represents Christianity. These small rationalistic sects are looked upon by all orthodox Moslems as heretics of the worst description.

### III. PRACTICAL RELATIONS.

The practical and ethical relations of Islam to Christianity are even more interesting than the historical and dogmatic. The Moslem code of morals is much nearer the Christian than is generally supposed on either side, although it is really more Jewish than Christian. The truth is, that we judge each other harshly and unfairly by those who do not live up to the demands of their religion, instead of comparing the pious Moslem with the consistent Christian.

We cannot enter here into a technical statement of the philosophical development of the principles of law and morality as they are given by the Imam Hanifé and others. It would be incomprehensible without hours of explanation, and is really understood by but few Mohammedans, although the practical application of it is the substance of Mohammedan law. It is enough to say that the moral law is based upon the Koran and the traditions of the life and sayings of the Prophet, enlarged by deductions and analogies. Whatever comes from these sources has the force and authority of a revealed law of God.

The first practical duties inculcated in the religious code are: *Confession* of God, and Mohammed His Prophet; *Prayer* at least five times a day; *Fasting* during the month of Ramazan, from dawn to sunset; *Alms* to the annual amount of two and one half per cent. on property; *Pilgrimage* to Mecca at least once in a lifetime. A sixth duty, of equal importance, is taking part in *sacred war*, or war for religion: but some orthodox Moslems hold that this is not a perpetual obligation, and this seems to have been the opinion of Hanifé.

In addition to these primary duties of religion, the moral code, as given by Omer Nessefi, demands: Honesty in business; Modesty or decency in behavior; Frater-

nity between all Moslems; Benevolence and kindness toward all creatures. It forbids gambling, music, the making or possessing of images, the drinking of intoxicating liquors, the taking of God's name in vain, and all false oaths. And, in general, Omer Nessefi adds: "It is an indispensable obligation for every Moslem to practise virtue and avoid vice—i.e., all that is contrary to religion, law, humanity, good manners, and the duties of society. He ought especially to guard against deception, lying, slander, and abuse of his neighbor."

We may also add some specimen passages from the Koran:

"God commands justice, benevolence, and liberality. He forbids crime, injustice, and calumny."

"Avoid sin in secret and in public. The wicked will receive the reward of his deeds."

"God promises His mercy and a brilliant recompense to those who add good works to their faith."

"He who commits iniquity will lose his soul."

"It is not righteousness that you turn your faces in prayer toward the east or the west, but righteousness is of him who believeth in God and the last day, and the angels and the prophets; who giveth money, for God's sake, to his kindred and to orphans, and to the needy and the stranger, and to those who ask, and for the redemption of captives; who is constant in prayer, and giveth alms; and of those who perform their covenant, and who behave themselves patiently in adversity and hardships, and in time of violence. These are they who are true, and these are they who fear God."

So far, with one or two exceptions, these conceptions of the moral life are essentially the same as the Christian, although some distinctively Christian virtues, such as meekness and humility, are not emphasized.

Beyond this we have a moral code, equally binding in theory, and equally important in practice, which is not at all Christian, but is essentially the morality of the Talmud in the extreme value which it attaches to outward observances, such as fasting, pilgrimages, and ceremonial rites. All the concerns of life and death are hedged about with prescribed ceremonies, which are not simple matters of

propriety, but of morality and religion ; and it is impossible for one who has not lived among Moslems to realize the extent and importance of this ceremonial law.

In regard to polygamy, divorce, and slavery, the morality of Islam is in direct contrast with that of Christianity ; and as the principles of the faith, so far as it is determined by the Koran and the Traditions, are fixed and unchangeable, no change in regard to the legality of these can be expected. They may be silently abandoned, but they can never be forbidden by law in any Mohammedan State. It should be said here, however, that while the position of women, as determined by the Koran, is one of inferiority and subjection, there is no truth whatever in the current idea that, according to the Koran, they have no souls, no hope of immortality, and no rights. This is an absolutely unfounded slander.

Another contrast between the morality of the Koran and the New Testament is found in the spirit with which the faith is to be propagated. The Prophet led his armies to battle, and founded a temporal kingdom by force of arms. The Koran is full of exhortations to fight for the faith. Christ founded a spiritual kingdom, which could only be extended by loving persuasion and the influence of the Holy Spirit. It is true that Christians have had their wars of religion, and have committed as many crimes against humanity in the name of Christ as Moslems have ever committed in the name of the Prophet ; but the opposite teaching on this subject in the Koran and the New Testament is unmistakable, and involves different conceptions of morality.

Such, in general, is the ethical code of Islam. In practice there are certainly many Moslems whose moral lives are irreproachable according to the Christian standard, who fear God, and in their dealings with men are honest, truthful, and benevolent ; who are temperate in the gratification of their desires, and cultivate a self-denying spirit ; of whose sincere desire to do right there can be no doubt.

There are those whose conceptions of pure spiritual religion seem to rival those of the Christian mystics. This is specially true of one or two sects of Dervishes. Some of these sects are simply Mohammedan Neo-Platonists, and deal in magic, sorcery, and purely physical means of at-

taining a state of ecstasy ; but others are neither pantheists nor theosophists, and seek to attain unity of spirit with a supreme, personal God by spiritual means.

Those who have had much acquaintance with Moslems know that in addition to these mystics, there are many common people—as many women as men—who seem to have more or less clear ideas of spiritual life, and strive to attain something higher than mere formal morality and verbal confession ; who feel their personal unworthiness, and hope only in God. The following extract from one of many similar poems of Shereef Hanum, a Turkish Moslem lady of Constantinople, rendered into English by the Rev. H. O. Dwight, is certainly as spiritual in thought and language as most of the hymns sung in Christian churches :

" O Source of Kindness and of Love,  
Who givest aid all hopes above,  
'Mid grief and guilt although I grope,  
From Thee I'll ne'er cut off my hope,  
My Lord, O my Lord !

" Thou, King of kings, dost know my need,  
Thy pardoning grace no bars can heed ;  
Thou lov'st to help the helpless one,  
And bidd'st his cries of fear be done,  
My Lord, O my Lord !

" Shouldst Thou refuse to still my fears,  
Who else will stop to dry my tears ?  
For I am guilty, guilty still,  
No other one has done so ill,  
My Lord, O my Lord !

" The lost in torment stand aghast  
To see this rebel's sin so vast ;  
What wonder, then, that Shereef cries  
For mercy, mercy, ere she dies,  
My Lord, O my Lord."

These facts are important, not as proving that Mohammedanism is a spiritual faith in the same sense as Christianity, for it is not, but as showing that many Moslems do attain some degree, at least, of what Christians mean by spiritual life ; while, as we must confess, it is equally possible for Christianity to degenerate into mere formalism.

Notwithstanding the generally high tone of the Moslem code of morals, and the more or less Christian experience of spiritually-minded Mohammedans, I think that the chief distinction between Christian and Moslem morality lies in their different conceptions of the nature and consequences of sin. It is true that most of the theories advanced by Christian writers

on theoretical ethics have found defenders among the Moslems; but Mohammedan law is based on the theory that right and wrong depend on legal enactment, and Mohammedan thought follows the same direction. An act is right because God has commanded it, or wrong because He has forbidden it. God may abrogate or change His laws, so that what was wrong may become right. Moral acts have no inherent moral character, and what may be wrong for one may be right for another. So, for example, it is impossible to discuss the moral character of the Prophet with an orthodox Moslem, because it is a sufficient answer to any criticism to say that God commanded or expressly permitted those acts which in other men would be wrong.

There is, however, one sin which is in its very nature sinful, and which man is capable of knowing to be such—that is, the sin of denying that there is one God, and that Mohammed is His Prophet. Everything else depends on the arbitrary command of God, and may be arbitrarily forgiven; but this does not, and is consequently unpardonable. For whoever dies in this sin there is no possible escape from eternal damnation.

Of other sins some are grave and some are light, and it must not be supposed that the Moslem regards grave sins as of little consequence. He believes that sin is rebellion against infinite Power, and that it cannot escape the notice of the all-seeing God, but must call down His wrath upon the sinner; so that even a good Moslem may be sent to hell to suffer torment for thousands of years before he is pardoned.

But he believes that God is merciful; that "He is minded to make His religion light, because man has been created weak" (Koran, *sura* iv.). If man has sinned against His arbitrary commands, God may arbitrarily remit the penalty, on certain conditions, on the intercession of the Prophet, on account of expiatory acts on the man's part or in view of counterbalancing good works. At the worst, the Moslem will be sent to hell for a season and then be pardoned, out of consideration for his belief in God and the Prophet, by divine mercy. Still, we need to repeat, the Moslem does not look upon sin as a light thing.

But notwithstanding this conception of

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the danger of sinning against God, the Mohammedan is very far from comprehending the Christian idea that right and wrong are inherent qualities in all moral actions; that God Himself is a moral being, doing what is right because it is right, and that He can no more pardon sin arbitrarily than He can make a wrong action right; that He could not be just and yet justify the sinner, without the atonement made by the incarnation and the suffering and the death of Jesus Christ. He does not realize that sin is itself corruption and death; that mere escape from hell is not eternal life, but that the sinful soul must be regenerated and sanctified by the work of the Holy Spirit before it can know the joy of the beatific vision.

Whether or not I have correctly stated the fundamental difference between the Christian and Mohammedan conceptions of sin, no one who has had Moslem friends can have failed to realize that the difference exists, for it is extremely difficult, almost impossible, for Christians and Moslems to understand one another when the question of sin is discussed. There seems to be a hereditary incapacity in the Moslem to comprehend this essential basis of Christian morality.

Mohammedan morality is also differentiated from the Christian by its fatalistic interpretation of the doctrine of Decrees. The Moslem who reads in the Koran, "As for every man we have firmly fixed his fate about his neck," and the many similar passages, who is taught that at least so far as the future life is concerned his fate has been fixed from eternity by an arbitrary and irrevocable decree, naturally falls into fatalism; not absolute fatalism, for the Moslem, as we have seen, has his strict code of morality and his burdensome ceremonial law, but at least such a measure of fatalism as weakens his sense of personal responsibility, and leaves him to look upon the whole Christian scheme of redemption as unnecessary, if not absurd.

It is perhaps also due to the fatalistic tendency of Mohammedan thought, that the Moslem has a very different conception from the Christian of the relation of the will to the desires and passions. He does not distinguish between them, but regards will and desire as one and the same, and seeks to avoid temptation rather than resist it. Of conversion, in the

Christian sense, he has no conception—of that change of heart which makes the regenerated will the master of the soul, to dominate its passions, control the desires, and lead man on to final victory over sin and death.

There is one other point concerning Mohammedan morality of which I wish to speak with all possible delicacy, but which cannot be passed over in silence. It is the influence of the Prophet's life upon that of his followers. The Moslem world accepts him, as Christians do Christ, as the ideal man, the best beloved of God ; and consequently its conception of his life exerts an important influence upon its practical morality.

I have said nothing thus far of the personal character of the Prophet, because it is too difficult a question to discuss in this connection ; but I may say, in a word, that my own impression is that, from first to last, he sincerely and honestly believed himself to be a supernaturally inspired prophet of God. I have no wish to think any evil of him, for he was certainly one of the most remarkable men that the world has ever seen. I should rejoice to know that he was such a man as he is represented to be in Ameer Aali's "Spirit of Islam," for the world would be richer for having had such a man in it.

But whatever may have been his real character, he is known to Moslems chiefly through the Traditions ; and these, taken as a whole, present to us a totally different man from the Christ of the Gospels. As we have seen, the Moslem code of morals commands and forbids essentially the same things as the Christian ; but the Moslem finds in the Traditions a mass of stories in regard to the life and sayings of the Prophet, many of which are altogether inconsistent with Christian ideas of morality, and which make the impression that many things forbidden are at least excusable.

There are many nominal Christians who lead lives as corrupt as any Moslems, but they find no excuse for it in the life of Christ. They know that they are Christians only in name ; while, under the influence of the Traditions, the Mohammedan may have such a conception of the Prophet, that, in spite of his immorality, he may still believe himself a true Moslem. If Moslems generally believed in such a prophet as is described in the

"Spirit of Islam," it would greatly modify the tone of Mohammedan life.

We have now presented, as briefly and impartially as possible, the points of contact and contrast between Christianity and Islam, as historical, dogmatic, and ethical. We have seen that while there is a broad, common ground of belief and sympathy, while we may confidently believe *as Christians* that God is leading many pious Moslems by the influence of the Holy Spirit, and saving them through the atonement of Jesus Christ, in spite of what we believe to be their errors in doctrine, these two religions are still mutually exclusive and irreconcilable.

The general points of agreement are that we both believe that there is one supreme, personal God ; that we are bound to worship Him ; that we are under obligation to live a pious, virtuous life ; that we are bound to repent of our sins and forsake them ; that the soul is immortal, and that we shall be rewarded or punished in the future life for our deeds here ; that God has revealed His will to the world through prophets and apostles, and that the Holy Scriptures are the Word of God.

These are most important grounds of agreement and mutual respect, but the points of contrast are equally impressive.

The Supreme God of Christianity is immanent in the world, was incarnate in Christ, and is ever seeking to bring His children into loving fellowship with Himself.

The God of Islam is apart from the world, an absolute monarch, who is wise and merciful, but infinitely removed from man.

Christianity recognizes the freedom of man, and magnifies the guilt and corruption of sin, but at the same time offers a way of reconciliation and redemption from sin and its consequences through the atonement of a Divine Saviour and regeneration by the Holy Spirit.

Mohammedanism minimizes the freedom of man and the guilt of sin, makes little account of its corrupting influence in the soul, and offers no plan of redemption except that of repentance and good works.

Christianity finds its ideal man in the Christ of the Gospels ; the Moslem finds his in the Prophet of the Koran and the Traditions.

Other points of contrast have been men-



tioned, but the fundamental difference between the two religions is found in these.

This is not the place to discuss the probable future of these two great and aggressive religions, but there is one fact bearing upon this point which comes within the scope of this paper. Christianity is essentially progressive, while Mohammedanism is unprogressive and stationary.

In their origin, Christianity and Islam are both Asiatic, both Semitic, and Jerusalem is but a few hundred miles from Mecca. In regard to the number of their adherents, both have steadily increased from the beginning to the present day. After nineteen hundred years Christianity numbers 400,000,000, and Islam, after thirteen hundred years, 200,000,000; but Mohammedanism has been practically confined to Asia and Africa, while Christianity has been the religion of Europe and the New World, and politically it rules now over all the world except China and Turkey.

Mohammedanism has been identified with a stationary civilization, and Christianity with a progressive one. There was a time, from the eighth century to the thirteenth, when science and philosophy flourished at Bagdad and Cordova under Moslem rule, while darkness reigned in Europe. But Renan has shown that this brilliant period was neither Arab nor Mohammedan in its *spirit* or *origin*; and although his statements may admit of some modification, it is certain that, however brilliant while it lasted, this period has left no trace in the Moslem faith, unless it be in the philosophical basis of Mohammedan law, while Christianity has led the way in the progress of modern civilization.

Both of these are positive religions. Each claims to rest upon a divine revelation, which is in its nature final and unchangeable: yet the one is stationary and the other progressive. The one is based upon what it believes to be divine *commands*, and the other upon Divine *principles*; just the difference that there is between the law of Sinai and the law of love, the Ten Commandments and the two. The ten are specific and unchangeable, the two admit of ever new and progressive application.

Whether in prayer or in search of truth, the Moslem must always turn his face to Mecca and to a revelation made once for

all to the Prophet; and I think that Moslems generally take pride in the feeling that their faith is complete in itself, and as unchangeable as Mount Ararat. It cannot progress because it is already perfect.

The Christian, on the other hand, believes in a living Christ, who was indeed crucified at Jerusalem, but who rose from the dead, and is now present everywhere, leading His people on to ever broader and higher conceptions of truth, and ever new applications of it to the life of humanity; and the Christian Church, with some exceptions perhaps, recognizes the fact that the perfection of its faith consists not in its immobility, but in its adaptability to every stage of human enlightenment. If progress is to continue to be the watchword of civilization, the faith which is to dominate this civilization must also be progressive.

It would have been pleasant to speak here to-day only of the broad field of sympathy which these two great religions occupy in common, but it would have been as unjust to the Moslem as to the Christian. If I have represented his faith as fairly as I have sought to do, he will be the first to applaud.

The truth, spoken in love, is the only possible basis upon which this Congress can stand. We have a common Father; we are brethren; we desire to live together in peace, or we should not be here; but of all things we desire to know what is truth, for truth alone can make us free.

We are soldiers all, without a thought of ever laying down our arms, but we have come here to learn the lesson that our conflict is not with each other, but with error, sin, and evil of every kind. We are one in our hatred of evil and in our desire for the triumph of the kingdom of God, but we are only partially agreed as to what is Truth, or under what banner the triumph of God's kingdom is to be won.

No true Moslem or Christian believes that these two great religions are essentially the same, or that they can be merged by compromise in a common eclectic faith. We know that they are mutually exclusive, and it is only by a fair and honest comparison of differences that we can work together for the many ends which we have in common, or judge of the truth in those things in which we differ.—*Contemporary Review*.

## CHARACTER NOTE.

## THE CARETAKER.

Quand c'est le cœur qui conduit, il entraîne.

MARTHA caretakes a decrepit City warehouse. She cleans, or imagines that she cleans, the offices of a depressed company of tea merchants and of a necessitous land surveyor. They damn her hopelessly when they arrive every morning and behold the thickness of the dust on their ledgers and the black and smoky nature of their fires. And Martha speaks of them tenderly as "my gentlemen," and inquires fondly after their wives and families.

Martha's appearance has, it must be confessed, a worn and dingy air, not unlike the house she lives in. She is invariably attired in an ancient shawl and a frowsy black bonnet. People are apt to forget that the wrinkled old face beneath it is very kind and tender. The blackness of Martha's aprons and the streaky nature of her house-cleaning cause them to lose sight of the fact that London griminess has never reached Martha's soul.

Martha is boundlessly simple and contented. It is fortunate that an external cleanliness is not necessary to her happiness, since it has been her fate to look at Thames Street, breathe Thames Street, and live in Thames Street since she was five-and-twenty. Once she has been into the country. But that was a long time ago; though on the window-sill of her attic there still live miserably some of the cuttings she took from the plants she brought back with her.

Martha waters those forlorn and stunted geraniums with the greatest pride and indiscretion. She imagines that the smutty and despairing musk still smells deliciously, and puts her old nose into it and sniffs with the greatest enjoyment in the world. On sultry days she opens her window and sits at work by her "garden." Her old face is quite placid and contented. The expressive language of the costermonger below falls upon her ear. The refreshing scent of decaying vegetables must quite overpower that of the elderly musk. But either Martha has long ceased to expect unalloyed pleasure, or is of such a very simple nature that she can enjoy imperfect happiness perfectly.

Martha is very proud of her attic. It may not, in fact, does not, contain much oxygen. But there is a beautiful picture of the Queen smiling blandly out of a tradesman's almanac of the year fifty. Martha's circumstances render it necessary that there should constantly be washing drying in lines across the ceiling. But she takes her meals quite blithely beneath this canopy and has no feelings at all about cutting her cheese—she never seems to eat anything except cheese or drink anything except tea—on the patchwork quilt which covers the *négligé* manner in which she has made her bed.

Martha has a table, indeed, but it is quite covered with the accumulated treasures of a life-time. There is a religious work presented to her by a Bible Christian minister angling for a congregation, which Martha values no doubt the more because she cannot read it. There is a creature which may or may not represent a parrot, with boot buttons for eyes and a body of many-colored wools. Martha blows the dust from the glass case which incloses it, with an infinite affection and reverence. She made the parrot herself a long, long time ago, and is tenderly proud of it still. By its side is a Testament scored by a hand long dead, and with Martha's homely name written in the fly leaf. There are two china shepherdesses, with pink sashes and squint, on the mantelpiece, and an In Memoriam card of Martha's dead nephew.

By the window there is a bird in a cage, to whom Martha chirrups cheerfully, and whom she addresses as 'Enery. The bird never chirrups to Martha—old age and the stifling air of Thames Street having long silenced him forever. But Martha's placid optimism has caused her to believe persistently for many years that if she only chirrups long and cheerfully enough, 'Enery will reply to her at last.

"He's wonderful for company," she says, "and eats next to nothing." Which to Martha's mind is the greatest recommendation a friend can have.

Martha is indeed well paid for her caretaking. When one considers the sketchy

nature of her cleaning she appears to be ridiculously overpaid. Martha's money is not spent on herself. She eats very little—and cheese and tea may be bought incredibly cheap and nasty in Thames Street. She indulges in no vanities of dress. The frowzy shawl and bonnet are of immemorial antiquity. Her employers surmise uncharitably that she does not waste her substance on soap. Martha, in fact, wastes nothing. She has a money-box secreted in a drawer amid an awful confusion of other treasures. She is a miser. She has saved and stinted herself for years and years. She has denied herself not luxuries, for luxuries have never even suggested themselves to her, but what other people would call necessities.

On that far-off visit to the country Martha found and loved a great-niece. Tilly was, it must be confessed, a dreadful, stout, stolid, apple-cheeked plebeian baby. But she took possession of Martha's lonely old heart. Martha carried back to London a cheap photograph of Tilly in her best frock, and a deep-seated resolution concerning Tilly in her foolish old soul. When Tilly is old enough she is to come up to London to live, at Martha's expense, with Martha, and be 'prenticed to what Martha speaks of reverentially in the abstract as "the dressmaking." Martha, like a true Cockney, loves and despises the country, and is convinced that London is the only place in which to get on. And the dressmaking is such a genteel employment.

To 'prentice Tilly to a very good house, to be able to clothe Tilly as her high position will require, to be able to support Tilly what Martha calls "elegant," Martha instituted the money-box, and puts into it weekly much more than she can afford. She works for Tilly with the dogged persistence of the woman of one idea. The stout earthy child whom she has not seen for a dozen years or more has been beautified, perhaps beyond recognition, in her fond and foolish imagination. Or she thinks that large, red cheeks, and a stolid gaze—admirably caught by the cheap photograph—are incapable of improvement. Tilly's picture is assigned an honorable place by the side of a terrible, but beloved portrait of the Prince of Wales. Though Martha is devotedly attached to the Royal Family, there have been days on which the Prince's coun-

tenance has been left thick in dust. But Martha always makes a point of cleaning Tilly reverentially with a corner of her shawl. She gazes at the picture when she has performed this operation with an admiration and tenderness in her dim old eyes, which are quite ridiculous and pathetic. Two or three times a week she breathes on the glass which protects Tilly, and rubs it vigorously with a piece of a cloth used indiscriminately as a duster or a handkerchief.

For Tilly's sake she refuses to join a party of lady friends who are going by water to Greenwich. One has to live in Thames Street, perhaps, to know what a temptation such an expedition represents. The land surveyor's wife sends Martha a cheap petticoat for a Christmas present. It is beautifully striped in many colors, and Martha says, "It's too good for my likes," and puts it tenderly away in a drawer for Tilly. For Tilly's sake she denies herself sugar in her tea. For Tilly's sake she creeps about the old house in boots so aged that the tea merchant is constrained to speak to her severely on her disreputable appearance. For Tilly's sake she goes to bed early to save candles, and lies awake hour after hour with her old thoughts to keep her company. For Tilly's sake she daily makes, in fact, the thousand little sacrifices of which only a great love is capable.

The tea merchant, exasperated beyond bearing at last at her incompetence, tells her her services will be no longer required. On consideration, perhaps, of her having inquired tenderly after his relations every morning for an indefinite number of years, he consents to her still occupying the attic on the payment of a modest rent.

Then Martha seeks some new employment. Her old heart sinks when a week has passed and she has failed to find it. For herself she can live on almost nothing. But Tilly is seventeen now, and is coming up to London next year. Martha would rather starve than take a penny from her money-box. She has called it Tilly's money so long that she really believes now to spend it would be robbing Tilly of her own. She is reduced to selling 'Enery—with tears. He fetches a very, very small sum, and Martha has loved him as if he were a human creature. The theological work presented by the Bible Christian minister goes also, and Martha, who has

never read it, cannot see the vacant place on the table because of the mist in her old eyes.

At last she is engaged by the parish clergyman to clean the church. Up to this period Martha has been a Baptist—not so much because she has a leaning toward that particular sect, or any particular sect, as because the Baptist chapel is very handy, the minister affable, and the foot-stools large, fat, comfortable ones of a showy red baize.

“But it’d be sooperstition to let them ’assicks stand in the way of my niece,” Martha says thoughtfully to herself. The ’assicks do not stand in Tilly’s way. In a day or two Martha, with an optimistic smile on her wrinkled old face, may be seen providing Ritualistic books of devotion to devout young gentlemen who have come to church to attend Prime.

Then Tilly comes. Martha has house-cleaned her room for Tilly’s reception. She has not, indeed, house-cleaned it very thoroughly, partly because she has not had time and is seventy years old and a little feeble, and partly because Martha has never cleaned anything thoroughly, including herself. But she has blown the dust off most things, and put up a piece of new window curtain. She has bought a shilling looking-glass for Tilly’s benefit, Martha never seeing her own kind, tender, wrinkled, grubby old countenance from year’s end to year’s end. She has provided quite a sumptuous tea—with sugar. She has made the bed almost neatly. She has, in fact, done everything that love can suggest to her.

Before she goes out in the frowsy bonnet and ancient shawl to meet Tilly at the station she takes a last look, through eyes proudly and tenderly dim, at Tilly’s picture. The day has come for which she has been working for years, for which she has denied herself gladly, for which she has yearned and prayed. She can feel her heart beating quicker under the threadbare shawl, and her hands tremble a little.

She is much too early for the train, and has to wait so long in the waiting-room where she has arranged to meet Tilly that she falls into a doze. A robust female with a developed figure, a tight waist, and a flowery hat, nudges her at last impatiently with a tin hat-box.

“Lor, aunt!” says Tilly, “what with you so shabby, and snoring so ungenteel

in a public place, I ’ardly liked to own yer.”

“My dear!” cries Martha in a trembling voice. “My dear! My dear!” and she puts her withered old arms round the girl’s neck, and kisses her and cries over her for happiness.

“What a take on to be sure!” says Tilly, who is perfectly practical. “Let’s go ’ome.”

And they go home and begin life together.

For a month Martha is happy. She is happy at least so far that she can watch the accomplished Tilda reading a novellette, and profoundly admire so much education. She puts her ridiculous old head on one side, to look proudly and fondly at the stylish black curls shading Tilly’s rubicund countenance. She ventures to kiss Tilly’s cheek very gently when that young lady is snoring profoundly after a day’s pleasure, for Tilly has not yet started “the dressmaking.” And the premium is still wrapped up safely in dingy newspaper in the money-box.

Martha is creeping up one night weary, but optimistic, after a hard day’s cleaning at the church, when a slipshod infant from next door thrusts a note into her hand. The slipshod infant, who has received an education, reads it to Martha at Martha’s desire. It contains only a few lines.

Tilly has gone away. Tilly has eloped with a costermonger. Married respectable at a registry, she phrases it. “That’s all,” says the infant of education.

That is all. But that is why Martha falls back with her face drawn and ashen, and her lips trembling. That is all. It is the end of those years of work and denial and hoping. Yet what is more natural than that Tilly should desire matrimony, and try her blandishments upon a costermonger who plied his trade most conveniently beneath Martha’s window? What is more natural in this cruel world than love repaid by ingratitude, and trustfulness by deceit?

Martha gropes her way blindly to the attic. It is not yet so dark there but she can see distinctly the poor little improvements she made for Tilly’s coming. She turns the cheap looking-glass with its face to the wall. It was meant to reproduce Tilly, buxom and twenty, and not Martha, poor, old, ugly, and disappointed. She catches sight of Tilly’s picture at four



years old—Tilly, stolid enough indeed, but little, loving, and good. And Martha cries, and buries her head in her arms; and the tears mark grimy courses down her furrowed cheeks.

"If you could 'a trusted me, Tilly," she says. "If you would but 'a trusted me."

Until this bitter hour she has not known how Tilly has filled her life. How she has lived only for Tilly, and thought and hoped only for her. And Tilly has gone away, and Martha's house is left unto her desolate.

A footstep outside startles her. For one wild foolish moment she thinks that Tilly has come back—that she has but dreamt a bad dream and is awake again. And she recognizes the voluble tones of the mamma of the educated infant, and dries her tears, not from pride—Martha has so little—but from loyalty to Tilda.

Mrs. Jones always had said that Tilda was a bad lot. "A impudent, brazen-faced thing," says Mrs. Jones, warming to the description.

And Martha, with a little color coming into her poor white cheeks, knows as Tilly meant no harm. And marriages are made in 'caven.

She may have to acknowledge Tilda erring to her own heart, but how can she give her up to the merciless judgment of a merciless world?

"You're a poor sperited one, that you are," says Mrs. Jones, "and as likely as

not you've never looked to see if she 'ave made off with the premium."

Martha has not looked. Is startled into confessing it. She has not thought of the premium, so hardly earned. She has only thought that she has loved Tilda, and Tilda has not loved her. And a swift burning color comes into Martha's cheeks, and some sudden deadly premonition creeps to her heart and closes coldly upon it. And she answers steadily, "My Tilda's as honest as you are."

"Don't you be so sure," says Mrs. Jones vindictively. "You look and see."

Perhaps Martha takes some sort of resolution as she goes heavily to the drawer where the money-box is kept. Or perhaps no resolution is necessary, because her ignorant, loving old soul is of its nature infinitely faithful. Her hands and lips are quite steady now, and she is not afraid of Mrs. Jones's "sperited" gaze. The money-box is quite light, and the money collected was chiefly in pence and halfpence. It is also unlocked. And Martha turns with her back to the drawer and faces Tilda's enemies.

"You can tell all as asks," she says in an old voice that is very clear and firm, "as my Tilda is quite straight and honest. And them as says she isn't—lies."

"I'll believe as you speak true," says Mrs. Jones. "If you don't, well, the Lord forgive you."

And who shall say that He will not?—  
*Cornhill Magazine.*

### IS MONEY A MERE COMMODITY?

BY WILLIAM SMART.

THAT money, in the form of gold and silver, is after all a "mere commodity," is an assertion often made by people who have done a little thinking on the matter, and have reached one of these early points of vantage from which the subject begins to be intelligible. It suggests that there is a simple way of conceiving of money which strips its problems of their difficulty. Like many another simplifying conception, this one has just enough truth in it to be very false, unless its limitations are carefully observed. I propose to show, first, the shortcomings of the conception, and, second, its duly limited

truth. It should be understood, however, that, so far as the assertion implicates the theory that the value of money, like the value of, say, iron, is determined by its cost of production, I have nothing to say to it meanwhile. I am only concerned with the conception which sees in money a mere metal, and judges it by other metals.

It is, of course, undeniable that gold and silver are metals obtained from certain portions of the earth's crust by capital and labor. We do not, however, judge a "commodity" by its chemical constitution, but by the uses to which it is put in

an economic world. The uses of gold and silver are, roughly speaking, two—for jewelry and for money. Of the former this only may be noted, that it is one of the peculiar complications of the subject that metallic money has this alternative use. In each use the metals have a different demand and a different market, and in each their values come under different influences. It is, indeed, nothing less than a misfortune that metals universally prized for purposes of luxury should be the metals universally necessary for every-day industry. Thus, at the very outset, the statement that they are "mere commodities," by a curious irony, suggests one of the great difficulties of the subject, while assuming to simplify it! Let us see, however, what is the position of gold and silver money in the world of industry.

One great characteristic of modern industrial life is its division and combination of labor. Men do not work in isolation, but in combination with each other, and in partnership—if one may use the expression—with capital. In the process of production every single laborer and every concrete piece of capital contributes but an insignificant fraction to a product which is the result of innumerable co-operations. The goods thus made are not taken into consumption immediately, even by those who finish the making, but are put upon the market and exchanged against each other, before they become distributed out among those who are to give them that use which alone justifies their existence. The realization of these final products takes time—may, indeed, take years—and, as a rule, the services, both of men and capital, are paid in anticipation of a value only realized after many days. Thus industry is a co-operation of efforts both over space and during time—laterally and vertically, as one may say. And the result is that men are paid, not by what they personally produce, but by a share in the total result of the world's work which somehow is imputed to their efficiency. The extent of this co operation may be best realized if we take, as a concrete instance, the life-history of a ship. The function of a ship is to carry cargo. But before it can carry cargo it must be built, and here we have innumerable purchases of materials, machinery, and auxiliaries, and thousands of wages paid to workers direct and indirect.

It is not till all these purchases of materials and services have been made that the ship makes its first voyage, and it is not till its first voyage that it begins to repay and replace all these purchases. But, after all, the ship is no more than one thread in the industrial web, inasmuch as carrying is one of the last stages of producing; and, in point of economic theory, none of those who contribute to the making of any of the products which form the cargo can be paid till the products have reached the human beings who alone give them their value. Thus the ship itself which, in one point of view, is the end of innumerable co-operations, in another is merely the means of one of the co-operations.

If now we ask: How can all these various workers and factors wait on the result of their labor; first, on the combining of their efforts into the unity of products, and, second, on the realization of the value out of which they are all paid—that is to say, on the building of the ship, and on its life-work afterward? the answer is that it is made possible by one thing—money. The primitive laborer is paid by earth returning to him the produce due to its fertility and his work. But here are thousands of laborers, over space and during time, co-operating toward a total result, and not paid in any produce by which a man may live, but by a yellow or white metal. It is very wonderful if we consider it. If they were asked to accept payment in any other commodity, even the most useful, they would refuse. But they do take, as just return for their labor, time, and risk, a commodity of which they could make nothing if to them it was "mere metal;" with the result that they are assured of getting, not what they produce, but a corresponding share of the total result of the world's industry: for at the nearest shop the worker can exchange the twenty silver disks of his "mere commodity" for forms of wealth produced in every country under heaven.

Recognizing this general ignorance of the nature of money, if we ask what is the unconscious reason that guides men in taking these metals as "payment"—a word which seems to contain the idea of "equivalent"—we shall find it in the confidence people have that, when they wish to part with it, it will be as readily taken in payment by others. Money is the uni-

versal commodity ; it is the one thing which everybody wants, and of which no one ever has enough ; for, in promise and potency, it is almost everything else. Like all tools, it is not desired for itself, but for what it can do. The name which best conveys this is that of "third commodity," meaning by that the commodity interposed between the services and commodities which are the real objects of exchange ; interposed, for instance, between the goods we make in order to part with and the goods we desire in order to consume. If we consider, then, that this metal is not desired to use as we use other metals ; that the "spending" of money is not the consumption of it, but merely the transfer of its possession from one pocket to another ; that it might even be disputed if it expresses the proper idea of payment at all, seeing that it is a thing none of us would or could use for our living, but is simply a third body interposed for the time in place of other bodies ; it becomes clear enough that nothing could well be more inappropriate than to dismiss this singular tool of exchange as a "mere commodity" or a "mere metal." In this function it is a metal of one use, and that a unique use ; it is, in fact, nothing less than the fundamental and indispensable requisite of exchange, and thus the presupposition of all our division and combination of labor. For every single effort and abstinence, before it is paid for in its real equivalent (I mean in that for the sake of which the effort was undertaken or the abstinence undergone), is paid for in this intermediate or interposed shape of money.

We have now to ask why, in all civilized communities, certain metals—practically two—have been taken from their natural use as metals and set aside to play the part of "third commodity." They have certain qualifications which at once suggest themselves. A good money must be portable, indestructible, homogeneous, divisible, cognizable, coinable ; and gold and silver admirably meet these requirements. Beyond these it must possess considerable value in small bulk ; and, however we may account for it, gold and silver possess also this qualification in a high degree. Speaking generally, their great value arises from the largeness of the joint demand for money and for jewelry, etc., as related to the comparative smallness of the supply. But it is not enough that

money should have considerable value. As the interposed commodity it is held or lent over days and months and years, and as it is not held or lent for use as metal but only in suspense, with the ultimate view of being parted with in exchange, the necessity emerges that this commodity should be stable in value. Here, however, we come to the immense difficulty of the subject. It is that to ask stability of value in any mere commodity is to ask the impossible. It is a reminiscence of a theory of value which does not now need refutation, that value is conferred by labor and measured by labor time. If goods normally exchanged with each other in this ratio, then the gold or silver that cost a day's labor in the mining-field would always exchange for a day's labor however embodied in other commodities. It is a pity that the value of money or of anything else cannot be settled in this charmingly simple way, but both the experience of ordinary men and the whole weight of economic science are against it. It is merely a loose expression when money or anything else is said to "hold" or "contain" value, for value cannot be held. It is a little more true to say that value "attaches" to things, but the fact is that all such expressions are but attempts to catch and fix one or other of the shifting lights from the many sides of value. What is Value ? It is, primarily, a relation of dependence for satisfaction of want between persons and things, which, in an organic society, develops into an objective relation between things and things, so that one thing exchanges for another without direct regard to the wants and desires of the persons who buy and sell them. But, as every one knows, this objective value, or price, rests on the forces of demand on one side and the forces of supply on the other. To use Marshall's words, "The nominal value of everything, whether it be a particular kind of labor or capital or anything else, rests, like the keystone of an arch, balanced in equilibrium between the contending pressures of its two opposing sides. The forces of demand press on the one side, those of supply on the other." Thus "value" is never an inherent quality in anything ; it changes from moment to moment as either side, the demand or the supply, changes. To demand, then, of money fixity of value, is to demand what we cannot get.

Why, then, do we take silver and gold at all? Simply because they are the commodities which come nearest to having the ordinary conditions of stability of value. If gold and silver were like crops, annually produced and annually consumed, they would be quite incapable of acting as "third commodities." But being very durable metals, and being, for obvious reasons, economized and preserved in all sorts of ways, it happens that all the gold—and, to a less degree, all the silver—which comes to the upper air, with few exceptions, remains in it, and goes to form a huge stock distributed and distributable over the world. The legal life of a sovereign, for instance, is said to be eighteen years. But this only means that the sovereign which, when it comes from the Mint, weighs 123.274 grains, will, in the course of eighteen years on the average, have lost 0.774 of a grain, and will be what is technically called "light." Thus this tool of exchange is not liable to one of the dangers which affect stability of value, viz., sudden changes in the total supply. Nor is it exposed very much to changes in local supply, because, in virtue of its small bulk, the first train or steamer can carry large amounts from country to country. On the other hand, it is not liable to violent changes in demand. The demand comes from the work it has to do in exchanging commodities and services, and, over the field of the civilized nations, that work is fairly constant. True, one nation every now and then makes sudden demands on another for gold, but this is only a demand for the temporary possession of it. It is not a demand for consumption like the demand for grain, and when the stringency is over the gold flows away again. In many respects the same remarks apply to silver.

It should be noted also that, from the side of supply, gold and silver have a special condition of stability of value just because they exist in the form of stocks held, as it were, in many warehouses. They are like a body of water distributed in irrigating channels; the annual production, like a spring, only sufficing to keep up the general level. It is, of course, this circumstance that makes the determination of their value by cost of production impossible. Confessedly the law of costs is a secondary law of value, which obtains only as regards articles produced under

conditions such as prevail in the textile industries, and only so long as similar conditions of production are at hand. Where these conditions are absent we have to fall back upon the ultimate law of value, which determines it by supply and demand, or, more correctly, by marginal utility. For instance, the price of textiles is determined by their cost of production, not because they have been produced at certain costs, but because the mills, machinery, and labor are in existence which will reproduce the goods at the same costs. But shut down all the mills, and prices of stocks will be determined simply by the relation of the demand to the existing supply. Now, the annual production of gold and silver is, in comparison with the stock in existence and work, so small—as a fact, nearly two-thirds of it is said to be taken up by new demand for the arts and for hoarding—that it is very much as if the mines were shut; and thus the influence of cost of production on their value is quite insignificant. All this is amply illustrated by the present production and price of silver. I said at the outset that I did not mean to speak of the phrase, "mere commodity," so far as it implicated the theory that the value of gold and silver was like the value of other commodities in being determined by cost of production. It is evident, however, that even in this connection the assertion is quite misleading.

With all these conditions of stability of value, however, it must be confessed that gold and silver are very far from attaining it. How far they are may be seen if we look at them more closely in regard to their time functions. The "third commodity," as we saw, is a commodity taken in lieu of other commodities, and held or lent over long or short periods, not with a view to use as metal, but simply as holding general value suspended. From this point of view money is the commodity in which debt is recorded. It is a kind of metallic I. O. U. negotiable at the first shop—a promise to pay everything in general secured in one particular thing of equal value. Its value as money, in this aspect of it, depends on the faithfulness of its recording. Let us ask, then, what would be an ideal repayment of debt.

Would it be the giving back at due time of a concrete object exactly similar to that borrowed? Let us see. Suppose that, in



a beleaguered town, one man borrowed a sack of flour from another, and repaid him a similar sack when the siege was over. Or, suppose that, in the beleaguered town, a creditor were to demand from his debtor repayment of a sack of corn lent before the siege. No one, I imagine, would call these satisfactory repayments, nor would the judgment be dictated merely by a feeling of fairness. Owing to the changed conditions of supply and demand these repayments would represent the exchange of a very valuable article for a comparatively valueless one. The two cases are, perhaps, enough to show that, in borrowing and lending—unless where special provisions are made—it is *value* that is borrowed and lent. This is of such vital importance, and so little understood, that I must make my meaning perfectly clear.

When A borrows and B lends any article, B parts with a commodity which has not only a personal or use value both to A and B, but has besides a definite exchange value as regards all other commodities, quite independently of A and B. When, then, A pays his debt, it is not enough that he give back an article which has the same personal value to himself or even to B; he should give back an article which has the same relative position of objective value toward the world of commodities. To put it briefly: a borrower of valuable goods must return goods of the same value. Now a little consideration will prove that this applies, and applies *à fortiori*, to the "third commodity." A repayment of the same amount of gold and silver as was borrowed is not necessarily a fair repayment, any more than was the sack of flour under the changed conditions. It would not be a fair repayment even if money were a "mere commodity;" much less can it be so when money has no personal value but only an exchange value; when, in short, it is the unique universal commodity whose very office it is to hold the same relative position among commodities at one time as it does at another. The only proper repayment of money is a repayment such as will put the creditor back into the same relative position to all other commodities as when he lent the money. Granted, however, that the ideal repayment is one difficult to conceive and probably impossible of realization, it has been

suggested that it would be no bad approximation to it, if a currency could be devised which would purchase, now and at any future time, the same amounts and qualities of a great many different articles. This is, fundamentally, the idea of the Tabular or Multiple Standard, first suggested by Scrope, and approved, among others, by Jevons and Marshall; only that the Tabular Standard would fulfil its ends, not by a new money, but by determining officially from time to time what amount of our present money would be required to buy certain fixed amounts and qualities of "things in general." Thus a debt of £100, contracted at a time when £100 would buy so many tons of this and so many quarts of that, and so many yards of another thing, would be repaid, not by £100, but by whatever sum would, at the time of repayment, buy the same tons, quarts, and yards.

If, however, this Tabular Standard be accepted as coming nearer to an ideal record of debt, or standard for deferred payments, than any other we are likely to get, it casts a strong light on the deficiencies of our present money. For a sovereign to-day will exchange for 30 per cent., or 40 per cent., or 50 per cent. more of things in general than it did some twenty years ago. What this involves to all those unhappy people who owe money—and the majority of those engaged in industry are in that category—is strikingly put by an economist one always quotes with pleasure: "Take the case of a man," says Professor Foxwell, "who in 1873 borrowed £142. Prices have fallen to such an extent that £92 will now buy what £142 would have bought in 1873. Yet the unfortunate debtor must pay the full nominal sum borrowed—that is to say, his debt has practically increased more than 50 per cent. Can a system which permits of such arbitrary revolutions in the distribution of wealth be rational or tolerable?" That is to say, in repaying gold, the debtor does not put his creditor back into the same relative position toward the world of commodities, but into a 50 per cent. better one! He borrowed the sack of corn when the harvest was plenty: he repays it in the beleaguered city.

What has been said may give us some basis by which to judge of the present position of things. A good money, practically, would be one that preserved over

periods of time the same general purchasing power, or power to exchange for what we have called "things in general." While confessedly imperfect, gold and silver have more qualifications for doing this than any other "mere commodities." Over the field of the world they have between them, for over twenty centuries, filled the position of "third commodity," and prices over the world have been based on the total quantity of the two. But what is now happening? Certain nations, by inaction even more than by action, are forcing the others to throw silver overboard. Now, as we have seen, the crowning *desideratum* of money, namely, stability of value, depends on comparative steadiness of supply and steadiness of demand. But by this action the supply of the world's money promises to be, roughly speaking, halved, and the whole demand thrown on one metal. This can have only one effect. The value of gold, relative to all commodities, must go on rising till a new level of price is reached—that is to say, till prices generally are, roughly speaking, half of what they were while gold and silver together did the money work. If the reader has grasped what was said a few lines ago, it will be evident that this is the triumph of that crude notion which makes the ideal payment of debt a repayment of the concrete commodity lent. Really, it amounts to every creditor being paid double his debt. The position of England as the "creditor country," in that case is, *pace* Mr. Gladstone, one we should be heartily ashamed of.

All the same, this throwing of the money work on one money comes as a natural and, I think, necessary development of civilization. There have been times when it was possible for one country to have one metal as its "third commodity," and another country to have another. But every day the world, economically speaking, grows smaller: the exchange relations between countries are getting nearer to the relations between parts of one country. Therefore it is becoming of the most pressing importance that the "third commodity" of all communicating countries should be assimilated,

and become, in fact, the Universal Commodity.

There are two ways of doing this. The one is that for which we are certainly making, if things are allowed to go on as they are doing—and particularly if England continues to think that the currency matters of the nations with which she trades are of no importance to her. After some years more of steadily falling prices, of depreciating property and falling rents, of gigantic strikes against the inevitable reduction of money wages, of redistribution of the debtor and creditor classes, in a word, of terrible suffering to those actively engaged in industry—gold will become the universal "third commodity." Whether it then does its work well or ill will depend on the possibilities of its increase. With a growing work to do, the "third commodity" should be one that grows with it, or the fall in prices and the rise in gold will go on indefinitely.

The other is the way of international agreement: that the trading nations, recognizing that the stability in value of that which transports their products as surely as the post transports their letters, is a matter where the economic interests of them all are identical, and awakening to the seriousness of halving the money of the world, should resolve to continue the use of silver at a fixed ratio with gold, thus joining the two metals in the unity of one money.

To take no action, however, is to adopt the former plan, and that, I would point out, the untried one. That in the year of grace 1893, with financial embarrassments and want of confidence at home and abroad, and with serious difficulties and general gloom throughout the working world, the managers of our national house-keeping were with difficulty persuaded to give one afternoon to the consideration of this, the most momentous question at present affecting the national industrial life, and that, on this occasion, one side of the House, by a special whip, was ordered to disregard its convictions, and vote as party expediency dictated, will not be the lightest charge brought by the historian against Mr. Gladstone's Government.—*Fortnightly Review*.

## JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET.

BY I. F. MAYO.

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET, the painter of "The Sower" and "The Angelus," whose fame has grown with the century, is still, in the facts of his life, an unknown man to many Englishmen. Let us re-tell the story in which lies the inspiration of his work.

The great artist was born on October 4, 1814, in the little hamlet of Gruchy in Normandy. The Millets belonged to the industrious and contented peasant class. For generations they had been poor hard-working farmers in the district. When the little Millet was born, his father's mother was really the head of the household, carefully and fondly rearing the children, while their own mother was busy with the work of household and farm. This grandmother had one brother a clever chemist, another a miller, a capable student of Pascal and Montaigne, and a third an adventurous wanderer and an indomitable pedestrian, who had spent his life about in the world, but came home in middle life and worked a little farm in the neighborhood of his kinsfolk. A fourth great-uncle belonged to a religious order, and besides these there was a great-aunt Bonotte, who lived in the Millets' farmhouse, a typical specimen of the good spinster whose life is spent in the service of others.

The grandmother herself was a wise and earnest woman, whose character gave dignity to the homely *patois* and old-world garb of a Norman peasant. Rigid in the rule of her own life, she was gentle and charitable toward others. Above all, she never forgot the duty of "entertaining strangers." The passing *colporteur* did not need to ask for a lodging; it was ready. The halt and blind beggars came there as to a home, were received with a curtesy, as expected guests, fed and cheered with friendly chat, and not sent empty away. So conscientious was this worthy woman in her grandmotherly duties that she never allowed herself to inflict any punishment while vexed or flurried by the fault which called for it, but waited until the next day, and then quietly explained the importance of the wrongdoing and the necessity for chastisement. It is, however, admitted that the little

Jean François was her pet, as is so often the case with the eldest grandson. She used to arouse him in the morning with the words, "Wake up, little one! Don't you know that the birds have been singing the glory of God for ever so long!"

Her son, Jean Louis Millet, the artist's father, directed the choir of the little parish church. A few chants which he had written down have been preserved, and look like the careful work of a fourteenth-century scribe. So pure and guarded was he in life and word, that any rough joke among the villagers was silenced by the whisper, "Hush, here comes Millet!"

Every Sunday he welcomed a large circle of relatives, coming from a distance for worship, and he dispensed to them the genial hospitality of his home. His son always believed that strong and true artistic instincts lay buried beneath his father's unflagging industry. Sometimes, with clay or wood, he would model or carve a plant or an animal for his little boy, and he would bid him mark the exquisite delicacy of the grass, or call his attention to a tree "as beautiful as a flower," or point out where a house half-buried in the woodland "would make a good picture."

Smuggling went on about that rocky coast. The Millets held themselves wholly aloof. "We never ate that bread," said the great artist; "my grandmother would have been too unhappy about it."

The kindly Norman custom sets the solitary in families, and besides the grandmother's maiden sister, a bachelor brother of the dead grandfather shared the household roof. Born and bred on the farm, Charles Millet had entered the Church in middle life, just in time to encounter the atheistic furies of the great French Revolution. He had only escaped by hiding himself. But he remained faithful to his vows, performing his sacred offices when and how he could, reading his breviary as he followed the plough, or piled up stones to wall the family acres, a task in which he refused all assistance. He instructed the children of the house, and other children of the neighborhood.

Jean François was named after his father and the "sweet saint," Francis of Assisi. All the child's earliest impressions were of pleasant rustic sounds, cock-crowing, the beating of the flail, the whirr of spinning-wheels. The child generally followed his great-uncle to his labors in the fields. But the old man died when Millet was only seven years old, and afterward he was sent to school. Before this he knew his letters and a little spelling; so that he passed among the other children as "very clever." "Heaven knows what they called clever!" he exclaims in telling the story.

In his lessons, Jean François would have made more progress than he did but that he had some difficulty in keeping in the grooves of ordinary "schooling." Yet he generally managed to make a very fair figure among his companions. But he never learned a lesson by heart, and took his school-work very easily, adorning the margins of his lesson-books with little sketches of any person or thing which struck his fancy on his way to and fro. He took delight in imitating artistic lettering. His mind was so little of a mathematical turn that he used to say he never got beyond addition, and knew nothing of subtraction and the following rules.

When he was twelve years old he went to be confirmed, and the priest, struck by his intelligence, offered to teach him Latin, suggesting as an inducement—

"With Latin, my boy, you can become a priest or a doctor."

"No," said the child, "I don't wish to be either; I wish to stay with my parents."

"Come and learn all the same," said the vicar.

He went, and Virgil fairly captivated him. The great classic poet was to him what Burns was to Whittier, for Virgil taught Millet how to see his own surroundings. The poet's phrase, "It is the hour when the great shadows descend toward the plain," seems specially to have struck a chord in the breast of the child so familiar with the mysterious gloaming.

When his teacher, the priest, removed to a more distant charge, little François accompanied him, that his instruction might be continued. But his home-sickness was so persistent that after two or three months' trial he went home, and was

allowed to remain. The new priest, however, volunteered to assist him in his studies, and introduced him also to another clerical friend, of a gentle poetic cast of mind, who loved to win the confidences of the interesting boy, and who, as he heard the lad's interpretations of nature and his delight in the Bible and Virgil, used to sigh, prophetically:

"Ah, poor child, you have a heart that will give you trouble one of these days! You don't know how much you will have to suffer!"

But Jean François' studies were already interspersed with hard field-work at his father's side. Only when labor was over, and he and his father would sit in the porch, or at the midday hour of rest as they lay on the grass under the trees, they would hold sweet counsel together, the boy opening out his aspirations toward the beautiful, and the father taking proud delight in his son's insight into the poetry of nature.

Jean François soon read all the books in the little home library. Besides the Bible and Virgil, there were the "Lives of the Saints," and "St. Augustine, and St. Jerome, and St. Francis de Sales, and the philosophers of Port Royal, and Bossuet and Fénelon." It was the old engravings in the family Bible which first inspired the boy with the idea of making pictures. He began to study the perspective of the landscapes before him—to draw the farm buildings, the fields, with their horizon of sea-line, the animals which passed. He never felt any need of "amusement" or "excitement" apart from these things.

It was his sketch of the figure of an old man going wearily home from chapel which decided the youth's destiny. The father himself opened the boy's way. He told the son that now the younger children were growing up to help on the farm, he would spare him for the study of the art for which he was so clearly gifted. He would himself take him to Cherbourg, and put him into a studio.

Jean François resolved to carry two careful sketches with him to show his future master what he could do. Those two sketches, could he but have known it, revealed at once his past and his future. They were characteristic of all that made him what he became. One sketch showed two shepherds, the one playing a flute and



the other listening ; they wore the jackets and wooden shoes common in Gruchy, and the hillside in the background was his own father's orchard. The second picture represented a starry night, a man coming out of a house, and giving bread to one who eagerly accepted it.

When the Cherbourg artist heard that these were the work of the simple-looking country lad who handed them to him, he at first refused to believe it, and when convinced, said jocularly to the elder Millet :

"Well, you will go to perdition for having kept him back so long, for the child has the stuff of a great painter !"

This Cherbourg painter, Mouchel by name, was something of a genius himself and altogether a "character." He gave Millet no lessons, nor any advice save this : "Draw what you like ; choose what you please ; follow your own fancy." How the pair would have got on together it is hard to say, for Jean François had only been two months in Cherbourg when a messenger came from Gruchy to say that his father was dangerously ill. The youth rushed home, only to find his beloved parent still alive, but unconscious, as he remained till the end, which came quickly.

The young man instantly recognized that his direct duty was to uphold the home for those who remained, and he would have at once relinquished his artistic hopes had not his grandmother and other relatives insisted on his return to Cherbourg, where he entered the studio of another artist, who again left him to himself. He undertook a great deal of reading, enlarging his field and studying Shakespeare, Walter Scott, Goethe, and Victor Hugo, and indeed whatever came to hand. His new master understood his talent and appreciated it. By his efforts the municipality of Cherbourg were induced to accord the young artist a small pension to help him to go to Paris. This pension did not last long, but was supplemented by another from the council of La Manche, and by some little stores brought out by his grandmother and mother.

These two good women enveloped him in their warnings and their prayers. The noble old grandmother struck the heroic note.

"Remember," said she, "the virtues of your ancestors ; remember that at the font I promised for you that you should

renounce the devil and all his works. I would rather see you dead, dear one, than a renegade and faithless to the commands of God."

He wrote long afterward : "I always had my mother and grandmother on my mind, and their need of my arm and my youth. It has always been almost like remorse to think of them, weak and ill at home, when I might have been a prop to their old age." It seemed to him that he could scarcely have been induced to leave them but for the unconscious hardness of ignorant youth, which, as he said, "has not the sensitiveness of manhood."

Certainly he did not go away in any giddy light-heartedness ! Paris itself gave him "a discouraging sensation." "The light of the street lamps, almost put out by the fog, the immense quantity of horses and wagons passing and repassing the narrow streets, the smell and air of Paris," were like so many nightmares to the fresh young countryman. The fashionable prints exposed for sale affronted him with their frivolity and sensuality ; they seemed to him "signs for perfumery or fashion-plates." The home scenes rose on his mind and haunted the dismal little attic of his hotel. But in the morning he regained "his calmness and his will, though the sadness remained."

He had brought with him several letters of recommendation, and soon found a domicile in the house of an acquaintance, a M. L., who received him very kindly. But poor Jean François was soon to find that all women are not of the stamp which he had known in his own home. Mme. L. was a domestic tyrant who scrimped the meals, so that to allay his "perpetual hunger" the young man had to resort to petty eating-houses. The woman was of a thoroughly vulgar nature, utterly unable to appreciate her guest's character and aspirations. She reproached him for his timidity and shyness, offered to take him to students' balls, and to introduce him to the "pleasures" of Parisian life. He was resolutely obdurate. One or two glimpses of "city gayety" were forced upon him : he was disgusted, and stoutly declared that of the two he preferred "the heavy pleasures and real drunkards of the country." Under such influences, such a man was naturally very unhappy : he was less at home in the house than in the streets

and on the quays, where he used to wander disconsolately when he was not reveling among the artistic glories of the Louvre and other picture galleries.

Yet even in matters artistic Millet already felt out of his element. He called on sundry artists and was well received. But there was something about their arrangements and the tone of mind they seemed to engender which he "could not contemplate without horror"—"this way of study, striving to excel others unknown to me in cleverness and quickness, was antipathetic."

His domestic position soon came to a crisis. On his arrival in the city the young man had confided to his hostess a box containing his little hoard of cash: his extra expenses at the eating-house having run considerably into the sum he had reserved for himself, he was obliged to ask her for a part of this money. She flew into a violent passion, and declared that if their mutual accounts were cast up, he would be found already in her debt. One can understand how incomprehensible such conduct must have seemed to one bred as Millet had been. He refused the piece of money which his hostess tauntingly offered him, and walked straight out of the house, taking with him nothing but the clothes he wore, and having less than thirty sous in his pocket. He wandered for a long while in the streets, and at last took refuge in a workman's lodging-house where he was admitted on credit.

There he stayed several days in great misery. At last a letter from M. L. reached him. It asked him to go to M. L.'s office. The good man made offers of friendship and help, but he seemed unable to get Millet's cashbox for him. Mme. L. soon heard of this intercourse, and issued orders that her husband must drop all communication with "this desperado"—and M. L. obeyed!

Worry and privation bore fruit. Millet fell dangerously ill. For nearly a month he lost consciousness of everything. When he came to himself again, he found himself among strangers in a little village just outside Paris. He learned afterward that he owed this refuge to the renewed intervention of the kindly though hen-pecked M. L. Well cared for among his new surroundings, Millet's healthy constitution asserted itself and he soon recovered and returned to Paris and art.

This young peasant looked at the greatest masters with undazzled eyes, and would own only to what he really recognized as worth. Later on he says: "I came to Paris with all my ideas of art fixed, and I have never found it well to change them." "The earlier masters drew me by their admirable expression of gentleness, holiness, and fervor." He found himself in intense sympathy with Michael Angelo and Poussin. He liked Murillo in his portraits. His attention was always attracted to the canvases "where the thought was concisely and strongly expressed." He heartily despised Boucher, and felt little less contempt for Watteau. He had thoughts of going to study with Delaroche, but that master's "Elizabeth" and the "Princes in the Tower" did not increase his desire to go. They seemed to him but "big illustrations, theatrical effects without real feeling." He declared that it was pictures such as these which had given him his "antipathy to the theatre," for in mature life Millet avowed that he "had always had a decided repulsion to the exaggerations, the false-ness, and silliness of actors and actresses." "I have since seen something of their little world," he writes, "and I have become convinced that by always trying to put themselves in some other person's place, they have lost the understanding of their own personality, that they only talk in 'character,' and that truth, common sense, and the simple feeling of plastic art are lost to them. To paint well and naturally, I think one should avoid the theatre."

He owned that in those early days, "many a time I was half inclined to leave Paris and return to my village. I was so tired of the lonely life I lived. I saw no one, did not speak to a soul, did not dare ask a question, I dreaded ridicule so much—and yet no one noticed me." But the Louvre had bewitched him. Fra Angelico "filled him with visions." So he went on day after day, reading Vasari that he might know about the painters and their lives, and eventually he entered Delaroche's studio.

The frivolity of his fellow students jarred him. He worked among them silent and apart. He felt no real sympathy from his master, though Delaroche often praised him, and even, on discovering his poverty, remitted his fees. But Millet

knew how to defend himself from the scoffs his companions sometimes threw at him and his work.

"Let me alone!" he would say. "I am not here to please you. I am here because here are antiques and models from which I can learn. Am I likely to interest myself in your shapes of butter and honey? Let us await the verdict of the future."

Perhaps the final severance of Millet from Delaroche was caused by the latter's avowal, that he had predetermined the winner of a prize for which the young artist was working, but that next year he would be free "to further Millet's own interests!" These were not the ways of the straightforward household at Gruchy!

One of Delaroche's students had cultivated some acquaintance with the "man of the woods" as they had dubbed Millet. This was a manufacturer's son of easy fortune, and a great admirer of the poet Musset. Millet's literary criticism was as bold and true as his artistic opinions. "Musset gives you a fever," he warned his friend, "but that is all he knows how to do. A charming mind, capricious and profoundly poisoned, all he can do is to disenchant, corrupt, or discourage. The fever goes, and one is left without strength, like a convalescent who needs air, sun, and stars."

But the time had come when Millet must earn money by his art. And how? He said to his friend that he would paint pictures of country life—people reaping or making hay. "Nobody would buy them," said the friend; "he would have to copy Boucher and Watteau!"

Millet made an attempt to save himself from this degradation; he painted a picture of "Charity" with three nurslings and hawked it from shop to shop in vain. So he took to pastel imitations of the style his comrade had suggested—his own pure taste going back from time to time to simple Biblical scenes, "Boaz and Ruth," or "Laban and Jacob." None of these pictures brought more than twenty francs apiece; he thought himself lucky when they brought so much. But he did not relax his art studies or his reading.

Almost every year he had returned to Gruchy. About 1840 he made two portraits of his grandmother—one life-size on which he worked with great care: he wanted, he said, to show her soul.

Even among his own old neighbors he met with vexations; he was asked to produce large portraits of a dead official from poor miniatures, and then his work was judged unsatisfactory, or at least it was cheapened until he volunteered to make it a gift, when it was gratefully accepted by the authorities, though the late mayor's door-keeper still declared that it was a disgrace to the town, since Millet had posed an office porter—an ex-convict, for the hands of the deceased magnate!

Millet's finances sank so low that he consented to paint a signboard for eighty francs. The shopman for whom it was done cavilled at the "black" he had put into the face of the figure, nor would he receive the explanation that this was only the shadow necessary in the subject. Millet used to relate that, to satisfy the man, he removed all the shadows.

He painted other signboards. "The Little Milk Girl" for a dry goods shop; "A Scene of our African Campaign" for a circus manager, who paid thirty francs in coppers; a horse for a veterinary surgeon; a sailor for a sail maker.

All this was hard enough. But this sort of work made no pretensions to art and was honest and necessary in its way. It could not have been half so hard to the soul of Millet as the employment of his best powers in work so unworthy of them as the Boucher and Watteau imitations. He never more than half yielded to this terrible temptation, which he soon threw aside utterly and at any cost.

The honest sign-painting alienated some of his early patrons, who felt they had been betrayed into looking for great things from a man not above signboards. Some of the younger people, however, took him up, and he got commissions for a few portraits, among them that of a pretty Cherbourg girl whom he married in 1841. It was not a happy union, though its true story seems to have been never told. Millet did not like to speak about his first wife or her family. Altogether, this seems to have been his darkest time, his wilderness of temptation and trial, in which his noble and honest soul was bewildered for a while, as the country boy had been in the fogs of Paris streets.

His wife's health broke; he had to provide for a dying woman; he was ready to do anything that chance offered. He learned how cruel the world can be—a les-

son one never forgets afterward. Millet took it in good part, accepting the compensation which seldom falls to come. "There are bad people," he said, "but there are good ones also, and one good one consoles you for many bad. I sometimes found helping hands, and I don't complain."

The "one good one" seems to have been in this instance the manufacturer's son, his old comrade in Delaroche's studio.

Early in 1844 his first wife died.

Two years afterward Millet married again. The second wife proved the loving and devoted companion of all his life; she entered into his disheartenments and struggles, upheld him in the hour of discouragement and patiently bore all his sorrows. The pair stayed for awhile at Havre, where he took several portraits—ship captains, harbor officials, even sailors. When they had 900 francs in hand, they settled in Paris, where the grandmother wrote him letters in her own grand style.

"Follow the example of a man of your own profession, and say, 'I paint for eternity. For no reason in the world allow yourself to do wrong. Do not fall in the eyes of God.'"

A man before whom such ideals are resolutely held will either pursue them or hate them. Those who set such standards in his sight will seem to him either as guardian angels or as besetting pests!

In 1847 Millet became acquainted with M. Sensier, who afterward proved a valuable adviser and ally. That gentleman gives us a few remembrances of their first interview. Millet observed that "Art is not a pleasure trip: it is a fight. Pain is perhaps that which makes an artist express himself most distinctly." Sensier discerned that Paris life in every aspect was utterly antipathetic to the artist.

In that same year Millet made another friend in Charles Jacques, whose enthusiastic and evidently sincere admiration greatly touched him. Millet had a serious illness at this time, and occupied his convalescence in drawing numberless small designs, which a printer took "on sale" at prices from seventy-five centimes to ten francs. Jacques grudged them going at such a song, and offered to take any that remained unsold. In the end the printer handed them all back. Jacques saw afterward that the painter himself would use

such things to light the fire! "Burning bank-notes!" said the far-seeing friend, and bought up all he could, and so saved them from destruction.

Millet achieved a success in the matter of praise for the "Winnow" exhibited in the Salon of 1848. But success did not bring profit. The Revolution which occurred in France in that year stopped all picture-buying. There was absolute want in the painter's house. A friend who suspected the case secured a donation of 100 francs from a Fine Art Society, and hastened with it to Millet. The succor did not come too soon. The painter was in his studio, sitting with bent back like a man who is chilled. He said quietly: "We have not eaten for two days, but the important thing is that the children have not suffered. Until to-day they have had food." He called to his wife, "I am going to get wood: I am very cold." He said no more, and never again alluded to the event. With him silence covered the depths.

A little later, in the heart of the Paris riots, the payment for a nurse's sign (thirty francs) tided the family over two weeks. A cover for a song was ordered on the same terms and duly executed, but the money was never paid. Six drawings went for a pair of shoes, a picture for a bed!

Millet was forced, like other Parisians, to take his place in the defence of the Assembly, and in the struggle at the barricades. To him the horrors of warfare were manifold, and all he saw made his heart bleed.

It was out of this hard and terrible time that Millet came resolved to do no artistic work whatever except that with which his own heart fully went. He had looked starvation full in the face, and it seemed to have only taught him that even its dread price is not too dear to pay for the freedom of one's soul.

The Revolution was followed by an epidemic of cholera. Millet's friend Jacques was attacked, but soon recovered. Both the artists were anxious about their little children, and pondered over ways and means of leaving Paris. Millet's old home at Gruchy was too far away for working purposes. Jacques suggested a little village of which he had heard in the direction of Fontainebleau, yet of whose



name he remembered nothing but that it ended in "zon," and had been somewhat favored by artists. However, with their families they took the road to Fontainebleau, receiving as wanderers from a peastiferous Paris but cold welcome in the villages through which they passed. A chance inquiry of a countryman revealed that the destination they sought was "Barbizon."

All this journey had been a revelation to Millet. In 1849 the great forest was not tamed and "prettified." Their destination was in one of its most beautiful and primitive recesses. They entered Barbizon in transports of joy and thankfulness, Millet walking first, with a little daughter on each shoulder, and followed by his wife leading her son, Jacques and his wife and two children bringing up the rear. We can easily understand the "something" in their appearance which made an old peasant woman cry out, "Here is a troop of play-actors."

They established themselves first in the inn, where they found some jovial and friendly painters. But Millet's grave dignity was inclined to hold aloof. He shrank from their gay mockery of the shy country-folk, of whom they called him "the zealous defender," because he quietly maintained that "country laborers are like children and animals: they readily know their friends."

Millet soon found a quiet peasant home which would receive him and his family. They had to go through the kitchen to reach the room assigned them, and both families cooked at the same hearth and ate at the same table. His friend Jacques found somewhat similar accommodation. But they were both enchanted with the country, and especially with the freshening roses on the faces of their little ones.

"Go back to Paris!" cried Millet, "when I have near me this marvellous forest, with its dreamy beauty, its mysterious influences of healing and peace! When I have this vast plain which recalls to me the wide horizons of my native country! No; a thatched cottage here is worth more than a palace in your filthy, roaring Paris."

Jacques and Millet used to go out into the forest with their painting materials; their wives accompanied them with their needlework, and the children played around. They did not even trouble to

carry their effects back to the village, but found hiding-places among the rocks, which Millet used to call "God's cupboards," where they stored their tools and the remains of their food until they came again.

The great trees had a fascination for Millet, producing that impression of secret life which they convey to all poetic souls. "I know not what they say among themselves," he wrote, "but they say to each other something which we do not hear because we do not speak the same language. I believe only that they make few jokes!"

By-and-by the two families moved out of "lodgings" into little houses of their own. Jacques bought one cottage and Millet rented another for which he paid between seven and eight pounds (160 francs) per annum. It consisted of a barn which he turned into a studio, and of two small rooms. Behind was a garden with a gate opening upon the fields.

Even this simple rural life could not save Millet from perpetual financial difficulty. It was not for indulgence in luxuries that he was harassed. The creditors of whom he stood in perpetual terror were the butcher and the baker! His friend Sensier, as a man of some means, of business capacities and of keen artistic tastes, stood by him firmly, and by advances and negotiations of picture sales, tided him over some of his worst difficulties.

It was in 1850 that Millet painted his famous "Sower," and also his "Binders." These magnificent works were produced in his damp studio, ineffectually warmed by a tiny stove. There he sat in big wooden shoes stuffed with straw, himself enveloped in a heavy horse-cloth with a hole in its centre through which he put his head!

In these pictures Millet had simply sought to express with all his might one of the phases of man's unceasing combat with nature. But "political" parties drew their conclusions. The "labor" party declared that these pictures protested against the misery of the laborer, while official critics said that the artist sought to set class against class!

At this time Millet willingly painted a signboard for a Parisian tradesman. But then he painted it so well that in the end it figured in an Exhibition of his works,

in the School of Fine Art. Thus may the humblest labor be glorified in the doing!

In his rural neighborhood Millet won sincere respect. The peasants knew him as one of themselves—and something more. He could not only understand their work, but he could advise upon it.

He used to say to his artist friends: "It is always the human side which touches me in art. I wish to do nothing that is not the result of an impression from reality. It is not the joyous side of things that appears to me. The joyous side for me is a fiction. I do not know where it is. I have never seen it. Maybe I do not care to see it. True life-labor is not gay nor merry, as some would like us to believe. Nevertheless, for my part it is there that I find true humanity with all its poetry."

Yet he entered heartily into the humors—humor always touched with pathos—of the peasant life about him, such as that of the old widower who pronounced himself "*bien désert*," yet whose thrift, upon his death-bed, made him bid his niece,

"Marie, put out the candle."

"But, uncle, suppose you want something!"

"Put out the candle, I tell you. One does not need light to die!"

In 1851 Millet had a great sorrow. The good old grandmother died without receiving a last visit from him. "Ah, if I could have seen her once more!" he sighed. This death left Millet's mother very lonely in the old home, and filled with longing for the dear son whom poverty kept apart from her. "I can neither live nor die," she wrote, "I am so anxious to see you. I have nothing now left but to suffer and die. My poor child, if you could only come before the winter! I have such a great desire to see you one single time more."

Alas, the yearning was not to be satisfied in this world! In 1853 she too died, leaving a great desolation in the heart of her son. He who had faced starvation so boldly wept like a child over the loss of his mother. It is said that his noble picture, "*Waiting*," is the monument to that mother's sorrow.

As is so often the case, death made possible what life had forbidden. The sheer necessity of arranging the business matters of the old homestead once more gathered

the Millet family under the roof at Gruchy.

Millet himself would claim none of the household furniture except the old Norman family cupboard, made of cherry wood with copper ornaments, and the books of his great-uncle the priest. He left the enjoyment of all else to a brother, who, it was arranged, was to carry on the farm, Millet stipulating only that the ivy with which the old house was clad should not be touched.

Then came about what is so constantly remarked in such lives. Just as those had passed away who had suffered in his adversity, and whom he would have loved to rejoice and soothe by triumph and assistance, lo! the worst was over. It seems ridiculous now to think that this gleam of "prosperity" meant his receiving about £150 for three pictures. But to him this was a fortune.

He who had never been able to revisit home to see the dear grandmother and mother was now able at least to take his children to see the places so dear and sacred to his heart. During this visit, he came across one of his early teachers, the Abbé Lebrizeux. The meeting was touching. They talked long and earnestly together. The worthy priest knew his former pupil's position in the art world, and possibly feared that it had carried him far away from his ancient standards.

"By the bye, François," said he, "you loved the Bible once?"

"I love it still," said the painter.

"And the Psalms?"

"They are my daily companions. I draw from them all I do."

"And Virgil?"

"My dear master," said Millet, "once for all, believe that Paris has not changed me. Such as you knew me, such I am. You remember my first drawing, which your kindness made you find worthy of an artist—I have it still in my studio."

He turned his easier circumstances to account chiefly in improving his conditions of work. The former workroom was thrown into the dwelling-house, and another and larger barn was converted into a comfortable studio. He was true to his own theory. "What every one ought to do is to find progress in his profession, to try ever to do better, to be strong and clever in his trade, . . . and in talent and conscientiousness in his work. That for

me is the only path. The rest is dream or calculation."

But though his "Peasant Grafting a Tree" won high praise and was sold, yet the price was moderate and the wolf was never very far from the door. He had relatives to help into careers and increasing expenses and losses of many kinds. He went on painting his various "Shepherds" and "Gleaners," all the while saying, "We come to understand those who sighed for a place of refreshment, of light and peace."

It was only the few who could appreciate his style of art, and so worldly friends besought him to modify it. But he was firm. "Let no one think," said he, "that they can force me to *prettify* my types. I would rather do nothing than express myself feebly. Give me sign-boards to paint, give me yards of canvas to cover by the day like a house-painter, but let me imagine and execute my own work in my own way. . . . Your pretty peasant girls do not do well for picking up wood, gleaning in the August sun, drawing water from a well. If I am to paint a mother I shall try to make her beautiful simply by her look at her child. Beauty is expression."

When he saw the gala type of peasant girl which other artists painted, he used to say with sad significance, "Those young women would not stay in the country!"

When Millet went up to Paris and sold a picture, he always remembered his little ones and went home with a cake or a toy for each. They used to wait for him on the doorstep and run shouting to meet him. When his success had been naught and he returned with empty hands, he was wont to say, "My poor little dears, I was too late; the shop was shut." And then he would take them back into the house and console them with songs and stories.

In 1859 he had painted his famous "Death and the Wood-cutter," and even his world-known "Angelus," and yet at this very time the brief gleam of prosperity seemed to have faded away, and life in the painter's rustic home was well nigh as hard and poverty-stricken as it had been during the most terrible of the earlier days in Paris.

Yet his strong soul did not fail. "They wish to force me into their drawing-room

art, to break my spirit," he cried. "No, no, I was born a peasant, and a peasant I will die. I will say what I feel."

He was laid on a sick-bed; still resolute toward the world, within him the heart sometimes fainted. He was a man of forty-five, when the first shadow of "presbyopia" usually darkens over the vision. "If you knew the trouble I have with my eyes!" he wrote. "Ah, when will He come who will say to me, as to the other wretched cripple in the Bible, Arise and walk?"

It was just when all was at its darkest that a shrewd business man and art-connoisseur came forward, and engaged to take all Millet's work for three years, paying him for that period a moderate income, which must have seemed to him like boundless wealth. Millet did not care much whether anybody had made a good bargain with him; his utmost ambition was freedom to work after his own fashion, and this seemed at last attained. "If it were not for my headaches," he sighs, "I should be contented and happy." He was not much disturbed by the disputes or railing of his critics. It troubled him only that they did not give him the professional guidance he would have been grateful for. "What," he asked, "can I find good or serious for the correction of my faults in the invectives of my critics? I look in vain for anything but noise; not one counsel which I could use. Is this the office of criticism—merely to abuse?"

His home-life was very happy; anxiety there might be, but there were love and peace. He liked to forget himself among his brood, chattering of their little interests and pleasures—his "frog-nond," as he playfully called it.

A dark tragedy made a very painful impression on his mind—the suicide, accompanied with much picturesque horror—of another artist staying in Barbizon. The unhappy man had taken his life because he had not "enough" income. This was a mystery to Millet. "Poverty!" he cried; "why this poor soul had not even seen it in the distance! Unmarried, alone, with a little fortune and friends besides. . . . He never knew that fearful thing and all that comes with it. . . .

The grotesque is mixed with everything, even death. He really died for fear of

dying in poverty." Millet marvelled over it; having gained that courage which comes of sounding the bottom and knowing the worst!

When he was worried by unjust criticism (of others more than himself) he would say: "Come, let us look at the sunset; that will do us good." In the country he found "infinite glories." Nature was to him the beautiful and sympathetic scene of the tragedy of humanity. His mind teemed with ideas. He comforted himself for the unpopularity of his paintings because he could "never paint all he wanted to," and he could get more of his mind expressed in the "summary drawings" for which he might find purchasers.

He delighted in Theocritus and in Robert Burns. The first proved his own theory, "that one is never so Greek as in painting naively one's own impressions, no matter where they were received;" and Burns was another illustration of this, and was dear to Millet's heart because he too "smacked of the soil." He had keen appreciation for Walter Scott.

So he went on, steadily working, never earning much more than daily bread, but quite content with that. He went back to the old home, once to a sister's death-bed, to find her well-nigh speechless, but with "her heart still alive and loving enough to pass through its pitiful garment of flesh and show itself to me." Then he had to accompany his sick wife to Vichy, whence he made brief excursions into the surrounding country. His return from Vichy was deeply saddened by the death of one of his closest friends, with the care of whose deeply afflicted wife he immediately charged himself.

In the year 1868 tardy honor came to him. The Government discovered he was a "master" and made him a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. He worked on with philosophic calmness, and presently took a holiday in Switzerland. He enjoyed it much; but one day's letter says, "I want to get back to Barbizon," and the next, "My home-sickness continues."

Soon after his return from this journey the Franco-Prussian War broke out, and the Millet family were compelled to leave Barbizon and take refuge in Cherbourg; and even there he would have been shot or strangled as a spy had he been seen using a pencil out of doors! His soul

was sore for his country: he had "no heart to speak of the spring which comes in spite of all these horrors."

When Millet returned to Barbizon, in 1871, he never left it again. He had plenty of work, work rising in price; but now his health was failing, and work was not always easy, or even possible.

We get one bright vision of him in the August of 1874. It is a characteristic picture: himself and his wife, all the young people, and one or two dear friends making holiday in the beloved "forest." Millet was joyous and talkative, dwelling brightly on the past and on the redemption that nature had wrought for his art.

All through the subsequent autumn he failed rapidly. In the beginning of January, 1875, the end came. A tragic incident disturbed his death-bed. A hunted stag took refuge in the garden, and was cruelly butchered by the huntsmen. The heart of a man like Millet sickens at what is called "sport." Now the whole thing struck him as a parable. "It is an omen," he said.

He breathed his last on January 20, 1875.

What is there to add to such a story? Only this, that he who would be true to his highest self must not fear poverty, must not fear ridicule. It is not poverty, not the want of daily bread, which most drives men from their noble ideals; rather it is the craving for luxury. He who was raised above such mean desires now stands higher than all—the great master artist of our century!

As to the rest, call not Millet's life sad. What was his ambition? He tells us himself:

"I only desire this: to live by my work and bring up my children decently, and give expression to the greatest possible number of my impressions. Also, at the same time, to have the sympathy of the people I love."

He attained this.

His theory of art he summed up thus:

"A man must be touched himself in order to touch others, and all that is done from theory, however clever, can never attain this end; for it is impossible that it should have this breath of life."

His practice, and its crowning influence on the world, has justified his theory.



And of the beautiful unity of his life, how can we better speak than in words which he himself addressed in praise to

another? Millet was indeed "from the beginning the little oak which was destined to become the great oak."—*Leisure Hour*.

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GOETHE AND CARLYLE.

BY H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

SPEAKING to Eckermann, in 1827, Goethe said of Carlyle that he, Carlyle, was a moral force of great importance; that he had a great future before him; and that it was impossible to foresee all that Carlyle might produce and effect. Goethe said, also, that it was admirable in Carlyle that, in his judgment of German authors, he lays particular stress upon their spiritual and moral essence as the most important factor in their work.

Carlyle, among so many other things, said of Goethe, after finishing a reading of "Wilhelm Meister," that he realized, "with a very mixed feeling in other respects, that here lay more insight into the elements of human nature, and a more poetically perfect combining of them, than in all the other fictitious literature of our generation." Illustrating Goethe's estimate of the points upon which Carlyle laid most stress, Carlyle also said: "To our minds, in these soft melodious imaginations of his, there is embodied the wisdom which is proper to this time; the beautiful, the religious wisdom, which may still, with something of its old impressiveness, speak to the whole soul." "Of Goethe's spiritual endowment, looked at on the intellectual side, I have to pronounce an opinion that it is great among the very greatest."

Again: "We find, then, in Goethe, an artist, in the high and ancient meaning of that term; in the meaning which it may have borne long ago among the masters of Italian painting, and the fathers of poetry in England; we say that we trace in the creations of this man, belonging in every sense to our own time, some touches of that old, divine spirit, which had long passed away from among us." These, truly, are the judgments of a man who was a great moral force.

In comparing, or contrasting, Goethe and Carlyle, the main question is not one merely of comparative greatness. The chief interest consists in considering the

spiritual intimacy of two such great men who differed so widely in gifts, in character, in temperament, and in circumstances. The relations of great writers form one of the most interesting chapters in the history of literature; and it is curious to consider the sympathy which existed between men so deeply sundered and so widely differing as Goethe and Carlyle. They met and touched mainly in the essential points of religious wisdom, of noble aims, and of lofty effort. The same spirit animated in part their high literary endeavors, though their literary workings remained as far asunder as the poles. No two great writers could have done each the work that the other did; but there is as profound discrepancy between the work, as between the natures, of Goethe and Carlyle. Goethe could no more have written "Sartor Resartus" than Carlyle could have written "Iphigenie" or "Faust."

The one was essentially a poet in the highest faculty of poetry; the other was merely a poet in prose. They were in true and intimate accord only in the abstract region of spiritual wisdom. Carlyle did not wear the magic, mystical singing robes of supreme and sovereign melody. He translated "Wilhelm Meister," but his own "Wotton Reinfried" proves that he had no gift of narrative fiction. Carlyle rested on an original foundation, and was great in his impassioned imaginative treatment of fact; he was also great in creation—that is, in the living portraiture of historical characters, as, for instance, in that of the father of Frederick the Great; but he could not deal with abstract ideals of character—such as "Faust" or "Egmont." Carlyle had no practical influence upon the life or work of Goethe; but Goethe exercised the most vital control over the life of Carlyle, who says: "Of dramatic art, though I have eagerly listened to a Goethe speaking of it, and to several hundreds of others mumbling and trying to speak of it, I find that I, practi-

cally speaking, know yet almost as good as nothing. Indeed, of art generally (*Kunst*, so called) I can almost know nothing. My first and last secret of *Kunst* is to get a thorough *intelligence* of the *fact* to be painted, represented, or, in whatever way, set forth." No criticism could more accurately represent Carlyle's position toward art and fact. His grim earnestness could only care for those themes which seemed to him the most vital in human existence. He was limited, in choice of theme, by the very strength of his intense convictions. Again, Carlyle says of Goethe: "The sight of such a man was to me a Gospel of Gospels, and did literally, I believe, save me from destruction outward and inward. . . . The memory of him shall be ever blessed to me as that of a deliverer from death." Higher obligation than this is scarcely possible from one man to another. Carlyle always regarded Goethe primarily as a great teacher and preacher. Terribly in earnest on all moral questions; genuine, sincere, and zealous, he had yet something of Scottish rigidity and Puritan narrowness. The home surroundings of his youth, though of truest worth, were deficient in joy, in culture, or in grace. Carlyle was not born for happiness. He had the disease of irritable nerves, and that long struggle with dyspepsia which, if it did not shorten his life, yet subjected that life to chronic misery and depression. Around his early years darkened Calvinistic gloom and spiritual dread. He was poor, hopeless—hopeless both from circumstance and temperament—and knew but little of that form of worship, so well known to Goethe, which consists in an endeavor rightly and worthily to enjoy life in time. If Goethe had had the sorrowful youth of Carlyle he would have been softly victorious even in that element; he would have conquered evil fortune without yielding to gloom or stooping to complaint.

For Goethe was calm, and sovereign in his stately majesty of soul. He was the superior, and not the victim of fate. He knew sorrow, but never gloom; and sorrow was borne with a loftily victorious control of every grief. The most universal man of letters, he had so many and such wide ranging interests in this wonderful life of ours, that he was in keenest sympathy with every phase of human ex-

istence, with every subject that can engage human faculty. He was the wonder of his time as an all-embracing, many-sided intellect. Religion, politics, all science and all art were included in his interest, and subjugated by his world-wide genius. The time in which he lived was one calculated to develop all his powers and engage all his efforts. He had not to contend with the laming obstruction of youthful poverty, with the constriction of mean birth, or with the downward pressure of unfavorable material conditions. He could unfold himself in all his fulness, and with all his force. He could perform all highest mental endeavor at its highest altitude. He was not bitter or scornful, and was never querulous. Of jealousy of other minds he knew absolutely nothing. Generous and helpful to all worthy workers, he assisted all talent, and furthered every honest aspirant. His serene and stately self-control and cheerfulness served his ends in life. His "kingly benignity" was extended to every rising talent and to all modest merit. He and Carlyle were contemporaries living in different lands. Each knew the other through his highest qualities; each held the other in reverence and respect; but, though they lived not so very far apart, the two great writers never met. It is probable that Goethe could comprehend Carlyle more fully than Carlyle could comprehend Goethe.

In their method of working there was a world-wide difference. Carlyle says: "My work needs all to be done with my nerves in a kind of blaze; such a state of soul, of body as would kill me, if not intermitted." Far other was it with Goethe. He was strenuous, indeed, in work; but he was master of his materials and of himself. His strength was exercised with calmness, and his might labored in composure. He worked, indeed, with regal ease. He knew that every theme demanded so much work, and no more. There was one point upon which these two lofty spirits were in full accord. "Wir wandeln alle in Geheimnissen," says Goethe; and Carlyle also felt to the full the mystery and the wonder which surround this unintelligible world of ours. In another matter they were in partial sympathy. "Die Kunst ruht auf einer Art religiösem Sinn, auf einem tiefen, unerschütterlichen Ernst, deswegen sie sich auch so gern mit der Religion

vereinigt." Carlyle could understand hardly anything of art that was not based upon the religious sense.

On one important subject, connected both with art and with religion, the two great men felt and thought very differently; and the difference was caused by differing temperaments, characters, and gifts. I allude to the drama and the stage. Goethe was dramatist, theatre poet, theatre director, and stage manager. He gave much love and labor and intelligent care to the drama, especially in Weimar. The singular effect of poetry in action; of passion, power, pathos, expressed by the human voice, and exhibited through the beautiful human form divine, was well known to and worthily prized by Goethe. He recognized how fully the drama answered a deeply-implanted human need; he knew the stage's efficacy, and he felt the drama's charm. He was in fullest sympathy with the rare and high delight which the mighty art of acting can give; and his deep insight realized the influence of the fairy world of the theatre. He looked intently into that magic mirror which the drama holds up to human nature. He loved the playhouse, and—when they behaved well—the players. He gave his audiences the plays which they ought to like and to enjoy; and cared little for popularity, and almost nothing for pecuniary success. He aimed at a much higher than a money result. He was not a trading theatre director. He might make occasional mistakes in management, but he knew that "wenn du nicht irrst, kommst du nicht zu Verstand;" and he, of all men, felt that the temple sanctifieth the gold, but that it cannot sanctify meaner metal. He was a noble adherent of the noble drama; and he cared, not for the mere amusement, but for the art delight of his, unfortunately, too small and select public. The stage, and the art of acting, produced but little, if any, effect upon Carlyle. To his apprehension, acting was but "painted mimicry;" and the actor was not an artist, but a mere "sham." The player was only that, and nothing more. He saw the actor through the king that the actor might be representing, but he never saw the king in the actor. Of the scope, and range, and working of the drama he had no adequate conception. Peasant-born, and surrounded in his youth by the harsh stern

limitations of Calvinism, he never, in his later years, attained to more complete comprehension of that "spell o'er hearts which only acting lends." The theatre was, to him, a mere booth in Vanity Fair; and acting was simply mimetic and a hollow mockery of life. His early training, and his later views, had set constrictive limitations upon his mental endowment in connection with the drama in action; and he could not recognize the value or the charms of the art comprised within "the wooden O." The wonder-working stage, the home of imaginative illusion, was a thing outside his sympathy and beyond his knowledge.

Indeed, it would almost seem that Carlyle's feeling toward Shakespeare himself, as dramatist and as actor, was one of incomplete appreciation and imperfect liking. "What *Kunst* has Shakespeare?" asks Carlyle, in his sublime simplicity. Of Goethe it may well be said that a deeper truth his heart divines. He was far more profoundly impressed by the greatness of the man who "wears the crown o' the world;" the poet whose imagination and intellect are a revelation of the very highest faculty that God has given to man. Goethe was nearer to Shakespeare than Carlyle could be. Carlyle speaks of Shakespeare as singing the "practical life;" but, to take two instances only, the "Tempest" and "Midsummer Night's Dream" belong surely rather to purely imaginative than to "practical" life. In connection with Shakespeare, Emerson, the lecturer, and Carlyle, the teacher, are at one. Emerson says: "It must even go into the world's history that the best poet led an obscure and profane life, using his genius for the public amusement." Carlyle appears to share this regret. "Alas! Shakespeare had to write for the Globe playhouse: his great soul had to crush itself, as it could, into that and no other mould." Goethe could see more clearly how little Shakespeare's environments could hinder his revelation of himself, and of the many-sided, wonderful life which lives in the complex world which God himself created. Goethe's finer insight could better estimate all that Shakespeare accomplished, in despite of let and hindrance.

The beautiful and gracious gifts of Walter Scott, qualities so genially felt by Goethe, were beyond the comprehension,

and lay outside the range of sympathy, of Carlyle. Speaking of Scott, Carlyle complains that "the great Mystery of Existence was not great to him; did not drive him into rocky solitudes to wrestle with it for an answer; to be answered or to perish. He had nothing of the martyr; into no 'dark regions to slay monsters for us' did he, either led or driven, venture down." No, wrestling with demons was not Scott's business. His sweet and healthy nature had its own genial trust. His path might lead him where fairies, even angels, or the vision of an armed knight, were to be found; and if Scott sought rocky solitudes it was for the sake of the poetically picturesque. Goethe, again, had no vocation, or much time to spare, for wrestling with demons. Demons, if not omniscient, are, probably, very knowing; and no one of them would, I fancy, waste his time in trying a fall with great Goethe, who was divinely uplifted beyond their sphere of successful action. Goethe, indeed, stood so much above demons that, while he could recognize the dæmonic, he never stooped to struggle with such infrahuman beings. They could have no power over him. His early, fanciful, mock attempt at suicide, in emulation of the Emperor Otho, ended in hearty laughter. Carlyle got near to Goethe when he said: "But if God made the world: and only leads Beelzebub as some ugly muzzled beast is led, a longer or shorter temporary *dance* in this divine world, and always draws him home again, and peels the unjust gains off him, and ducks him in a certain hot lake, with sure intent to lodge him there to all eternity at last." Mephistopheles is based upon something like this theorem. Carlyle did not think that a second part of "Faust" was needed; but such a conclusion was imperatively called for in order that Goethe might be able to show conclusively his conviction of the ultimate divine triumph of Good over Evil.

A strong point of contrast between Goethe and Carlyle consists in their attitude toward women. A great poet is made for women; and women are made for the poet. He fascinates them as they fascinate him. The poet is susceptible, alike in his brain, his senses, and his soul, to the grace, to the tenderness, to the purity, to the loveliness of woman. His relation to them is that of cavalier to lady

—of poet to woman. Their reciprocal influence is that of glamour and of grace; of the attraction of beauty for genius; of the homage of chivalry; of the rapture of delight, on the part of the poet, for creatures so soft, so gentle, loving, bright and fair. His admiration is a glow of sentiment, a worship of reverence; and he delights in the fine, romantic, liberal intercourse which soul to soul affordeth. Genius is set in grace, and woman is effluent of charm. She fires the poet's imagination, and inspires his eloquence. We may well realize what was the relation of Goethe to the magic of feminine beauty and of womanly worth. His eyes, "extraordinarily large, dark, and piercing," would glow with magic fire as they gazed upon the bright glances which would respond so readily to the love-lit light of his brilliant eyes. Goethe had the eye of fire, and the voice of charm. Wit and wisdom were the staples of his talk to women; and deep thought alternated with fine fantasy; while both were expressed in sweet and flowing courtesy. Add to all this, the dignity of his stately, virile figure, and the changing expression of his mobile features. He was full of the courtesy of chivalry; of that homage which is reverence, of that gallantry which is worship.

Carlyle was very different. He was not a cavalier, and had no gleam of gallantry. He was constant and loyal, tender and true. Entirely noble in his patient fidelity to a not quite suitable wife, he did not idealize, as a poet would, the abstract witchery of women; and he was without the poet's keen sympathy with their unspeakable charm of divine grace and mobile attraction. He was not formed for happiness, or for the poet's joy in beauty. Dyspeptic and heavy laden, all his energy flowed into his work. His burning honesty, his fervid emphasis, his profound convictions, his fiery scorn, his drastic humor, his Puritan purity—all his essential qualities rendered him indifferent to romance, and insensible to the delicate delight of ideal woman worship. If more intense, he was much narrower than Goethe; and his austere nature rejoiced not in the love of art or in the love of loveliness.

"Wie einer ist, so ist sein Gott;" and Goethe and Carlyle, naturally enough, differed widely in their relations to re-



ligion. Their faiths took widely sundered form, and shape, and spirit. Carlyle's admiration for Goethe was heartiest for the poet's moral and spiritual gift and endowment; but Carlyle failed to embrace the whole wide range of Goethe's thought, effort, and working. Carlyle's religion was gloomy, but most earnest. His faith was very vital to him; it actuated every action, and influenced every view. His religion was an integral part of his life.

Carlyle may be roughly defined as a Deist, worshipping intently a just, yet terrible, and Nemesis-like God; but he is quite individual in his strong conviction, and stands alone in his faith as in his originality. There was a strong affinity between Goethe and Carlyle in their unworldliness and in their lofty aims; but a wide gulf separated the training of the Frankfurt burgher from the Scottish peasant. Goethe was more highly lifted above the smoke and stir of this dim spot; and he moved, and lived, and had his being in serener air. He was a Christian; and his high conception rose to the most ideal height of the great argument.

The best picture of Goethe's relations to the Unseen is that presented to us in the *Selbstzeugnisse*, or evidences drawn from his own sayings and writings, brought together by Th. Vogel. This most remarkable work, which is worth whole libraries of ordinary theology, and which contains the best explanation and defence of the highest Christianity, ought to be translated into English, since, in England, a most erroneous impression about Goethe's religion obtains.

To Goethe's apprehension God is always divine. No shows of evil can pervert Goethe to hold Him to be a fiend. Goethe is full of noble awe, but never of base fear. It is love, and not dread, which draws him to God. Goethe calls himself "ein protestantischer Christ" ("a Protestant Christian"); he says, of himself, "Wie ich war, so bin ich noch, nur

dass ich mit unserem Herrn Gott etwas besser stehe, und mit seinem lieben Sohne, Jesu Christo." ("What I was, I am still, except that I stand somewhat better with the Lord God, and with His dear Son, Jesus Christ.") In another place he says: "So soon as one has understood, and absorbed into one's self, the pure doctrine and love of Christ, one feels one's self great and free as man."

The greatest thinkers can never be exactly classified. The nomenclature which sufficiently defines ordinary men is not elastic enough to include the souls that sing at heaven's gate. The power and range of great individual genius transcend all popular definition as they surpass all common conception. Goethe calls himself a Protestant Christian; but the phrase must be applied to him in an incalculably greater than the ordinary sense. In religion, Goethe was love; Carlyle had a touch of terror. They differed—except at the few points, at which they directly touched—as widely as did their mental endowments and physical gifts.

We have now endeavored, necessarily in very narrow limits, to form some estimate of the high matters on which Goethe and Carlyle were in accord, and to understand where their natures and their powers diverged; and we have wished to apprehend *the why* of sympathy and of dyspathy; nor can such an inquiry be unprofitable.

One star may differ from another star in glory; one star may be somewhat greater than another star; but each of the two stars which thus differ may be luminous and may be splendid; and it is not necessary always to measure too closely comparative size and distance. Goethe and Carlyle are literary stars of the first magnitude. As writers they are entirely lofty, and wholly wonderful; and behind their glorious work we find two noble men.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

## "NEW AUSTRALIA."

BY A. J. ROSE-SOLEY.

## COMMUNISTIC WORK AT THE ANTIPODES.

THE quest of the ideal is sufficiently rare in our matter-of-fact age for its pursuers to arrest attention and attract general interest. Whatever the peculiar form of their mania—so we are apt to term all aspirations above the conventionally humdrum—whether their dream be of art, holiness, or social reform, the mere fact of their having the power to dream at all arouses the curiosity of the many whose energies are absorbed in grappling with the material aspect of life. As a rule, the dreamer is classed with the idlers, with those favored few whom fortune has set apart from the universal struggle for existence, and the busy man speaks of them contemptuously, albeit perchance enviously, as visionaries who "lack something better to do." When, however, the visionaries are found arising from the weary ranks of the workers, when numbers of their fellow-laborers rally to their call, and when their visions finally take form in the shape of a movement which, if sufficiently widespread, may revolutionize the social economics of a nation, then the hard-headed, practical man begins slowly to realize that there may be, after all, "something in it," a something which sorely puzzles his conservative brain and gives him considerable food for reflection.

Such a movement is now taking place in Australia. In itself it is but a symptom of that general upheaval which is unobtrusively disturbing the social systems of Western civilization. From time immemorial we have been subject to periodic waves of thought, producing simultaneous reaction at various points. In this way, religion, art, scientific discovery, have all had their ebb and flow, their phases in which prophets have arisen as one man to give expression to the general dumb aspiration. In the present day the thought-wave runs on the lines of social economics. A great cry is ringing through all lands, the cry of the laborer who earns his hire in bitterness of spirit, the cry of the man who dimly realizes that the sweat of his brow brings him in scarce that which would suffice to the beast that perishes,

and that his higher and inner nature is starved in the often futile attempt to satisfy his material wants. Blending with this is the cry of the humanitarian and philosopher, of him who, relieved from the personal struggle for existence, dreams of racial redemption and deplors the advance of a civilization which only implies an advance in material comfort for the favored few, a decrease in comfort, material or otherwise, for the unfavored many. For our boasted latter-day civilization, with its nominal obliteration of class distinctions, has established a classification of a far more cruel nature than the caste of blood; it has initiated the money test, which is more grinding than pride of birth and pride of place. The working-man of to-day finds that the slavery of the earlier centuries, and the unpretentious comfort of later days, are exchanged for a competitive independence that bears bitter fruit, that creates suspicion, jealousy, selfishness, animosity, and converts many a harmless nature into an Ishmael with his hand against every man.

A vague discontent is in the air. We see it in its higher form in that restless craving after the ideal or unattainable in harsh, materialistic surroundings; in its lower form in that spasmodic increase of unnatural crime which staggers philanthropists. Hitherto we have attributed these characteristics to the results of overcrowding and senility in worn-out nationalities; but a new phase has arisen, and an exodus of earnest workers from the young, semi-peopled continent of Australia points to another conclusion. Australia has, so far, been the land of promise to which the exhausted Briton has turned his weary eyes; a land where work was supposed to be plentiful and highly paid, where life was easy-going, and untilled ground obtainable at a nominal price. That the suffering of the Old World should be repeated under these new and promising conditions, that a band of thrifty, hard-working men should deem it advisable to leave this paradise and thereby flee from the evil to come, is sure evidence that the evil

lies in social system rather than in social circumstance, and that a new scheme of economics must be devised ere we attain to peace and prosperity which shall reach the individual worker. In Australia, as elsewhere, modern civilization has meant plethora in the towns, stagnation and poverty in the remote districts. In Australia, as elsewhere, high wages have raised the price of necessities, with inevitable reaction in the form of reduced rates, financial crises, a hand-to-mouth struggle between labor and capital, strikes, and their consequences. And the immediate result has lately burst upon an astonished continent. On the 16th of July a party of some two hundred emigrants left Australian shores, as the pioneers of a movement for founding a free and communistic "New Australia" in Paraguay.

The history of a movement is the history of its leader, and hence the main interest centres round William Lane, who is, for all practical purposes, the founder of New Australia. Born into English agricultural life, with Irish and Cornish blood in his veins, with an adventurous spirit, inherited from the old seafaring stock from which he sprang, the dreamy, studious boy, lamed from birth, learned early to ponder on the sufferings of the laboring class to which he belonged. The hard struggle and premature age of his mother, in particular, sank into his heart, inspiring a chivalrous respect for woman in the abstract, and a practical sympathy for the working-woman in the concrete, which characterize him to this day. When not thirsting for a sea-life, picking up scraps of Latin from a somewhat superior village schoolmaster, or busy with the many tasks allotted to the children of the poor, the boy Lane was studying life-problems with large, short-sighted blue eyes, and learning to clothe his thoughts in language culled from the Bible and the *Pilgrim's Progress*. At the age of fifteen we find him in America, earning his own bread, learning the compositor's work, picking up Yankee "cuteness" with the Yankee twang, devoting all his spare time to reading, and preserving the nerve and bravado which enabled him defiantly to swim a rapid shunned by his comrades as fatal. It is this indomitable "pluck," in an apparently frail body, which has stood him in good stead in later days, enabling him to surmount obstacles before which many

a stout-hearted man would have quailed. From the compositors' he drifted into the reporters' room, and was soon wielding a vigorous pen. Some few years later, having married a large-hearted, broad-minded wife, American-bred, but granddaughter of a shrewd Scotch University professor, William Lane migrated to Queensland, and became one of the most successful free-lances on the Australian press.

His worldly prosperity was now assured. Had he so willed, he need never have given a thought to aught save his personal advancement; but William Lane still clung to that class from which he sprang. His heart was with the laboring man whose lot he sought to better, even as his own had been bettered. He espoused the labor cause and brought to it the aid of a facile pen, a magnetic power over men, and a lasting personal influence. Quietly, unobtrusively, his spare hours were spent in striving to solve the knotty problem which tangles labor and capital, carrying on a species of propaganda whereby the laboring man of Australia learned to think of himself less as a suffering individual than as the member of a brotherhood striving for a common weal. The old unionism was effete, but there was a new unionism ready to take its place, and William Lane dreamed of a federated unionism which should link together all the component parts of the labor world, and thereby secure peace with honor, comfort with self-respect, for the worker. It was with this object that he mixed himself up with strikes, albeit recognizing, with most far-seeing thinkers, the absolute futility of strikes save as an evidence of strength and solidarity; it was with this object that he cemented the bonds between labor in far-apart lands, instigating the magnificent contribution of the Brisbane Wharf laborer to his starving brother, the London docker; it was with this object that he gradually became known as a secret power in all labor agitations, that he was credited with the wire-pulling of many a movement in which he took no apparent part, that he grew to be looked upon by more than one as the most dangerous man in Australia. But, dangerous or not, Lane was primarily a humanitarian and only secondarily an agitator. If he sympathized with labor against capital, it was simply because he deemed that labor needed sympathy, and capital could do well

without it. His real dream was to enable man to raise himself, and, inasmuch as the working-man was the one who apparently required most help in that direction, to the working-man his humanity went out, not for being a working-man, but for being at a disadvantage in the struggle for life. Lane might have class sympathies; he had no class prejudices; and this accounts for the extraordinary attraction he had for those to whom his views were most antagonistic. In his hospitable home, where a spare knife and fork were always laid for the casual dropper-in, all were welcome, whatever their social position or their private views, provided they had the one recommendation of earnest faith in the possible redemption of humanity, and to this catholicity was probably due much of the misapprehension of his character among the narrow-minded.

But with patient endeavor, patient energy, patient hope, came the inevitable reaction which assails all would-be reformers in our complicated age. Successful in his private career, with the ball at his feet as if he chose to kick it, William Lane felt the slow influence of that depression which attacks all the humanitarians of our day. He gradually realized that custom, not accident, was at fault; that with our cumbersome social machinery, universal reform was impossible; that the gain of one was the loss of another throughout the whole social strata, and that his life-work was but a mockery, inasmuch as he could only attack symptoms, while the root of the disease remained untouched. It was in this mental attitude that he paid one of those flying visits to Sydney, wherein he renewed his worn energies and his life-zest, visits in which he used to drift from one Bohemian household to another, discussing, into the early morning hours, the innumerable books he had read and digested, the social theories he had thought out for himself. On this occasion Bohemia brought to him his life-crisis. In one of these drawn out midnight *causeries*, some chance words, some haphazard views, the intangible influences, which at a given moment may leave a permanent impression, found a responsive echo, and gave him a momentary glimpse of possibilities hitherto neglected. For three days after that none of Lane's friends saw him; probably he himself could not have told where he had wandered. His life-test

had come to him, and once more he was nerving himself to face the rapid which might sweep him away; only, in this case, the rapid, if unmastered, would engulf others with him; if successfully crossed, would bear others to a land of Canaan. When he reappeared, with the light of self-surrender on his face, his friends learned that he had cast aside all personal aspiration, and that henceforth his whole life was to be dedicated to the cause of man's temporal salvation.

With a different life-partner such a complete sacrifice might have proved impossible, but Mrs. Lane was her husband's helpmeet in every sense of the word, an absolutely unworldly woman who saw life with his eyes, as a gift, held in trust for others. Within a few weeks of his return to Brisbane, Lane had thrown up a lucrative journalistic position, had gone with his family into a small working-man's cottage, and had started a labor organ, the *Worker*, conducted on co-operative principles, for which he received a working-man's weekly wage. A few months later, his scheme, evolved out of those Sydney days of mental conflict, had taken form, and the prospectus of the New Australian Co-operative Association was issued, by a curious coincidence, in the month, and almost on the day, when Professor Hertzka, in far-off Europe, was signing the preface to his work on an imaginary free land.

Free land is no longer imaginary: it has already its prospective citizens, its propagandist paper, and is expected soon to have tangible existence in Central Africa. New Australia has gone a step further, and its pioneers are rapidly nearing their chosen home in South America. That two similar movements should take place simultaneously at opposite corners of the earth is sufficiently significant; we need no further proof that philosophers consider the old social systems worn out, the old remedies useless save for purposes of temporary expediency. There are many points of difference between the prospectus of Freeland and that of New Australia: the one aims at philanthropy combined with almost sybaritic luxury, the other at co-operation and severe simplicity. In the first, individualism is a marked feature, each man works according to his pleasure, his profits are according to his production, and a single tax is levied; in the second, communism reigns supreme,



all share and share alike, and a minimum amount of labor is compulsory. But both experiments aim at the same results: at remedying the evils of competition; at slaying the selfishness which is born of the struggle for wealth; at the general distribution of comfort, health, and happiness; at a total absence of anxiety for the future of children, who are in both instances the care of the State. It is this prospect for the children that has induced many an Australian man and woman to join in the New Australia enterprise; and it is to the children that Lane really looks for the assured success of his colony. To the young children, secure from the influences of sordid anxiety and self-interest, reared in an atmosphere of communistic freedom and independence, ignorant of a hand-to-mouth struggle, of class prejudice, of inborn discontent, to them he looks for the unfettered public spirit, the unselfish independence, the true bond of brotherhood which shall save New Australia from the dissension and failure which have so often attended similar schemes. A greater and nearer earnest of success, however, is his own implicit confidence in his enterprise and in those who have joined him. It is this faith which has drawn so many to the cause and kept them true to it, despite all obstacles; and it is doubtful whether, without Lane's peculiar personal influence, a large body of men, hard-working, practical, long-headed, could have been drawn to an undertaking that was commonly pooh-poohed as chimerical. In July, 1889, New Australia was but a dimly seen dream. In July, 1893, two hundred of its pioneers were leaving the old Australia for the new, a thousand male adults were inscribed on the Association's lists, representing, with women and children, a total of two thousand, and these members, whose numbers are daily increasing, devote all their hard-earned savings to the common fund. No impersonal influence could have procured such a result in so short a time, but William Lane, strong in that enthusiasm which has been defined as the "genius of earnestness," spared no effort to inspire others with his hopes. When his work of central organization was achieved, when he had rallied to his side efficient co-leaders, he retired from the *Worker*, by that time the one successful labor organ in Australia, and started on the task for which he was emi-

nently fitted, that of organization in the back blocks.

Only an Australian can fully realize all that this implies, and the amount of conviction necessary to impel a man to such a course without personal object or personal profit. Organizing in the back blocks means submitting to hourly discomfort and privation; riding, day by day, ten, twelve, sixteen hours, in parching heat, over an arid, burned-up land, carrying your food, in the shape of flour, in your saddle-bag, moistening your lips at long intervals with the water in the flask you so jealously guard; trusting to Providence, in the form of a brackish, cattle-trampled pool, for your nightly cup of tea and damper, bivouacking *à la belle étoile*, with your saddle for pillow. But there are compensations. They come when you reach the lonely outpost where a station-hand, who for weeks at a time sees only his sheep and his dog, welcomes you to his bark "humpy;" when you meet the wayfarer who, one piece of job-work done, tramps wearily ahead seeking other labor; when you stumble on the camp-fire of those bush-nomads who spend months of every year taking their horses from one spot to another in search of fairly fresh grass; when you cross the path of the kangaroo-hunter bound for the wilds, where he can secure the skins he deals in; best of all, when you light on a shearing-shed and gather round you the eager, aimless men who are only too glad to hear of a possible life which includes a home, a hearth, and an object, for the average shearer's lot is but a shiftless, thankless one at best. Sometimes he is a small cockatoo farmer who cannot make both ends meet, and who goes out shearing while wife and daughters do the farm drudgery as best they may. Sometimes he is a married man with a wife exposed to the temptations and contagion of a small bush-town, while he wanders abroad to seek the needful; more often he is single, and feels doomed to celibacy, with no prospect of offering a permanent home to a decent woman. Light-heartedly enough he elips through his shearing season and pockets his check to go and spend it on drink and vice in the next town, for there is no one to work for or save for, no prospect of the future bettering the present, and so long as he has his fun and his fling the rest matters little.

To such men, strong, stalwart, full of grit, with secret yearnings after a higher life of which they were but dimly conscious, men who had already come under the power of the Union and felt the first stirrings of a tie of common brotherhood, Lane came with his gospel of temporal salvation, and they heard him gladly. He told them of a community of life in which each should be for each other, not against each other; of a possible home where all should be part-holders of the soil they tilled, sharing equally the produce of their labor; of a land where a minimum of capital should be as profitable an investment as that of the millionaire, for man should be valued by his labor and not by his gold; of a country where neither the landlord nor the bailiff should be known, but where each should have his own freehold fireside, where he could claim his own wife and rear children without dread of their poverty-hunted future. All this might be theirs if they would but put their hands in his and work with him for the common good. And the men who had learned from sharp experience that the small capitalist plays a losing game on Australian bushland, the men who had abandoned hopes of a pure home and honest fatherhood because they saw no prospect of keeping that home in decent comfort, felt new desires fermenting in their hearts, stretched out their willing hands to this strange leader, stayed their foot from the bush "pub" and the gambling-table, and set aside their savings for the good cause which was to make new men of them. Sixty pounds was the minimum entrance fee to the Association; those who had more to give and were genuine communists at heart were welcome to pour it into the common fund, as many did. But in all cases the £60 were exacted; not in a lump sum, the payments might extend over a period of months or even years, but paid it must be ere a man earned the right to become a colonist. In the first place, capital was absolutely essential to success, and capital could only be obtained by each member contributing a certain definite sum; in the second place, a given contribution was essential to a general feeling of independence and equality; in the third place, the fee was a test, for the working-man who saves up £60 thereby proves not only his working capacity, but his thrift, self-denial and

perseverance, all necessary qualities for a colony founded on economic principles. The test worked well, the bushmen rolled up with their savings which they handed over in absolute faith. "It brings tears in my eyes," Lane once wrote to a friend, "to see how my bushmen trust me, how they hand me over their hard-earned money without a doubt or question as to the use I make of it. I would rather die than betray such trust."

To understand this faith one has to understand the personality of the man and the peculiar attraction he exercises over those who most differ from his views. Quiet, pale, delicate-looking and small, with clear blue eyes gleaming through gold-rimmed spectacles, you would pass Lane over in a crowd as an inoffensive, intellectual person of Teutonic origin. Public speaking is his aversion, though the very few occasions on which he has been heard have won him the reputation of being the best labor-speaker in Australia; unsympathetic company is also his aversion, and you have only to place him in a mixed society of uncongenial conventionalism, or introduce him to the utterer of social platitudes, to ensure his obstinate silence. But once let him become conscious of a bond of human sympathy, and he plunges into some favorite topic with a flow of ideas that seems absolutely inexhaustible. The Bohemian circle in which he rotated during his flying visits to Sydney was accustomed to see him drop in at all hours of the day, or more habitually of the night, take up position by the wood fire or on the veranda, and glide straight into the subject of the moment. Hour after hour slipped by as Lane, very slowly and deliberately, in short, nervous sentences, uttered dreamily between puffs of his inseparable pipe, and Johnsonian draughts of tea, his only beverage, exhausted his theme from every point of view, quoting philosopher, poet, historian, to illustrate the various aspects of the case. The morning would draw nigh and the lids of fellow-Bohemians grow heavy, but the necessity for rest never seemed to strike the dreamy smoke-puffer, and only with the dawn could he be induced to retire for the snatch of sleep which usually satisfied his peculiar requirements; but ere that time he had invariably won over any opponent to his particular views. An unconscious magnetism, a

far-away look of mysticism which his practical remarks often belied, an unbounded tolerance and pity for all forms of human failing, above all a command of language which adapted his conversation to all cases, these had worked the spell, and these, combined with a wondrously unselfish nature, knit unto him firm friends who readily overlooked his eccentricities in matters of detail. The command of English appropriate to all occasions is one of the striking features in this self-educated man. Speaking with a slight Yankee twang, he can write, when it pleases him, pure Yankee journalese. When it pleases him, also, he can pen eloquent, vibrating, absolutely pure Anglo-Saxon, with an old-fashioned simple grandeur which he himself attributes to the early influence of the Bible and John Bunyan. This power is nowhere more manifest than in the one book he has published, *The Working Man's Paradise*, a hastily thrown together, loosely constructed story, written for the benefit of the Union Prisoners' Defence Fund after the Queensland bush strike of 1891, and insufficiently revised. For some reasons Lane's friends wish the book had never been brought out, as many a line bears evidence of how much better he could have done had he given his work more leisure; for others they are glad that it saw the light with all its imperfections, as there are pages upon pages of grand, rhythmic, soul-stirring prose, such as seldom gets printed in these modern days—sonorous prose, fruitful in ideas, which the world cannot afford to lose and which leaves a lasting impress on the reader.

This was the speaker and writer who had won the bushmen's hearts, and, once won, he kept his hold with the unflinching grip of sympathy. Six months of active organization, over dry plain, across flooding waters, had done the work; the Association was already an assured success as far as numbers were concerned, the rest was comparatively plain sailing. Prospectors had been sent out to South America to seek a happy homing-ground, the Argentine Republic having been first thought of, but the Argentine proved unpromising and Paraguay was decided upon. The Government offered a grant of forty leagues of land, free entrance for tools, furniture, arms, seeds, and other necessities, with free railway carriage from Asuncion to the nearest point, on

condition that 800 families be settled on the land within four years. The country was good, the conditions were favorable, the land granted was 110 miles from the capital, with a railway communication at fifteen miles' distance, and water carriage, suitable for small boats and rafts, running through; the bargain was clenched, and one of the prospectors returned early in the present year with his report. From that moment only the working details of the departure of the pioneers had to be seen to, and from that moment the fierce opposition began. Already, the less reputable journals, bent on sensationalism, had attacked the enterprise, indulging in vituperation and descending to personal abuse of its leaders, who were classed as land swindlers on an extensive scale: but the general public treated the scheme as chimerical, and never believed in its realization. When it became known that matters were well forward, that a sailing ship had been bought by the Association and that preparations were progressing, the alarm spread, the denunciations grew loud, and the indignation was freely expressed. The *Royal Tar* was to start from Sydney, and it was pretty widely known that the Government looked with marked disfavor on this exodus of able-bodied, hard-working men, who were taking money out of an impoverished country. Only 100 male adults were going with the first batch, but 1000 were hoping to leave ere the end of the year, and this represented over £60,000 taken from Australia for profitable investment elsewhere, to say nothing of the accompanying energy and muscle. A thousand unemployed might have cleared out with their wives and families and welcome, but these earnest, thrifty men were "another pair of sleeves," and no effort was spared to bring them into disrepute. They were fanatics, lured to destruction by evil counsel; they were taking women and children to a land full of ogres in the shape of wild Indians, a land of decimating wars, revolutions, and yellow fever; a land where man's life and woman's virtue were counted as naught; a land whence an impoverished remnant would have to be brought back; they were unpatriotic, rats leaving a sinking ship when men were required to devote money and muscle to a failing country.

The emigrants ignored reviling, misrepresentation and personalities, and held

on their way rejoicing; held on in the face of exactions, impositions, unnecessary delays, for which they knew they would not easily gain redress and which threatened well-nigh to swamp their funds. The two weeks they had reckoned on for necessary preparations in the Sydney docks extended to two months, and during that time the popular tide turned. Their perseverance, determination, and conviction impressed the public mind, and the public press changed its attitude. The inferior journals ceased their attacks, the representative papers, hitherto silent, chronicled the doings of the pioneers and admitted favorable letters and articles; the untravelled wiseacres, who had denounced Paraguay as a God-forsaken land, were openly contradicted by travellers who knew what they were talking about; and the thinkers who deplored the emigration to another continent rather than village settlement on this, admitted the honest purpose of the leaders. By the time the *Royal Tar* left Sydney Harbor the sense of justice common to all humanity had asserted itself, sympathetic interest was widespread, a flotilla of boats crowded round the ship, many who had no personal interest in the venture thronged to wish Australia's first emigrants God-speed, and Lane and his pioneers set sail under a volley of blessings from those who, two months previously, would have come to curse.

With them now rests the success of the enterprise, for on the first six months of settlement all the rest will hinge. They go forward with an enthusiasm which has no religion for rallying-point, no sectarian fanaticism to keep it alive, which must feed itself merely on the sense of common brotherhood and common interest. But, for the time being at any rate, their leader's views are theirs, and to that leader socialism is in itself the highest religion; witness his preface to *The Working Man's Paradise*.

"All that any religion has been to the highest thoughts of any people socialism is, and more, to those who conceive it aright. Without blinding us to our own weaknesses and wickednesses, without offering to us any sophistry or cajoling us with any fallacy, it enthrones Love above the universe, gives us Hope for all who are down-trodden, and restores to us Faith in the eternal fitness of things. Socialism is indeed a religion—demanding deeds as

well as words. Not until professing socialists understand this will the world at large see socialism as it really is."

In order to experiment freely with this new form of religion, William Lane and his followers have deemed it necessary to seek an alien land. To those who reproach him with leaving Australia, where he could have obtained a grant, he replies that, apart from certain physical, financial, and legal objections which he considers serious, there were moral objections which he deems more serious still. On the principle that the individual turns over a new leaf and reforms more effectually under a new environment, cut off from old temptations and associations, he considers that an aggregation of individuals, starting life under new auspices and on new lines, will be freer and stronger when cut off from the old surroundings with their associated bitterness. He deems that Communism would be more difficult if cultivated in the old home, with class distinctions near at hand, with the old sores still rankling, with the old complaints still reaching the ear in familiar accents. In Paraguay, with naught to remind of anti-communistic days, surrounded by an alien population, speaking an alien tongue, the settlers will be better able to cling together in their first loneliness, and to carry out from conviction these principles of communism which their children are expected to carry on by intuition.

As for the country itself, it could scarcely be better selected, despite all assertions to the contrary. The semi-tropical climate is well suited to the constitutions of the settlers, the bulk of whom come from Queensland and South Australia. Well-watered, sufficiently moist, with a temperature only varying some forty-five degrees, the land yields readily to the most careless cultivation, a couple of acres comfortably supporting a whole family of easy-going shiftless natives. What it can do for enlightened cultivators has been proved by some wealthy planters, who have succeeded in producing every variety of fruit, from the Northern apple to the Southern mango. A bad place for the ordinary laborer, who will find few employers, it could scarcely be improved upon for a body of small capitalists who are their own laborers, and who take with them practical experience and British-born energy. The latest authority, Dr. E. de Bourgade



La Dardye, in a book recently published after a two years' official engineering stay in the country, gives an account which is encouraging enough to silence opponents of the scheme on climatic grounds. The land, after the rough clearing, which is the native style of cultivation, will, within a few months, produce £8 per acre in return for an investment of a few shillings, nineteen bushels of maize having been known to yield 14,990 bushels. The orange is indigenous and can be cultivated to vie with that of Brazil; tobacco of the finest quality grows well; timber of peculiar excellence is plentiful; the Jesuit's tea, or "Yerba-Mate," the universal drink of the country, and a valuable article of commerce, grows wild; wheat, at present scarce, could be made profitable with proper care and skill; rice, manioc, beans and tomatoes, are grown on the roughest homestead; cattle and horses are reared successfully, though sheep have hitherto proved a failure. In fact, save for the slight drawback of snakes and alligators, to which Australians are used, not to mention insect pests, the colonists might be said to have stumbled on an earthly paradise. Other colonists seem to have shared this view, for there is already a "New Germany," and the Government has established two colonies of its own.

As a matter of fact, any danger which may assail the New Australians is the danger from within, that exhibition of human frailty which has already brought so many promising enterprises to self-extinction. Such a contingency has been guarded against as far as human foresight and careful organization can provide; it remains for the members of the Association to prove themselves worthy of their leaders and true to their motto, "All for each and each for all." The colony is to be strictly communal in every sense of the word, an aggregate of self-governing villages, with duly elected leaders, under the general supervision of a director, also elected. It may be as well to quote the rules of the Association, to which every member has to subscribe.

*Production.*—Ownership by the community of all the means of production-in-exchange and distribution. Conduct by the community of all production-in-exchange and distribution. Superintendence by the community of all labor-saving co-operations.

*Allotment.*—Maintenance by the community of children under guardianship of parents. Maintenance by the community of all sanitary and educational establishments. Saving by the community of all capital needed by the community. Division of remaining wealth production among all adult members of the community equally, without regard to sex, age, office, or physical or mental capacity.

*Authority.*—Subject to the supremacy of the laws of the State settled in, which all members pledge themselves to observe loyally, the following authority and regulations shall be observed between the members of the community: Ballot vote of all adult members to be supreme authority. Director, elected by two-thirds majority of general ballot, to be sole executive authority, advised by Board of Superintendents. Superintendents, elected by two thirds majority of departmental ballot, to be sole departmental authorities, subject to director.

*Regulations.*—Regulations affecting the community at large to be confirmed by a two-thirds majority of all adult members. Departmental Regulations to be confirmed by a majority of all adult members interested. All Regulations to be submitted annually for continuation or rejection. Disputes arising between the community and any member or members, to be decided in equity by an arbitrator mutually agreed upon between the communal authority and the member or members interested. Disputes arising between members to be decided in equity by an arbitrator mutually agreed upon by them. Dismissal from the community, for persistent or unpardonable offence against the well-being of the community, to be decreed only by a five-sixth majority of all adult members.

*Elections.*—All offices to be vacated annually and whenever occupants cease to retain the confidence of their constituents.

*Individuality.*—The individuality of every member in thought, religion, speech, and leisure, and in all matters whatsoever whereby the individuality of others is not affected, to be held inviolable.

*Sex Equality.*—The sexes to be recognized as equally entitled to membership.

*Religion.*—Religion not to be officially recognized by the community.

*Amendment.*—Amendment of this basis for co-operative organization to be made only by a two-thirds majority of all adult members.

To these may be added, among other items, that the community will carry on its affairs without currency, that any offence against morality is to be punished by dismissal, that a dismissed member has all his contributions returned to him, that widows and orphans declining membership receive back all payment made by the deceased husband or father, and that, although no rule is at present laid down, the community is expected to carry out temperance principles, the present inclinations of the majority of the members being toward Blue Ribbonism.

It will be seen that the goodwill of the women members has been enlisted by a double appeal, that of absolute sex equality and that of provision for children. This last has been paramount with many, for in this young land of Australia the dread of poverty has already produced the dread of motherhood, and philosophers are mourning the national results. But the woman's equality, it must be understood, includes equality in labor, and she is individually expected to contribute her daily quota to the community which has received her, and supports her and her children without premium. The manner of work is to be left to individual choice; those who prefer labor in common, and those who prefer home labor, being absolutely free to please themselves, so long as they contribute that small amount of daily toil which is incumbent upon all, and from which only child-bearing and nursing mothers are exempt. For invalids and the aged there are, of course, special clauses. The details of social life are to be left to the decision of the larger number in each part of the community, but it is expected that a co-operative system in detail will find the greatest favor, and that common laundries, common kitchens, common sewing establishments, common housemaids and charwomen, will find general favor, each woman choosing her speciality, and giving a definite portion of her time weekly to the community. The housewife, however, who prefers the old ways and the old home-life will be let alone, and her home work counted as that of her sister in the public department. Moreover, all forms of labor

are thrown open to women, and if she fancy any of the avocations usually reserved for man, she is at perfect liberty, just as she is free for election to the various offices and functions of the community.

Schools will be started almost on arrival, two or three teachers having gone out with the pioneers, while more follow. Newspapers will also be published, more than one journalist being numbered in the first batch. The Association already owns one small monthly sheet in Sydney, which is expected to enlarge as the scheme progresses. A good library and a fair sprinkling of educated and professional men ensure the young colony from mental stagnation, even at the outset. Artisans of every description, and all the necessary materials for starting manufactures, are aboard the *Royal Tar*. In fact, every provision possible to human foresight has apparently been made, including the desirable items of a hospital nurse and a medical man. A second batch, of single men only, is to leave three months after the *Royal Tar*, and about the end of the year a large contingent, numbering some 800, of whom a goodly proportion are expected to be single girls, sails for New Australia. Thus, within the first year the Association will have brought out some 1200 settlers, as a preparation to the 400 families which it has agreed to settle within two years. It is expected that, in congenial circumstances, with community of interest, the single men and women will speedily drift into family life, and it is with this object that the emigration of single girls has been energetically organized, mainly in Tasmania, where "unappropriated blessings" are common, and where housewifery and home-life are singularly developed. William Lane, when thinking out his scheme, recognized the fact that there was no hope for general purity of conduct without marriage facilities, and one of his main aims has been to bring, without delay, the number of the female population up to that of the male, to give every inducement to legal marriage according to the recognized law of the land, and to declare that any offender against morality must be "slung out." At the same time, no disability is attendant upon a single life, if preferred, and any girls who, on arrival, are disappointed in their expectations, will be conveyed home again in the *Royal*

*Tar*, free of charge. Intermarriage with natives entails expulsion from the community, and though all white-blooded nationalities are admitted to membership (French, Germans, and Swedes have joined the pioneers), colored blood, of whatever race, is a hopeless bar.

The result must be waited for. Co-operation and Communism have many a time been tried and found wanting. Co-operation and Communism have also been tried on more than one occasion and brought success, and we have one or two notable examples in the midst of our old-world civilization. To those who object that human nature, with its intense selfishness, can never realize an ideal existence, we can only offer the strong, hopeful words written early in the year by the founder and leader of the movement.

"But New Australia won't work, critics say. Why not? Do we labor for gold, think you? Why, no man who is a man would trade the kiss of a woman, or the hand clasp of a friend, or the arm-clinging of a little child, for the wealth of a Tyson. Give the average man a cottage home, the woman he loves, children in whose eyes his own life laughs back at him, friends

who esteem him, food for mind as well as for body, and then see if he will not toil to fence his home from all ill. And he won't toil the less because the fence he works at is a ring fence, which guards his mates' home as it guards his, when he understands that by co-operation he can make it higher and stronger and thicker than any fence he could possibly put up round his own small yard.

"It is through humanity alone that we are men. By the blood of the martyrs human truths have come to us; by the rebel-blows of patriots liberty-thoughts have been revived in us; by the brain-sweat of inventors machine-power has been won for us. Line by line our literature has been piled up; rhyme by rhyme our songs; atom by atom our mentality; inch by inch the knowledge that touches the skies, but is as nothingness amid the immensities beyond. Brain and muscle, blood and bone and body, are but inheritances in each from a common past—a common race-effort. We are of humanity, in very truth, and when we deny humanity in our living we oppose the laws of human being—and justly suffer thereby."—*Westminster Review*.

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### THE BRUDENELS.

BY HAMILTON AÏDE.

It was late in the afternoon of an October day that I stepped, with a travelling-bag in my hand, from the second-class carriage of the Roman train, on to the platform of the Orvieto Station. My heavy luggage was sent forward to Florence: I halted here, on the road, in order to revisit the noble cathedral, which I had not seen since I was a boy. But I had never forgotten its stately arches, its spaces of pillared silence, which seldom arrest the flying traveller of to-day, who sweeps past without folding his wings for even a few hours in the shadow of the little wall-girt city. Except some artisans, and one or two citizens of higher grade, no one alighted from the train but a lady and gentleman, occupants of a first-class carriage. I had not seen them at Rome: they must have been taken up at some station on the road.

As I was unhampered by luggage, I

made my way down the platform, to where the hotel omnibus awaited any travellers it might pick up. In doing so, I passed close to the couple I had observed in the dusk—observed enough of their outlines to feel sure they were English. I now found myself facing the lady, and the flaring gas lamp fell full on her countenance. I did not start. In real life, those only who are dramatically disposed do so, and I am not one of that number. But on this occasion I could hardly have refrained from some expression of pleasurable surprise, had I not understood, at a glance, that the lady, whom I knew well, desired to avoid me. She had recognized me before I had seen her; but, though we had parted good friends nearly five years before, there was no gleam of pleasure on her handsome face. It bore a look of pain, well-nigh of terror, as she turned sharply away. Her companion, whose

back had been toward me, veered round as I passed—whether or no in consequence of the expression he had caught sight of in the lady's face, I know not—and our eyes met. Then my surprise, which was redoubled, could find an easy outlet. But I allowed him to escape first.

"Why! Hamilton! Who would have dreamed of meeting you here?" He grasped my hand as he spoke.

"I hope you don't object?" I laughed. "I am only here for a night, and sha'n't be in your way. Are you going to the hotel?"

"No: we are at a pension—awfully cheap place. We have been making a little archæological tour for a fortnight, and have now returned to spend a few weeks more here, while I finish my book. My wife—by-the-by, you don't know my wife? I forgot. Mary—this is a very old friend of mine, Mr. Hamilton."

Mrs. Brudenel bowed, with the ghost—the poor attenuated ghost—of a smile. I took her cue, and did likewise. It was clear, for some reason unknown to me, that we were to regard each other as strangers.

"Better stay a few days here," he said. "You will find the old place full of interest."

"I know it; but I have friends waiting for me in Florence, and must hurry on."

"Well, when shall we meet? Will you not come and dine with us?"

I would gladly have accepted; but Mrs. Brudenel's look decided me to refuse. I pleaded, as an excuse, that I had work I must finish that evening: and I was rewarded by an expression of intense relief on the lady's face; which, however, died away when I added—"But I will call on you to-morrow." And on this I entered the omnibus and struggled up the steep hill on the summit of which Orvieto stands, leaving the Brudenels to claim their heavy luggage and have it stowed on the hired carriage awaiting them.

The hotel was nearly empty. My arrival, unpretentious traveller as I was, sent a mild tremor through the rusty-black slipshod waiter, who lighted me up the stone stair to my apartment on the first floor. I had asked for a bedroom; but the one I was shown opened into a small "salotto," of which it was the natural complement, and which I was told I could use without extra charge. Thereupon my

rusty-black friend lighted a pair of very tall, attenuated candles, and at my bidding set some logs of pine-wood ablaze in the grate. Happily, it was not more than slightly chilly; or the scagliola floor, guiltless of carpet, the flimsy curtains, marble table, and painted ceiling, from which a god and goddess, clad in an insufficient quantity of hard blue and red, stared down on the occupants below, would not have tended to warm me. I ordered my dinner, unpacked my bag, and, after putting my books and writing materials on the marble table, descended to the public room.

I found some young officers of the garrison at supper here, where, I was told, they habitually fed: the less well-endowed frequenting a lower order of *trattoria*. The rusty one shuffled with his slipshod feet to and fro, bearing the *polenta* and *risotto* charged with saffron and *frittura* redolent of garlic to the young men, who seemed very cheerful—more so than Englishmen would have been under the circumstances—when they reached the stage of their long thin cigars, crooked as notes of interrogation. They chattered and laughed as gayly as though life in this grim old city had no acquaintance with ennui: and my thoughts went back to far-off days in country quarters, in Ireland, and I remembered how empty of all laughter were the lives of most of the men who tried to "kill time" there. "It is all a matter of temperament," I said to myself with the arrogance proper to an Englishman. "These light-hearted Italians are like children: give them their dominoes and a cigar and they are content."

But I did not dwell on this profound reflection long. My mind was much exercised concerning the Brudenels. There was a mystery in the relations of this man and wife to each other which I could not fathom. I rummaged the drawers of my memory in vain to find wherewithal to account for the lady's strange attitude toward me. Why should she shrink from acknowledging me? There had never been anything in our relations to each other to account for this. I had lost sight of her for five years; but I had known her, at one time, fairly well. She was then Mrs. Wilder, and her husband, an American, was alive. We met first at Monte Carlo; afterward in London; last of all in New York, where business



obliged me to be some weeks, one year. It was then that I saw most of her—and least of him. Wilder was not an attractive specimen of his nation: he was, in fact, distinctly objectionable: and their married life was clearly not happy. It was difficult to believe that this singularly refined, delicate, over-sensitive woman, who shrank from her husband's loud voice, and coarse habits, could ever have been in love with him. Why, then, had she consented to become his wife? I had been driven to the conclusion that poverty—she was the daughter of an English half-pay officer—had caused her to accept a man in every respect but fortune her inferior. Since I had parted from the Wilders in America more than four years ago, I had lost sight of them. I had not even heard of Wilder's decease. My natural impulse was to greet her cordially. Why had this been checked?

In spite of many defects, both physical and mental, Mrs. Wilder had always possessed a great attraction for me. She was far from beautiful; indeed, many refused to acknowledge that she was more than a graceful woman; but her pale face had a curious charm for certain people, and I was one of them. We had been, in fact, very good friends: she knew that I admired and pitied her; she also knew that I did not wholly approve of her. I had been led more than once to discuss with her the marital relations of persons legally bound to each other, without any ties of sympathy or affection. I thought that in this case, while the husband made the worst, the wife clearly did not make the best, of their ill assorted union. She had taken the bitter, hopeless tone of one who has given up trying. And there was another graver—far graver—fault which I perceived in the course of time, but about which I did not conceive our intimacy sufficient to justify my speaking. She was not altogether truthful in the translation of every-day occurrences when speaking to Wilder. She had a habit of *arranging* facts—of cultivating tact to the point of duplicity—which constantly annoyed me. Interested in her as I was, this was the one string which jarred on me. While admitting how strong the temptation was to conceal the truth when the disclosure of it might be followed by a vulgar outbreak of wrath, I should have respected her more if she had faced it.

But she was not of the stuff of which heroines are made: rather a very woman, pliant, timorous, full of sweet wiles, and tender graces; capable, possibly, of great sacrifice, but with no moral courage.

Where had Brudenel met her, and how had this marriage come about? There probably was no mystery at all in this; but it puzzled me, just because of Mrs. Brudenel's demeanor. Him I had known, off and on, for many years, meeting him sometimes constantly, sometimes very rarely, as often happens with men who do not move in exactly the same orbit. He was an architect of considerable talent, rather a recluse in his habits, but a brilliant and pleasant companion, giving himself the trouble to expand whenever he went into society. It was rumored that his temper was violent at times; but of that I had seen nothing. It was also rumored that there was some unhappy history connected with his early life, which had caused him to remain unmarried until he was past forty. That spell had now been broken: I was not surprised that he had succumbed to the fascination of Mrs. Wilder.

Dinner was now over; and, leaving the laughter and the smoke of the joyous band at the other table, I sought the solitude of my little parlor, guarded over by the gods and goddesses, and lighted more effectually now by the ruddy glow of blazing pine logs than by the thin flames of the two consumptive-looking candles. It was just half-past eight by my watch, which lay on the table before me, as I dipped a pen in the ink-bottle, and began to write. At the same moment, I caught the shuffle of slipshod feet in the corridor; there was a knock at my door, and in response to my "Avanti," the rusty one appeared.

"A lady below asks if she can see the Signore."

"A lady? A lady for me? There must be some mistake."

"She asks for the Signore Inglese who arrived to-night."

I was dumb for a moment. Could it be. . . ? At all events, she must be admitted. I buttoned up my coat, thrust my feet back into my slippers, gave a glance round the room, and drew a chair near to the fire opposite me. A minute later the door was again opened by the rusty one, and a lady, thickly veiled, entered.

I knew her at once, before she removed

her veil and showed me Mrs. Brudenel's pale face.

"You are surprised to see me here," she began, with quivering lips, and speaking very rapidly. "You would be surprised under any circumstances; but doubly so after the way I met you to-day, Mr. Hamilton. . . . We were always such good friends . . . that is really why I am here . . . to beg of you to do me a great kindness."

I could only ask her to sit down, murmuring some conventional civility about "anything I could do to serve her." She dropped into the chair I had drawn forward, tearing the boa from her throat, and twisting it round her thin gloved hand as she spoke.

"What I am doing now is against all rule, I know, and you are the only person in the world to whom I would dare do it. But I know you won't misunderstand. You are so good. . . . You used to feel for me in bygone days . . . and . . . and you know George so well."

I could make neither head nor tail of this speech. How was I to reply? What had my sympathy with her past life to do with my knowledge of George Brudenel? I stood silent, waiting for her to continue.

"You knew all about it?" she said interrogatively. "You were in New York when my miserable married life came to an end, I think?"

"You mean Wilder's death?"

"No—no. That was comparatively lately. I mean our divorce."

She spoke very low, and her voice shook. For a moment I remained dumb. I then said slowly,

"No; I had left New York before that."

"At all events, you cannot have been surprised when you heard it. You saw how he treated me. You saw how wretched I was. At last, when he accused me of being unfaithful to him, I would not defend myself. I was thankful to be free at any cost. I did not think of the disgrace—I only thought of the freedom. My poor old father felt it very severely; but he took me back. His great object was that no one should learn the truth. And very few in England did learn it. The Wilders were obscure people, even in the United States; and my father was living in a small country town, where Americans never came. He always called

me his widowed daughter, and I passed for such."

"Yes?" I said, waiting for her to continue. She had stopped, her suppressed agitation rendering it difficult for her to speak. I poured out a glass of water that stood on the table; she put it to her lips, and went on.

"He only lived a few months. Then I was left alone. . . . George saw my portrait at a photographer's at Scarborough. I had had it done for my father. . . . Scarborough was very near us by rail. . . . He asked who I was . . . and found some one who knew me. . . . He never rested till he was introduced. . . . That is how it came about."

She had spoken with great difficulty, as though every word were torture to her. But now it seemed as though she expected me to say something—to prove, in short, that I comprehended the situation.

"Do I understand you that Brudenel married you, believing you to be a widow?"

She bowed her head. Then, in a voice still more faint and fluttering, she said,

"He was told I was so . . . and when I got to know him and to love him . . . I . . . I had not the courage to tell him the truth. . . . You . . . know how he is . . . so sensitive about a woman's name . . . about her honor. He could not have borne it. . . . Of course, it was wrong. . . . I see now *how* wrong . . . but . . . but, oh! what am I to do, Mr. Hamilton! We have been married now six months. It would make him mad—it would embitter our whole married life—if he knew! . . . That . . . that is why I have come to you . . . to implore you never to breathe a word to him about my past . . . or, anything. . . . If he found out you had known me formerly, he might question you. That is why I behaved as I did to-day—and why I am here now."

"You ought not to have done so," I returned quickly. "Where is Brudenel? If he thought you had come here—"

"I waited till he had gone to the billiard room. He goes there for half-an-hour after dinner every evening. Then I thought I had better come to you and explain."

"The sooner you get home, the better," I said, rising. "As you have come

to me, I must tell you frankly, Mrs. Brudenel, that I think you have acted very wrongly in this business; and, to avoid much worse complications, I see no way out of it, but your making a clean breast of the truth to your husband. It is hardly possible that he should not learn it sooner or later, and then it would be far worse for you."

"Oh! don't betray me! Don't, Mr. Hamilton! I know George—"

"You are quite safe with me. It is no concern of mine. You choose that we should be strangers to each other, and, as a matter of fact, I was ignorant of your divorce. But, since you have acquainted me with the fact, I urgently appeal to you to let Brudenel no longer remain in ignorance of it. He will probably be very angry at your not confessing the truth to him originally; but even more so at your continuing to deceive him. Believe me, it is the only thing to be done. He will forgive you now. He might not do so later."

Before she could reply, we both heard a voice we recognized in the passage and footsteps—that of the slip-shod one and another—approaching my door.

Mrs. Brudenel started to her feet, trembling violently. "It is George! O! Mr. Hamilton, I am lost!"

"You can get out through my room. There is another door into the passage. Quick!"

I half dragged her in, and pushed the door to; but it did not close tight. There was a knock at the other one, and it was opened at the same moment.

Brudenel was shown in.

His face did not wear the scowl of a suspicious husband: it was serene and friendly, as he came forward and grasped my hand. As for me, I own I was considerably perturbed, but did my best to conceal my discomfort.

"You wonder what brings me here?" he began, in almost the same words his wife had used. "After your saying you must be busy this evening, it's an unpardonable intrusion, and yet I think you'll pardon me when you know what brings me. I want your advice."

I heard what he said, as it were with one ear. The other listened—listened for the opening and shutting of a door in the adjoining room—but listened in vain. I was on tenter-hooks. What I said I can-

not remember; I know we sat down. Then, looking me full in the face,

"Have you known my wife long?" he asked, suddenly. I never felt so uncomfortable in my life. How was I to answer him, after my promise to Mrs. Brudenel? He must have caught that look of consternation on her face when she first saw me, and his suspicions thus have been roused. In which case, to deny our former acquaintance would be worse than useless.

"Has Mrs. Brudenel mentioned ever having met me before?" I said, after a moment's pause.

"No; but I saw instantly that she recognized you, and—though you did your best to control your surprise—that you recognized her. Now, before I consult you, as a friend, on a certain point, tell me when you knew my wife, and where."

"I last saw her in New York, about five years ago."

"You knew her husband?"

"I did."

"A bad lot."

"A very bad lot."

"When did he die?"

I fancied I heard a sound—a rustle—in the next room.

"I really don't know. . . . After I left New York I lost all trace of the Wilders."

"Thank you, Hamilton. My wife's avoidance of you is explained by the fact that you are connected in her mind with painful events, or, at least, a painful portion of her life. Now then, to tell you something of my own—something which, I believe, you have never heard. Did you know that I had been married before?"

"Married before? No; I never knew that."

"At nineteen, I fell passionately in love with a woman a good deal older than myself, and married her. My father, who knew her to be—like Wilder—'a bad lot,' did his best to break the marriage, but failed. I had to buy my experience, and a bitter one it was. We separated very soon; but for years this mill-stone hung round my neck. She lived abroad, and under another name, until, two years ago, she died—of drink. That is the tragedy in my life. That is the sore place, which, rightly or wrongly, I concealed from Mary when I asked her to marry me."

I could not be mistaken this time:

there was certainly a sound in the next room. The unhappy woman had not then taken advantage of the other exit! What was to be done? I was in a perfect fever lest she should betray her presence to her husband.

"Why did you not tell her?" I managed at last to stammer out.

"I knew my wife had her own sad past, the details of which she dreaded to entrust me with. She believed they would pain me too much. Perhaps she thought my love was not sufficient to stand such a strain. So, as she remained silent, why was I to speak? Why was I to distress her by confessing that I had once loved a woman as passionately as I now did her—a woman, degraded and untrue, who became my wife? But now I ask myself whether the time has not come for breaking this silence on both our parts. It is about this I am here to ask your advice."

"Perfect confidence—mutual confidence, if possible—is always best between man and wife," I began rapidly.

But he interrupted me. "That is all very well; but if, with deep affection on both sides, you cannot establish perfect confidence on the one—what then?"

"You have not tried," I answered. "My advice is, Go home at once, tell your wife everything, and—and urge her, beg her—to do likewise."

"Supposing she refuses?"

"I will undertake to say she will not refuse."

"You are a bold man to do that," he said, with something approaching to a smile. "My wife is an angel. But angels, I imagine, do not require courage. She is a rank coward. I will never force her, against her will, to confess the truth, and she will always shrink from telling me. . . ." He stopped short.

"What?" I asked, after a moment's hesitation.

"That she was not a widow, but a divorced woman when I married her."

He spoke the words slowly and distinctly. There was a little stifled cry, and a sound of something falling in the next room. We both started to our feet.

"Stay here," he said; and laid his hand upon my arm. "I know she is there. . . . I knew it all along. That is why I came. She never guessed that I knew the truth long before we married. She has shrunk from speaking so persistently, it seemed to me that a wall was growing up between us. How was it to be broken down? . . . This evening when we met, and I saw Mary's nervous terror, an idea occurred to me. I suspected she would appeal to you, and I knew I could trust you to give her sound advice. I resolved to follow her. I said, 'I also will appeal to Hamilton,'—and now, old friend, I think the Gordian knot of our difficulties is cut."

He pressed my hand, and passed into the next room.

There was a convulsive sob: a voice that cried, "Oh! George, can you forgive me?"

Then the door was shut; and I heard no more.

I did not see either Brudenel or his wife again that night. They passed silently out into the passage, and so home.

But the following day, before I left Orvieto, in the solemn half-light of the cathedral, two happy faces with outstretched hands came toward me. About the man's mouth played a smile of perfect confidence and satisfaction. In the woman's eyes was no longer the shadow of a nameless fear.—*National Review*.

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1ST MARCH, 1871.

IN the early morning of 1st March, 1871, Laurence Oliphant (who was then correspondent of the "Times") and I left the Hôtel Chatham to walk up the Champs Elysées to a balcony in the Avenue de la Grande Armée, from which we were to view the entry of the Germans into Paris. The sky was gray; the air was full of mist; not a soul was to be seen; the

shutters of every house were closed; a day of national humiliation could not have commenced more dismally. I remember that we felt an oppressive sensation of loneliness and gloom, which we communicated to each other at the same instant, and then laughed at the simultaneity of our thoughts.

At the Arch of Triumph were two men



in blouses, the first we met. They were staring through the mist at the Porte Maillot, and we proceeded to stare too, for it was from that gate that the entry was to be made. So far as we could see, the whole place was absolutely empty; but our eyes were not quite reliable; for the fog on the low ground was so thick that it was impossible to make out anything. That fog might be full of troops, for all we knew.

It was then about half-past seven, and as we had been told the night before that the advanced guard would come in at eight, we thought, after standing for some minutes on the heaps of gravel which had been thrown up during the siege to form a trench and barricade under and around the Arch, that we had better move on to our balcony. Meanwhile, however, some twenty or thirty other blouses, evil-faced and wretched, had come up, and eyed us with undisguised suspicion, and consulted each other, apparently, as to what we could be, and what they should do to us. We left them hesitating, and walked on.

A group of Englishmen gathered on that balcony—a dozen curious sight-seers. The owner of the house was Mr. Corbett, who was afterward minister at Stockholm; among the others, so far as I remember, were Mr. Elliot, the Duke of Manchester, Captain Trotter, and Lord Ronald Gower. Excepting the men in blouses about the Arch, who by this time had multiplied to at least a hundred, there was nobody within sight. The void was painful. Not a window was open (excepting in the rooms to which we had come); our balcony alone was peopled: one of the greatest historic spectacles of our time was about to be enacted in front of us; yet, save ourselves and the blouses, there was no public to contemplate it. The French who lived up there refused to look, or, if they did look, it was from behind their shutters. Such part of the educated population as were in Paris that day (most of them were absent) hid themselves in grief. We English represented the rest of the world, as we generally do on such occasions.

We gazed hard at the Porte Maillot, from which we were distant about a quarter of a mile; but though the mist had begun to lift a little, it was still too thick to allow anything to be distinguished clearly on the Neuilly road. We looked

and looked again in vain. It was not till we had waited, somewhat impatiently, for half an hour, that, at a quarter past eight, some one exclaimed, "I do believe I see moving specks out there beyond the gate." Up went all our glasses, and there they were! We recognized more and more distinctly six horsemen coming, and evidently coming fast, for they grew bigger and sharper as each second passed. One seemed to be in front, the other five behind.

As we watched eagerly they reached the open gate, dashed through it, and the instant they were inside the five behind spread out right and left across the broad avenue, as if to occupy it. The one in front, who, so far as we could see, had been riding until then at a canter, broke into a hand-gallop, and then into a full gallop, and came tearing up the hill. As he neared us we saw he was a hussar officer—a boy—he did not look eighteen! He charged past us, his sword uplifted, his head thrown back, his eyes fixed straight before him, and one of us cried out, "By Jove, if that fellow's mother could see him she'd have something to be proud of for the rest of her time!" The youngster raced on far ahead of his men, but at the Arch of Triumph the blouses faced him. So, as he would not ride them down in order to go through (and if he had tried it he would only have broken his own neck and his horse's too in the trench), he waved his sword at them, and at slackened speed passed round. We caught sight of him on the other side through the archway, his sword high up, as if he were saluting the vanquished city at his feet. But he did not stop for sentiment. He cantered on, came back, and as his five men had got up by that time (he had outpaced them by a couple of minutes), he gave them orders, and off they went, one to each diverging avenue, and rode down it a short distance to see that all was right.

The boy trotted slowly round and round the Arch, the blouses glaring at him.

The entry was over—that is to say, the Germans were inside Paris. That boy had done it all alone. The moral effect was produced. Nothing more of that sort could be seen from the balcony. We took it for granted that the rest, when it came, would only be a march past, and that thenceforth the interest of the drama would

be in the street. So to the street Oliphant and I returned, two others accompanying us. The remainder of the party, if I remember right, stopped where they were for some time longer.

Just as we got to the Arch the boy came round once more. I went to him and asked his name.

"What for?" he inquired.

"To publish it in London to-morrow morning."

"Oh! that's it, is it?" he remarked, with a tinge of the contempt for newspapers which all German officers display. "Well, I'm von Bernhardi, 14th Hussars. Only, if you're going to print it, please give my captain's name also; he's von Colomb."

(I heard, the last time I was in Germany, that the brave boy Bernhardi is dead, and that Colomb was then colonel of the King's Hussars, at Bonn.)

Five minutes later a squadron of the regiment came up, and Lieutenant von Bernhardi's command-in-chief expired. But the youngster had made a history for his name; he was the first German into Paris in 1871.

We stood among the blouses, and wondered whether they would wring our necks. We were clean, presumably we had money in our pockets, and I had spoken to a German—three unpardonable offences. No attack, however, was made on any of us for the moment. Now that I look back on the particular circumstances, I fail to comprehend why they were good enough to abstain.

More and more troops marched up, infantry and cavalry, but always in small numbers; the mass of the German army was at Longchamps, for the great review to be held that morning by the Emperor, and the 30,000 men who, under the convention of occupation, were to enter Paris (in reality, about 40,000 came), were not to appear till the review was over.

At nine o'clock the commander of the occupation (General von Kameke) rode in with an escort. At his side was Count Waldersee, who during the war had been chief of the staff to the Duke of Mecklenburg, to whose army Oliphant had been attached. Seeing Waldersee, Oliphant jumped out to greet him, shook hands with him warmly, chatted gayly, and, after showing various signs of intimacy, came back toward us laughing, as the

other rode on. This was, not unnaturally, too much for those of the blouses who saw it; and, before Oliphant could reach us, they rushed at him. Some hit him, some tried to trip him up; a good dozen of them were on him. A couple of us made a plunge after him, roared to the blouses that he was an Englishman, and that they had no right to touch him; and somehow (I have never understood how) we pulled him out undamaged, but a good deal out of breath and with his jacket torn. The blouses howled at us, and bestowed ungentle epithets on us, and followed us, and menaced; but we got away into another part of the constantly thickening crowd, and promised each other that we would speak no more that day to Germans. I need scarcely say that the mob was unchecked master, that the Germans would not have interfered in any fight that did not directly concern them, and that neither a French policeman nor a French soldier was present to keep order within the limits of the district fixed for the occupation. Those limits were—the Place de la Concorde on the east, the Faubourg St. Honoré and the Avenue des Ternes on the north, the Seine on the south.

By ten the sun had worked through the fog, and also, by ten, a considerable number of the inhabitants of Paris had become unable to resist the temptation of seeing a new sight, and had come out to the show. At that hour there must have been 30,000 or 40,000 people in the upper part of the Champs Elysées; the gloom of the early morning was as if it had not been; all was movement and brightness. The crowd, which in the afternoon we estimated at 100,000 to 150,000, was composed, for the greater part, of blouses; but mixed with them were a quantity of decent people, from all parts of the town, women and children as well as men, belonging, apparently, to the classes of small shopkeepers, employés, and workmen. From morning to night I did not perceive one single gentleman; nor was a shutter opened in the Champs Elysées. The upper strata kept out of sight; it was the other *couches*, especially the very lowest, that had come out.

Directly troops enough were in to supply pickets, sentries were posted at the street-corners; patrols were set going; a guard was mounted at the house of Queen Christina, in the Champs Elysées, which

had been selected for the German headquarters. We looked on at all this, at first with close attention, but by degrees the state of things grew rather dull. In times of great excitement, events seem to become stupid so soon as they cease, temporarily, to be dangerous. Besides, for the moment, the interest of the day had changed its place and nature; it was no longer in the German army, but in the French crowd; not in the entry, but in the reception. As we had rightly judged, the drama was in the street. So we stood about and watched the people, and talked to some of them, and thought that, on the whole, they behaved very well. Of course they would have done better still if they had stopped at home, and had left the Germans severely alone; but, as they had thought fit to come, they also thought fit to keep their tempers, which was creditable to them. So long as they were not provoked by some particular cause, they remained quiet and showed no rage. They wanted to behold a remarkable sight that was offered for their inspection, and though beyond doubt it vexed them, their vexation was not strong enough to check their curiosity. At least that was our impression from what we saw.

At half-past one I had wandered back alone to the Avenue de la Grande Armée, where the crowd had become very dense, filling up, indeed, the entire roadway. On the other side I saw a horseman trying to work his way through. It was Mr. W. H. Russell. I could not get to him to speak, but I knew by his presence there that the review (to which he had ridden from Versailles) was over, and that, before very long, the real march in would commence. It did not occur to me at the moment that Mr. Russell was doing a risky thing in cutting across the mob on a prosperous horse, which manifestly had not gone through the siege-time in Paris. It was not till some hours later that I learned how nearly the mob had killed him.

At last, at two o'clock, thick dust arose outside the Porte Maillot, and I made out with my glass that the people were being pressed back at the gate, and that troops were advancing slowly—for the mob would not make way, and the Germans were patient and gentle with them. The head of the column got up creepingly as far as the Arch of Triumph; but then came a dead block. The gathering of people filled up

the Place de l'Etoile and the upper part of the Avenue des Champs Elysées, and packed it all so solidly that often, for minutes at a time, the cavalry could not move ahead. A good half-hour passed before space was cleared for the Emperor's headquarters staff; and even then, for nearly another half-hour after the staff had reached the Neuilly side of the Arch, they had to sit still upon their horses, unable to progress one yard.

And what a staff it was! With the exception of the Crown Prince Frederick, every prince in the army—and that meant almost every prince in Germany—and heaps of officers of high rank, had come up from the review to take part in the ride in. At their head, alone, sat the late Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg, taking precedence as the senior reigning sovereign present. Behind him were rows on rows of members of the royal and historic families of Germany, some twenty in a row, and, including aides-de-camp and orderlies, some thirty rows! In every sort and color of uniform, they stretched across the full width of the great Avenue from curbstone to curbstone, and would have filled up the pathways too if they had not been already choked with French spectators. I had the good fortune to work my way to the corner of the pavement where the Place de l'Etoile opens out, and there I stood and gazed.

The sun shone splendidly; the mob stared silently; the princes waited tranquilly.

I recognized many faces that I had got to know at Versailles during the siege. I saw Meiningens, and Hohenzollern, and Altenburgs, and Lippes, and Reuss, and Pless, and Schoenburgs, Waldecks, Wieds, Hohenlohes, and Mecklenburgs, and other names that are written large in the chronicles of the Fatherland.

And as I went on looking, my eyes fell on to the front rank, and the fourth man in that rank was—Bismarck.

His right hand was twisted into his horse's mane; his helmeted head hung down upon his chest, so low that I could perceive nothing of his face except the tip of his nose and the ends of his mustache. There he sat, motionless, evidently in deep thought. After I had watched him for a couple of minutes (I need scarcely say that, having discovered him, I ceased to look at anybody else), he raised his head

slowly and fixed his eyes on the top of the Arch, which was just in front of him, some eighty yards off. In that position he remained, once more motionless, for a while. I did my best—he was only the thickness of three horses from me—to make out the expression of his face, which was then fully exposed to me; but there was no marked expression on it. At that moment of intense victory, when all was won, inside surrendered Paris, with the whole world thinking of him, he seemed indifferent, fatigued, almost sad.

Suddenly I saw that his horse's head was moving from the line; he was coming out. He turned to the right, in my direction; he raised his hand to the salute as he passed before his neighbors to the end of the rank, came straight toward me, and guided his horse in between the column of officers and the tightly jammed crowd on the pavement. It seemed impossible he could find room to pass, so little space was there; but pass he did. The top of his jackboot brushed hard against my waistcoat; but with all my desire to get out of his way I could not struggle backward, because of the denseness of the throng behind me. No Frenchman recognized him. I have wondered since what would have happened if I had told the people who he was. Would they have gaped at him in hating silence? Would they have cursed him aloud? Would they have flung stones at him? Or would they, as a safer solution, have battered me for the crime of knowing him by sight? He rode on slowly down the hill, making his way with difficulty. I heard next day that, once outside the gate, he trotted straight back to Versailles.

So, on that marvellous occasion—an occasion which he, of all men, had most contributed to create—he did not enter Paris after all (beyond the Arch of Triumph, I mean). A friend to whom I told this story some years later, took an opportunity to ask him what was his reason for riding away and for taking no further part in the day's work. He answered, "Why, I saw that all was going on well, and that there would be no row: I had a lot to do at Versailles, so I went and did it." If that was in reality his sole motive, he proved that he possessed, at that period of his life, a power of self-control which he has lost since; for it must have cost him a good deal to forego the splendid satis-

faction of consummating his work by heading the triumphal progress down the Champs Elysées.

At the moment when this happened I was separated from Oliphant; but as we had fixed upon a trysting-place close by, I was able to find him soon, and to tell him of the sight I had just witnessed. He was sorry he had not seen it too, for he was curious about the mental ways of Count Bismarck (as he was then).

At last the cavalry in front succeeded in opening out a way. But what a way! It was a twisting narrow path, all zigzags, curves, and bends; not twenty yards of it were straight. The French stood doggedly; they would not move. With infinite patience, avoiding all brutality, excepting here and there when some soldier lost his temper for a moment and used the flat of his sword, the Germans ended by squeezing the mob just enough to form a crooked lane a few yards wide, between two walls of people, and down that lane the first part of the solemn entry (the only part I saw) was performed. It was not an effective spectacle, nor did the German army, otherwise than by their mere presence there, represent a conquering host; they were vastly too polite for victors, and vastly too irregular for a phalanx. Regarded either as a military pageant or as a blaze of triumph, the entry was a failure. Decidedly young Bernhardt had the best of it. There was sore talking afterward, among the troops that had not come in, about the sacrifice of the glory of Germany to fanciful ideas of respect for the vanquished.

The march down the Champs Elysées commenced about three o'clock, but we did not care to follow it; it was difficult to see anything at all, so wedged in was the column; and, furthermore, we had eaten nothing for nine hours and were desperately hungry. So, as some one told us that a *café* was open at the corner of the Avenue de l'Alma, we went off to it, in hopes. Most happily the report was true; only the place was so crammed with devouring Germans that we could obtain scarcely anything. To punish the owner for feeding the foe, the blouses had the kindness to pull that *café* to pieces two days afterward, at the moment of the evacuation.

And then we strolled again, and stood about, and listened to the talk of the



mob, and noticed more and more that, though full of a dull hate against the enemy, the hate was in no way violent. Curiosity, as I have already said, was more vigorous than rage. Sometimes a blouse would curse an officer, or sneer at one, or even lift a threatening hand (though that was rare); but, on the whole, they were very quiet, and they all ran for their lives if, here and there, a too aggressively provoked German made pretence to ride at them or to raise his sword. I cannot sufficiently repeat that, taking into account the realities of the position, the crowd behaved well. There was some laughing, and a good deal of amused comment on the appearance of the Germans; some scoffed at them, especially at the few who wore the Frederick the Great mitre shakos of the Foot Guards; but some again frankly praised the height and size, and particularly the aristocratic bearing, of many of the officers. A woman at my side gave vent simultaneously to her artistic appreciation of them, and to her indignation at being forced involuntarily to admire them, by exclaiming, "C'est dégoûtant comme ils sont distingués!"

It was only on the fringes of the crowd, so far as I saw and heard, that attacks were made and cruelties committed, and even there, only against persons who spoke to Germans, or were suspected of being "spies," whatever that might mean. A friend of mine saw a young woman, smartly dressed, but pale and seemingly half starved, trying to talk to some officers at the corner of the Rue de Presbourg in the Avenue Joséphine (now the Avenue Marceau). And then, when she turned away from them, he also saw, to his sickening disgust, a band of blackguards rush at her. Within half a minute all her clothes were torn from the unhappy creature, and she was cruelly beaten; and there she stood, shrieking, in the sunlight, with nothing left untattered on her but her stays and boots, and her bare flesh bleeding everywhere from cuts. And this was what those ruffians called "patriotism!" An hour later I was told that another woman, for a similar offence, had been thrown into the Seine; but my informant had not seen it with his own eyes, as in the other case. Of course these atrocities were the work of the filthiest scum of the population.

By five o'clock, when the troops off

duty had been dismissed, the door of every house in the Champs Elysées, and in all the streets within the area of occupation, bore chalk-marks indicating the regiment and the number of men to be billeted there; and there began to be a clearance in the roadway. So, as there was little to see that we had not already seen, Oliphant and I went to the Embassy, passing through the Faubourg on our way, and observing that the limits of the occupation were guarded on each side by German and by French sentries, face to face, and sometimes not a yard apart. We thought that was not pleasant for the French. At the Embassy we found, as well as I remember, the present Sir E. Malet, the present Sir F. Lascelles, Mr. Barrington, and Mr. Wodehouse. They told us about Mr. W. H. Russell, who, after he had passed me in the Avenue de la Grande Armée, had been set upon by the crowd, who tried to drag him from his horse and lynch him. They took him for an isolated German, in plain clothes, and thought the opportunity was excellent. Nevertheless, by pluck and luck, he had managed to gallop on to the shelter of the Embassy, left his horse there, proceeded on foot to the Northern Station, got to London at midnight, by special boat and train, wrote several columns for the morning's "Times," went to bed, and next day returned to Paris.

We heard, at the same time, that Mr. Archibald Forbes had been knocked over for speaking to a German, and rather hurt, but that he had been rescued by some of the more decent French members of the crowd, and taken, as prisoner, to the nearest Mairie, where he had been released.

After resting for awhile, we went back into the Champs Elysées by the Embassy garden-gate in the Avenue Gabriel, so as to avoid the pressure in the Faubourg. We fancied that the French had already grown somewhat accustomed to the presence of the "Prussians," as they called all the Germans indiscriminately. It was evident they did not yet consider them to be *nos amis les ennemis*, as in 1814, but they had got so far as to look at them with relative calm and much inquisitiveness, and here and there a word or two was exchanged, with looks that were not unkind. The Germans generally were studiously civil, and even respectful; it

was clear that stringent orders had been given them to put on their best behavior. As one example of their conduct, I was told next day by a priest who lived in the Rue du Colysée—that is to say, within the occupied district—that nearly all the soldiers saluted him in the streets.

A Uhlan band was playing in the Place de la Concorde; the sun had set; evening was coming down; we were tired; so we went to dinner at the Hôtel with the feeling that we had been through a memorable day.

In conclusion I must add, as part of the story, that if the march in was a failure, the march out was a splendor.

The Germans expected to remain in Paris for a few days, until the Treaty of Peace was ratified; but in consequence of the rapidity with which the assembly at Bordeaux despatched their work of confirmation, the ratifications reached Versailles on the afternoon of 2d March, and the occupation had to come to an end next morning. On the evening of the 2d I received the following note from a friend in the French Ministry for Foreign Affairs:—

“Les ratifications ont été échangées tantôt à Versailles. Les Prussiens évacuent Paris demain matin. Le Roi devait faire demain son entrée solennelle à Paris. Il a été désagréablement surpris de nous trouver en règle aujourd'hui.”

So, next morning, Oliphant and I started off once more to the Arch of Triumph; only, as the Champs Elysées were crammed with troops, we walked by the Boulevard Haussmann. On reaching the Faubourg St. Honoré, at the bottom of the Avenue Friedland, we were stopped by the French cordon, and at the Rue de Tilsit were stopped again by the German pickets; but we had a pass for each, and got through. I believe I am correct in saying that we two were the sole spectators on the Place de l'Etoile, which was rigorously guarded on every side; at all events, we saw no one else, and most certainly we stood alone under the Arch.

The barricade had been demolished by the Germans, the trench had been filled up, the ground had been levelled, and the

entire force strode through the great Arcade.

As each regiment reached the circular enclosure, its colonel raised his sword and shouted the command to cheer, and then his men tore off their helmets, their busbies, or their czapkas, tossed them on their bayonets, their swords, or lances, and, heads flung back and eyes upturned in maddening excitement, and faces frantic with enthusiasm, they roared and yelled, and shrieked out hurrah! and gaped with wild laughter, as they marched on, at the names of their father's defeats chiselled on the stone above them—defeats which they were then effacing.

Some 40,000 of them poured beneath the Arch in utter intoxication of delight, exulting, triumphing. It was difficult to believe that the scene was real, so flaming was the paroxysm of rejoicing.

Oliphant and I grew hot as we gazed at that tremendous parade and hearkened to that prodigious pean, and told each other, almost in a reverent whisper, that at last we knew what military glory meant. Never have I passed since in view of the Arch of Triumph without remembering vividly that soul-stirring spectacle.

When the last man was through and General Kameke's staff had closed the column, the dragoon sentries at the heads of the Avenues backed their horses in and formed a rear-guard, facing the howling mob which had followed the retiring army up the Champs Elysées. That mob pressed on, and whooped, and execrated, and defied. It was so easy to do all that at the tail of the occupation!

The German tread, the German march music, the German shouts, faded gradually out of hearing; there was a vast cloud of dust in the sunlight above the Neuilly road; and all was over.

Then came a cruel contrast. A picket of French soldiers, with lowered arms and faces full of shame, passed slowly through the crowd to reoccupy the Porte Maillot. The blouses remained masters of Paris, and, a fortnight later, made the Commune.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

## WAVES.

BY EMMA MARIE CAILLARD.

IN how many connections is this word used! Waves of water, waves of sound, waves of light, waves of thought. We are familiar with all these expressions and probably with several others of the same kind; yet it is not unlikely that many readers of the present paper are only able to form a clear mental conception of the first-named waves—of water—and even to define these might not prove so very easy a task. A leading physicist has remarked, rather sarcastically, that all most people could say about a wave is, "something which moves up and down on the surface of the sea." Even the observation of "most" people, however, would lead them to so far amplify this description as to add that the "something" does not move up and down in the same place but progresses in a defined direction, so that, if the observer be standing on the shore, the wave will presently roll in and break at his feet. Possibly some people, we will not say "most," would so far commit themselves as to assert that it is the water which thus advances. But it is not the water; it is a shape assumed in turn by succeeding portions of the water, which is possessed of the onward movement, no particle of the water itself having any motion of translation but only one up and down, or, rather, apparently up and down, for the real motion of the particles in a wave of water is ascertained to be circular or elliptical. A body or particle thus oscillating about its position of rest, and taking always the same length of time to perform one complete excursion, is said to be in vibration; and if it yields up its vibratory movement to another particle or particles of the same medium, performing the same excursion in the same length of time, and these again to others, the vibration becomes a *wave*, though not necessarily of the shape with which we are familiar in water, for the shape of a wave depends upon certain properties of the medium through which it is propagated, and that medium may be a solid or a gas instead of a liquid. The best general definition which can be given of a wave, therefore, is "a disturbance periodic in

time and space," for this includes all kinds of waves in all kinds of media.

In water-waves it is easy to see that the vibration of the particles composing them, does not take place in the line of propagation but across it, for each complete wave consists of a crest and a furrow, so that the portion of water composing it is alternately raised above and depressed below the surface level along which the wave is advancing. Waves of this kind, in which the vibration is perpendicular to the line of propagation, are called *transverse waves*; they can only be transmitted through a medium possessing the property of resistance to distortion which belongs (though in a small degree compared to solids) to water and all liquids. Air, and in fact all gases, are devoid of it, and consequently waves transmitted through them are not transverse, but longitudinal—*i.e.*, the vibrating particles move to and fro *in* the line of propagation instead of *across* it. If, therefore, we could see a sound-wave travelling through the air, it would not appear as an undulation with crest and furrow, but as an alternate condensation and rarefaction. But waves of sound cannot be seen; we are conscious of their existence through our organs of hearing alone. The waves which affect our eyes and create, through the sensation which they excite in the brain by means of the optic nerve, the marvellous power of sight, are waves of light; and these are not transmitted through the air, or through any material substance with which we are familiar, for they pass without hindrance through the most perfect vacuum procurable by the most refined modern appliances. Do they, then, travel through empty space? A moment's reflection will show that this is impossible; a wave must be a wave of something; we cannot have a wave of nothing, and therefore if light really travels in waves (of which positive experimental proof has been given, and will presently be referred to), there must be a medium filling all space and capable of transmitting those peculiar vibrations of which the waves of light consist. Such a medium exists and is known to physi-

cists by the name of *ether*. Nor are we indebted to it for the propagation of light alone; heat is brought to us in the same way; and more recent researches show that the ether is also the vehicle by which electrical energy is transmitted. Before entering further on this branch of the subject, it will be of interest to explain what kind of experimental proof has been given that the transmission of light by waves through an invisible and impalpable medium really takes place, and why it is considered so conclusive; and for this purpose it will be necessary to make a brief return to the more familiar waves of water.

All visitors to the sea-shore must be more or less well acquainted with the phenomenon about to be described, though perhaps but few realize the widespread and important part which it plays in the natural order. A harbor is frequently improved and enlarged by the erection of a breakwater, for the sake, as it is said, of "breaking the force of the waves;" and this seems so satisfactory an explanation that it is received without comment. Yet, after all, why should a breakwater produce this effect? For, since the same body of water exists on both sides, there appears at first sight no reason why it should be calmer on one than on the other. The cause of its being so is an action of wave upon wave, known by the name of *Interference*, and occasioned, in this instance, by the advancing waves being turned back on their successors by the obstacle erected for the purpose. Many of these reflected waves either partially or entirely neutralize the effect of the direct waves, and consequently only a small portion of the general disturbance reaches the landward side of the breakwater. It seems strange that two added motions should cause stillness; yet the reason will be easily understood by remembering that every wave consists of a crest and a furrow. If, therefore, one wave meets or overtakes another so that crest tends to coincide with furrow, and furrow with crest, the same water particles are acted on by two opposing forces, one tending to raise and the other to depress them. Consequently, if these forces are equal the particles cannot move at all; if they are unequal the motion will be represented by the difference between the two forces. If, however, the waves meet or overtake one another, so that crest tends to join crest and

furrow, furrow, the result of the added motions is increased motion, and the combined waves will be larger than either taken singly. Particles of waves which meet, so that crest actually coincides with crest and furrow with furrow, are said to be in the same *phase* of vibration; those which neutralize one another are said to be in opposite phases; and in the case of sound, it is easy, by means of a suitable arrangement of tuning-forks, to illustrate both effects of interference, and to produce intensified sound, or silence, at will. If one system of waves is a whole wave length, or any even number of half-wave lengths in advance of another, whenever the two coincide the waves are reinforced; if one system is half a wave length, or any uneven number of half-wave lengths in advance of the second, then the coinciding waves tend to destroy one another,—by a wave length being meant the distance between two sets of particles which are in the same phase of vibration,—(in water waves it would be the distance between crest and crest, or furrow and furrow).

This principle of interference is peculiar to wave-motion; if, therefore, we find in nature phenomena which can be explained by interference, but which are either not so satisfactorily, or not at all explicable by any other cause, we may safely conclude that they are referable to this action of wave upon wave. Such phenomena exist in the case of light, and were first satisfactorily investigated by the great English physicist, Young, toward the close of the last century. Long before his time it had been known that superposed lights could be made partially or wholly to destroy one another, and this fact was considered to be a final proof of the non-materiality of light, since it was inconceivable that the combination of two substances should result in annihilation of both. Young perceived, however, that something more was indicated by the result of these experiments than the mere fact of the non-materiality of light; and by means of two small pencils of light from the same source, which he received on a screen and allowed to overlap one another, he produced a series of brilliantly-colored bright and dark bands, which disappeared if one of the small apertures by which the pencils of light were admitted was stopped up. This showed that the bands must be produced by the action of



the light from one aperture on that from another, and the principle of interference supplied at once an explanation; the dark bands were produced by destructive interference of the waves of light, the bright bands by reinforcing interference. Young's experiments were not, however, considered perfectly conclusive, and it was not until an ingenious modification of them by the brilliant Frenchman, Fresnel, had removed even the possibility of doubt as to their correct explanation by the wave theory, that the latter attained to a position of decided predominance in the minds of all those qualified to form an opinion on the subject. Even then there remained a series of phenomena which could not be understood by means of the wave theory of light, because Young and his followers supposed that the ether-vibrations were longitudinal, like sound-waves. Fresnel removed this last difficulty by introducing the hypothesis, since verified, that the vibrations of light are transverse, and thenceforth the wave theory was found adequate to explain all the phenomena to which it has been applied, and it remains consequently in undisputed possession of the field.

It was stated a page or two back that not only are waves of light propagated through the ether, but that this same medium transmits also waves of heat and of electrical energy. With regard to heat, we know that light is invariably accompanied by heat, and we know also that a dark body can emit heat, and that by further heating it can be made to glow and emit light. Further, we know that there are lights of different colors, all of which we sometimes see in the rainbow, or when the ray of white light has been passed through a prism, and there appears upon the screen on which it falls what is known as its "spectrum." These different colors are due to the fact that the waves of light are of different lengths; the longest waves in the visible spectrum are those which give the impression of red, the shortest those which give the impression of violet, and between them lie all the other colors. Now, if a delicate thermometer be passed through the different colors of the spectrum, it will be found that the temperature rises as the red end is approached, and that, when actually held in the red, the thermometer reads higher than at any other part of the visible spectrum, while

just beyond the red it reads higher still. Since we know that the red waves are the longest of the waves of light, we necessarily infer from this experiment that the difference between visible ether-waves or light, and invisible ether-waves or heat, lies in the wave-length alone, so that if the light-waves were made longer they would become dark heat-waves, and if the dark heat-waves were made shorter they would become light-waves. The terms long and short, however, must not be understood as having any but a relative meaning. Almost inconceivable shortness characterizes even the "long" red waves, more than 35,000 of which would be required to cover an inch of space, while of the "short" violet waves it would take over 60,000. Nor are these the shortest, for just beyond the visible violet waves lies the region of the most active actinic or chemical waves, whose presence is made known by their photographic and other effects. Within a small distance of either end of the spectrum, however, the invisible waves appear to cease; beyond the ultra-red region the thermometer falls to the temperature of the room; beyond the ultra-violet region no chemical effects are produced. Are we then to infer from this that the waves have come to an end? By no means. All that we are justified in concluding is, that in the one instance they have become too long to affect the mercury in the thermometer, and in the other too short to be perceived by our organs of sight. Beings a little differently constituted from ourselves might easily feel or see that which is imperceptible to us, and it is, in fact, thought that the eyes of some insects are sensitive to waves of light too short to affect our coarser organs.

Let us, however, leave the very short ether waves, and turn our attention to those which are not only relatively but actually long, for there appears to be no limit to the length of the waves which can be propagated through the ether, and those of which mention is about to be made may measure many hundreds or thousands of miles. Such waves as these, however, are not started by the same kind of disturbance which gives rise to the waves of heat and of light. The sun or a lamp emits both these last; an electric discharge, or the make and break of a galvanic circuit or the rapidly alternating elec-

tric currents of which we hear so much in electric lighting, give rise to the first. Nevertheless, the sole difference between these enormously long waves and the almost infinitesimally short waves of light is that of wave-length; even their velocity is the same, which shows that the constitution of the ether must be very different from that of any form of matter with which we are acquainted, for in general wave-length affects the velocity of propagation.

The existence of these long ether waves, and their identity, save in the single respect of wave-length, with those which we call light, have for many years been considered certain by mathematicians; but the experimental proof (into which want of space prevents our entering here, but which was in all respects analogous to that described above in the case of light, save that it was of an electrical nature), was given only four years ago by Professor Hertz, a German physicist. Since that time many corroborative experiments have been made and further researches undertaken, which all combine to indicate that the establishment of the "electro-magnetic theory of light," as it is called, on a firm experimental basis, is likely to prove as fruitful of great scientific results as any discovery which has been made in the present century.

Difference of wave-length in the ether causes the difference between waves of light, of heat, and of electrical energy; and also, as we have seen, between the colors of the spectrum. Difference of wave-length in sonorous bodies and in air causes the difference in pitch of all the various sounds, musical and other, with which the world is filled. But besides difference of color and difference of pitch, we may have difference in intensity. Two lights of the same color are by no means always of the same brightness. Of two

musical notes of the same pitch, one may be very much louder than the other. Wave-length has nothing to do with this. Intensity, whether of light or of sound, depends upon *amplitude of vibration*—i.e., upon the distance traversed by the vibrating particles during one semi-oscillation. The greater the amplitude the brighter will be the light, or the louder the sound, in water the higher will be the wave; and in all cases what is meant by the "dying away" of the light, the sound, or the wave-disturbance in the water, is the gradual decrease of amplitude until at last the vibration ceases altogether and the particles are at rest.

And here we must close a most inadequate sketch of a very great subject, without more than referring to the "waves of thought," which many people as yet consider to be nothing but a figure of speech, but which may possibly be proved in the future to have quite as "objective" an existence as waves of light or of sound. Even the brief remarks that have been made, however, give illustration of the marvellous multififormity in unity which science teaches us to find in nature. Who, on a merely superficial observation, could have supposed that the gorgeous hues of the sunset, the splendor of the star-filled sky, the thousand delicate varieties of color which beautify a summer landscape, the equally subtle differences between sound and sound which fill the air with music, are all made perceptible to us by varying forms of that same apparently "common" motion which a stone thrown into a country pond may exemplify. Truly we can but feel as we reflect on these things that the "inner secret of material nature must be even more wonderful than we supposed," and that not man only, but the whole universe of which he is conscious, is "fearfully and wonderfully made."—*Good Words*.

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"REQUIESCAT IN PACE."

Is *requiescat in pace* a prayer or not? If it is not a prayer but only a wish, is it the better for being only a wish and not so much as a prayer? And is the Church of England to be taught that we may wish that it may be God's will,—though we may not pray that it may be

God's will,—to save souls of whose fate we are in doubt? It would appear from the letter of the Rector of Odd Rode, Cheshire, in Monday's *Times*, that the result of the controversy as to asking prayers for the dead which was raised in relation to the inscription on the tomb of Mr.

George Hamilton Crump's widow and of his elder son, is that the Court has accepted *requiescat in pace* in lieu of the suggested request for prayers on behalf of their souls. We suppose this means that *requiescat in pace* is something short of a prayer, and is *all the better* for being short of a prayer. It seems to us a very odd sort of theology to maintain that we may legitimately hope for what we may not legitimately pray for. What is prayer, except the expression of a fervent desire subject to the better and purer will of the Almighty? We pray for rain with submission to God's will if our prayer is not in conformity with it. Why may we not pray for the salvation of human souls under the same conditions? We suppose the view to be that we do not know for certain that God's will in respect to rain may not be in part determined by the character of the prayers we put up; but that God's will in relation to the salvation of souls is finally determined by the state of those souls at death, and can never afterward be affected by any human petition. But we should like to know the justification for that assumption. There is none, so far as we know, in any passage of Scripture, nor are we ever warned that we may legitimately hope for that for which we may not pray. It seems to us that the whole assumption that there is a gross superstition in praying for the dead, is rooted in a confusion between the notion that the soul can be *bought* out of purifying suffering by a multitude of purchased masses, and the notion that, with due submission to God, we may pour out our hearts to him in the confidence that by so doing we shall gain something for those whom he has given us the grace to love, as well as relieve and soften our own hearts by frank and passionate prayer. The difference between the two doctrines seems to be this, that in the one case we flatter ourselves that by the mere repetition of a great rite we can alter the will of God, and that in the other we only assume that what God himself inspires us to press upon him with all the urgency of ardent love, it can hardly be perfectly useless for us to express to him, even as regards the fate of those on whose behalf we pray.

It seems to us that the cut-and-dried theological objection to prayers for the dead strikes at the very root of all prayer. If prayer is not to be the full and free and

unreserved pouring-out of the heart to God, it is little or nothing. And it cannot be the full and free and unreserved pouring-out of the heart to God, if it is to be forever choked by the supposition that in such matters as these, God acts without any kind of reference to the affections of his creatures. In order that we may not have our hearts choked by that oppressive and suffocating conviction, the whole scope of Revelation has been one long lesson against it. From its very opening we are taught that God does take account of the prayers and acts of his creatures, even when it seems least likely that he will do so; that Abraham's prayer for Sodom would have been effectual, even if there had been only ten righteous men in it; that Elijah's prayer brought rain to Israel; that Elisha's prayer brought back the life of the Shunamite woman's child; that the repentance of Nineveh averted its doom; that the Son of God himself prayed for his enemies on the Cross, in the full assurance that his prayer would be heard and answered; that the first martyr uttered a similar prayer in a similar confidence;—that God, in short, has given us his assurance in every form in which he could give it, that his will does take account of all prayer that comes from the heart, and, in some fashion which we cannot fathom, shapes the laws of his universe so that they are substantially modified in their course and effects by the prayers which rise from men's feeble lips, even though the actual effects be not precisely those which we specify, but rather those which it would have been expedient for us to specify, had our foresight been greater and our fortitude higher. If this be not the Christian conception of prayer, we know not what is. And it seems to us childish and faithless to exclude on the slenderest grounds one large province from the domain of prayer,—and that, too, one which is the most natural and essential to free communion between man and God. If prayers for the dead are to be excluded by any dogma as to what is and what is not the date at which God's will is finally made up as to man's salvation, how little there is for which we could pray with any confidence. We do not know what is foreordained. Many who believe earnestly in prayer, yet hold that everything is foreordained, including our prayers themselves which are

part and parcel of that foreordaining. That is not, to our minds, a true and natural interpretation of the freedom of the human will, but it is a far truer and better interpretation of the divine will than any which forbids and excludes some of the most natural and irresistible of the attitudes of human emotion in communion with God. Those who forbid prayer for the dead seem to forget that some of the most singular and characteristic doctrines of Christ seem expressly intended to teach us that a perfected and purified human character is intended to form an essential part even in the *government* of God. The Saints are not merely to be the doers of God's will, they are in some sense to be his colleagues and partners in the rule of his universe, after they have been lifted into the divine sphere. Surely this would never have been revealed to us in our present infirm and helpless state,—to which a lesson of this kind seems quite inappropriate,—if it had not been intended to strengthen that freedom and confidence in our communion with God, which is the natural beginning and germ of such a privilege as that of future co-operation in his divine government. There is nothing that Christianity seems to labor at so carefully, as its endeavor to extinguish that false humiliation which is really fatal to true humility, and which, by extirpating all sense of worthiness in man, extirpates also the sense of his unworthiness too. Indeed, the most characteristic difference between Christianity and almost all powerful forms of Oriental religion is this,—that while Mohammedanism and Buddhism, for instance, do all in their power to lower to the last point the self-respect of man and to make him feel his perfect nothingness, Judaism and the Christianity which sprang from Judaism did all they could to make him feel of what infinite importance he is in the sight of God, to strengthen his will and elevate his affections, and altogether to invigorate his character by the conviction that he is gradually to be raised to some sort of humble co-operation with God in the active control of the universe as well as the government of the mind. No doubt all this

is to be a result of the operation of God's grace, but still it *is* to be the result of that operation, and for that purpose man has been taught by every way in which he could be so taught that men's affections and hopes and even wishes, so far as they are innocent, are in no way indifferent to God, but are to be taken into the fullest account in the divine government of the world.

It seems to us, then, that there is no earnest wish which men can properly form which should not be, and ought not to be, the subject of prayer,—not of course but that many of our earnest wishes, perhaps the majority of them, are unwise, but that they are much less likely to be unwise if we get into the habit of confiding them steadily and frankly to God, than if we get into the habit of dealing with them as if they were altogether unworthy of being communicated to him. Hartley Coleridge has put this better far than the theologians do, in one of his simple and beautiful sonnets:—

"Be not afraid to pray,—to pray is right.  
Pray if thou canst with hope, but ever pray,  
Though hope be weak, or sick with long delay;  
Pray in the darkness, if there be no light.  
Far is the time, remote from human sight,  
When war and discord on the earth shall cease,  
Yet every prayer for universal peace  
Averts the blessed time to expedite.  
Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of heaven,  
Though it be what thou canst not hope to see;  
Pray to be perfect, though the material  
    leaven  
Forbid the spirit so on earth to be;  
But if for any wish thou dar'st not pray,  
Then pray to God to take that wish away."

That seems to us to contain the whole gist of the controversy. Is it right to wish "*requiescat in pace*"? If so, it is right to pray for the repose of those who are no longer in this world. Is it wrong to pray for their repose? Then we should "pray to God to take that wish away." But where is the dogmatist, however sternly evangelical, who could pray to God to extinguish in his heart the wish that "*requiescat in pace*" breathes?—*The Spectator*.



## COLOR VISION.

BY PRINCE KROPOTKIN.

WE are so much accustomed to receive through the eyes an infinite variety of luminous impressions that in our daily life we seldom make a distinction between light and colors, considered as physical facts, and our own sensations of the same. We get into the habit of considering colors as something inherent to the colored things, and hardly take notice of the continuous changes in the coloration of our surroundings, which are going on in accordance with the changing position of the sun or the brightness of the sky. Still less do we realize the differences in the sensations awakened in different persons by the very same luminous rays, and we always feel amazed when we meet with a color-blind man who finds nothing particularly interesting in a glorious sunset, because he cannot see the crimson tinting of the clouds, or with another who maintains that a cherry and the surrounding leaves are of the same color. And yet, as soon as we endeavor to follow the course of a beam of light, from the moment it has left the sun or the lamp till the moment it becomes a perception in our brain, we at once discover a gap, not yet filled up by science, between the physical fact and the sensations it awakens in our nervous system.

When our eye receives luminous vibrations from an object, and produces, on a smaller scale, a colored image of the object on the retina, it acts so far as a lens in the photographer's camera. But exactly as luminous energy must be transformed into chemical energy, within the layer of silver salts which covers the photographic plate, before the image is fixed on the plate, so also the energy of luminous vibrations has to be transformed into nervous energy, within the ramifications of the optical nerve which form the retina, before the thus produced irritation is transmitted to the visual centres of the brain. And the question which has preoccupied science for more than a hundred years is, how the transformation of one energy into the other is effected.

The same difficulty obviously exists for all the other senses. The very fact that the nerves of vision, hearing, smell, taste, and touch, all issue from the cerebro-

spinal system, spread in countless ramifications, fibres and layers of cells in the eye, the ear, the nose, the tongue, and the skin; and that each of these ramifications, on being irritated by any agency (electricity, heat, the point of a needle, or pressure), always produces its own specific sensation of light, sound, odor, taste, or touch—this very fact shows that a transformation of energies must take place in the terminals of the nerves, which may be considered as so many outer ramifications of the brain. For the sense of hearing only, the transformation is explained in a more or less satisfactory manner. According to the theory worked out by Helmholtz, each one of the very numerous fibres which make the terminals of the auditory nerve in the ear can be irritated, like a resonator, by vibrations of one determined frequency only. If we have in a room a series of strings of different lengths, and sing in this room a note of such height that its number of vibrations exactly equals the number of vibrations which can be entered upon by one of the strings, this string resounds, answering to our voice. So also with the ear: when a musical sound of, say, a thousand vibrations in the second reaches the internal ear, the special fibre which can be affected by vibrations of this frequency is stimulated, and the sensation is conveyed to the brain. Each other fibre also answers to one sound of a determined height, and with the aid of all of them we are enabled to perceive all sounds, from sixteen to 40,000 vibrations in the second. Of course, there is something extremely artificial about this explanation, borrowed from the physical laboratory, if not from the piano; but, as no better one is forthcoming, it is pretty generally accepted—at least, as a working hypothesis. But no similar hypothesis can be advocated for the eye, because the eye perceives differences of color corresponding to undulations of from 400 billions to over 800 billions in the second; and if anatomists estimate at several hundred thousands the total number of cones and rods with which the optical nerve terminates in the retina, it must be borne in mind that every mi-

nute part of a square millimetre in the central parts of the retina is capable of transmitting to the brain the impressions of all possible colors. A separate nerve-terminal for each separate color would thus be an absolute impossibility.

This difficulty is met by the now current theory of color-vision, which was first proposed by Thomas Young in 1802, and further elaborated partly by Maxwell but especially by Helmholtz, who also slightly modified it.\* It is based on the well-known fact that all the multitude of colors of the spectrum, as well as all shades of gray and white, can be obtained by mixing together, in certain proportions, three fundamental colors. Opinions may differ as to which three colors are fundamental, and which are derived; but, on the whole, green, red, and violet, or violet-blue, may be considered as the three colors from which all others can be obtained. This is, of course, a physical fact only; but it naturally leads to the conclusion that the optical nerve need not have as many terminals as there are hues of colors and shades of gray perceived by the eye. Three sets of terminals would do. Provided they are equally distributed over the surface of the retina, and each of them is chiefly affected by one fundamental color, and much less by the two others, the result would be that impressions of all possible colors could be imparted to the brain. If a beam of pure red light falls upon the retina it will chiefly affect those terminals which are especially sensitive to the slower vibrations of light at the red end of the spectrum. Then, the fibres of the optical nerve which are connected with these terminals will transmit the irritation to the brain, and we shall have a sensation of red; and if a beam of pure green, or pure

violet, reaches the retina, the green-service or the violet-service terminals will be affected in preference to the others, and we shall see the green or the violet color. As to white light, it affects, under this theory, the three sets of terminals at the same time in a certain proportion; while the sensations of all other compound colors are produced by a simultaneous irritation of two or three sets of nerve-terminals. The retina is thus acting as an analyzer of light, it decomposes it, while the brain makes the synthesis of the component sensations.

It must be remarked at once that, even with the most perfect microscopes, the supposed different sets of nerve-terminals have not been discovered in the human retina; but in the eyes of birds we really see cells containing differently colored pigments, which may be interpreted in favor of the theory. On the other hand, recent researches into color-blindness decidedly give support to the Young and Helmholtz hypothesis. It has been proved that there are, especially in the civilized nations, a certain number of individuals (nearly four per cent.) who are more or less deprived of the sense of red, or of green, or—exceptionally—of violet, and we can easily admit that in such cases the respective nerve-terminals are atrophied from one cause or another. However, these same researches into color-blindness have brought to light some other facts which cannot be easily explained under the hypothesis of the three fundamental sensations.

It is known that Goethe passionately fought against Newton's theory of colors, which is the theory of our own time. No amount of argument could convince him that white light is a compound of all possible colors; he continued to maintain that it is something quite different from colored light, and he attached so much importance to his discoveries in optics that he considered them much greater than all his great poetical works. When he saw that a beam of white light, after having passed through a glass prism, gives origin to six different colors, with all possible intermediate hues, he never would admit, as we are taught nowadays, that white light has been decomposed into its primitive constituents; he affirmed that the glass has added something to the white light which it did not possess before. It

\* The best exposition of Helmholtz's theory for the general reader will be found in his *Populär-wissenschaftliche Vorträge*, 3 fascicules, Braunschweig, 1876, of which an English translation has been published. The whole theory is worked out in his *Handbuch der physiologischen Optik*, second edition in 1892. Captain W. de Abney's *Color Measurement and Mixture*, London, 1891 ("The Romance of Science Series"), and his lecture before the Royal Institution on the "Sensitiveness of the Eye to Light and Color" (*Nature*, April 6, 1893, vol. xlvii., p. 538), as also R. Brudenell Carter's lecture on "Color Vision and Color-Blindness" (*Nature*, vol. xlii., p. 55), contain excellent reviews of the whole subject for the general reader.

is certainly not my intention to show here how Goethe's views might be rediscussed in the language of the theory of vibrations, nor even to analyze an attempt recently made in that direction, but it is most noteworthy that the idea of a fundamental distinction between white light and colored light—at least in their physiological aspects—is now making its way. It lies at the basis of the two other theories of color-vision, which I must now mention.

One of them, very similar to the one proposed in 1859 by Mr. W. Poole,\* is advocated by Professor Hering.† It became known during the recent investigations into color-blindness that, besides those who are partially color-blind and see no red, or no green, or no violet, there are a few who may be described as totally color-blind. Colors do not exist for them. The most gorgeously-colored landscape appears to their eyes as if it were painted in black and white with a slight tint of yellow-gray and bluish-gray. The sensibility of their visual apparatus thus does not raise above that of a photographer's film; but, like the photographer's film, it perfectly well distinguishes the various shades of light and the differences of luminosity of the colors, so that there must be in their eyes some such arrangement as would permit them to receive impressions of luminosity without receiving at the same time the impressions of any colors. Such cases are extremely rare, and only occur in consequence of disease; but Hering has had the opportunity of studying a typical case of the kind on a young musician,‡ and other cases have been studied since. It is evident that such facts, on becoming known, could only revive the doubts already expressed as regards the theory of Helmholtz, and they brought into prominence the views of Hering.§

Hering's idea is that we are possessed of six fundamental sensations, divided into three pairs—white and black, red and

green, yellow and blue—and that the action of light upon the retina is chiefly chemical. There is, he maintains, in the retina a visual substance which is decomposed by white light, and its decomposition gives us the sensation of light without colors; but in the darkness this substance is rebuilt by blood, and the constructive process gives the opposite sensation of black. Another visual substance is decomposed by red rays, and its decomposition produces a sensation of red, while its reconstruction awakens the idea of the complementary color, that is, green. And, finally, a third substance awakens in the same way the perceptions of blue and yellow. As to the intermediate colors, they are seen when two or all three substances are decomposed at the same time in different proportions. Such is, in brief words, the modification of Young's theory propounded by Hering.

In some respects it undoubtedly offers a decided improvement. It accounts very well for the above cases of total insensibility to colors, and this is one of the reasons why the Committee on Color-Blindness, appointed by the Royal Society, has spoken of it so favorably.\* Moreover, it explains why we always perceive, in almost all natural colors, a certain admixture of white; and it smooths some serious difficulties as regards complementary colors. If our eye, fatigued by looking for some time at a red wafer, subsequently sees, on looking at a sheet of white paper, a green spot of the same size, the subjective sensation of green is accounted for by the reconstruction of the visual substance which has been decomposed by the red rays. And yet, with all these advantages, and several others of less importance, the theory does not give full satisfaction to the mind. Science hesitates to adopt it, and we see that a specialist in the matter, Captain W. de Abney, who has made immense experimental researches relative to colors and color-vision, some of which are very favorable to Hering's views, prefers the theory of Helmholtz, simply because it is the plainest of the two. Such statement evidently is equivalent to recognizing that both are equally unsatisfactory. I will therefore mention a third theory, which seems not to be yet generally known,

\* "On Color-Blindness," in *Philosophical Transactions*, 1859, vol. cxlix.; quoted by Prof. Rutherford.

† "Zur Lehre vom Lichtsinn," 2d edition, Vienna, 1878, and many subsequent papers.

‡ Pfäfer's *Archiv für Physiologie*, 1891, Bd. xlix., p. 568.

§ See Helmholtz's answers to Hering's objections in the 2d edition (1892) of his *Handbuch der physiologischen Optik*; they are summed up by Prof. Everett in *Nature*, vol. xlvii., 1893, p. 365.

\* "Report of the Committee on Color-Blindness," London, 1892 (reprint from the *Proceedings of the Royal Society*).

but undoubtedly has much to be said in its favor.

A fundamental distinction between our sensations of white light and those of different colors being proved, A. Charpentier looks for a much deeper cause of the distinction than a simple difference of visual substances. This is the leading idea of his theory, based upon his twelve years' experiments upon vision, and certainly deserving more attention than it has hitherto received.\* The fact is, that while cases of total color-blindness are very rare, we all suffer from the same defect to a certain extent. We do not perceive colors with the peripheral ramifications of our optical nerve. When we look at a colored object so that its image falls on the outer parts of the retina, we see its shape but not its color. However, this defect does not depend upon the absence of some special anatomical structure, because it can partly be remedied by exercise; and, moreover, a well-saturated color of a deep hue can be perceived by the outer part of the retina as well. Besides, Charpentier proves that even the central parts of the retina are less sensitive to color than to white light. For these and several other reasons he considers that the sensation of white light is not a compound sensation, but, "on the contrary, the simplest, the most usual, and the easiest provoked reaction of the visual apparatus." It is always provoked by light of any color, and only varies in intensity, never in character; while another reaction, variable for different colors, must be added to the former, in order that we might have a sensation of colored light. A double process is thus required, and Charpentier explains it by venturing the supposition of a twofold action, chemical and thermal, of colored light upon two different pigments of the retina. Light, whatever its color may be, and only in proportion to its intensity, decomposes the visual purple or erythropsine. This substance, which is found in the cones of the retina, is really known to be decomposed by light and to

be reconstructed in the dark, its decomposition giving a differently colored product. Kühne even succeeded in photographing the impressions produced on the retina of a living animal by images which had fallen upon it, the photograph being evidently taken before blood had had time to reconstruct the sensitive pigment. A photo-chemical effect of light is thus a fact, and the decomposition of the erythropsine provokes in the optical nerve one sort of vibrations, totally independent from the color of light, and only varying in amplitude according to its intensity. But we also have another pigment, which is located between the rods and cones of the retina, and absorbs light and heat. This absorption provokes in the nerve another set of thermal or thermo-electric undulations, which, however, always begin a little later than the former, the interval between the two being greater for the violet end of the spectrum than for the red. Two waves of undulations are thus flowing along the optical nerve; but as the thermal wave is started after the chemical wave, and the delay is different for different colors, the corresponding phases of the two waves follow each other at different intervals, according to the color of light, and their various combinations provoke a variety of sensations which we interpret as so many different colors.

This ingenious hypothesis is not purely imaginative, as it might appear in my rapid sketch. Charpentier supports it, on the contrary, by a great variety of experiments. It certainly would require, in the first place, a direct physiological confirmation of the two waves flowing along the nerve, just as the other two theories would require the anatomical discovery of the three different terminals; but the hypothesis accounts very well for all facts of vision and color-blindness, and it has, moreover, the advantage of explaining the phenomena of contrast which, as pointed out by Professor Rutherford,\* offer a great difficulty for the theories of both Helmholtz and Heing.† However, the chief advantage

\* He has summed up his researches up to 1888, as well as the general aspects of vision, in an excellent little work, "La Lumière et ses Couleurs," Paris, 1888 (Baillière's *Bibliothèque Scientifique Contemporaine*). His later works are in *Comptes Rendus*, especially t. 114, 1892 pp. 1180 and 1423; also in *Comptes Rendus de la Société de Biologie*, 9<sup>e</sup> série, t. iv., 1892, p. 486.

\* Presidential Address before the British Association in 1892, section of Biology (*Nature*, vol. xli., p. 342).

† The subjective colors which appear round colored objects are easily explained by undulations induced in the neighboring fibres of the optical nerve. Charpentier's last researches (*Comptes Rendus*, t. 113, 1891, pp. 147 and 217) render such undulations very



of Charpentier's theory is, perhaps, in the fact that, in common with Professor Rutherford's suggestions, it represents our sensations of colors as dependent upon the different form of the undulations carried along the optical nerve itself. The differences of the visual impressions do not end in the retina; they are continued in the nerve and in the brain.

The whole matter, as seen, still remains in the domain of hypothesis; but with the theories of senses we enter the most difficult and the least explored department of science, where we have to pass from physical facts to facts of psychology. The application of rigorous physical methods to the border-region between the two sciences is but of recent origin; in fact, it was chiefly introduced since it became evident that there is more than a simple correlation between physical energy acting upon the nerves and the intensity of pri-

mary sensations awakened by this energy: that there is a dependency of cause and effect between the two, which can be and has been expressed by Fechner by a mathematical law; that both are interdependent quantities which can be measured by the same units. It is most remarkable, at any rate, that, after having vainly endeavored to represent the nerves as fibres transmitting the simple fact of an irritation of their outer ends, science returns to the conception foreseen by Newton—that of different undulations travelling along the nerves, and being the sources of the different sensations. The world of physical vibrations thus does not stop where brain matter begins; it penetrates into it, and, as Professor Everett puts it, we have now to study “the differences of condition in the organism,”\* in order to further penetrate into the yet unsolved problems of color-vision.—*Nineteenth Century*.

#### JOURNALISM AS A PROFESSION FOR WOMEN.

BY EMILY RAWFORD.

Is journalism a profession for women? Is it suited to them? Does it offer a good market for the kind of literary wares which clever women, having thoroughly sane heads and the pens of ready writers, are best qualified to offer? Are the conditions of journalistic life straining to the strong and overstraining to the weak?

It is impossible to doubt that women write well. It may be said that when they are able to write they have, in a greater degree than men, the faculty for throwing life into what emanates from their pen. Second and third-rate women writers in the past have shown faults of taste and of judgment, and the cramped thought and feebleness which come of a narrow range

probable. It must also be mentioned that Chauveau has lately confirmed the old experience of Dove. He has proved beyond any doubt that if we look in the spectroscope with one eye upon an image colored in red and with the other eye upon an image colored in green, the compound image appears white (*Comptes Rendus*, t. 113, 1891, pp. 358, 394, and 439). The fusion of the colors is thus operated in the brain or in the optic nerve. This fact, which is almost unaccountable under the two theories of Helmholtz and Hering, could easily be explained under Charpentier's hypothesis.

of personal experience. But there are few of them that can be ranged among the “dryasdusts.” Well, dryasdust writers are those, of all others, whom the Editor should keep out of his newspaper. The more the columns glow with life the better it will please the public, life being always full of fascination in art, literary, pictorial, or other. Even the calm of sculptural art must give the idea of life, and plenty of it, held in reserve. Who would not prefer an awkwardly drawn painting, brimful of life, to the most correctly drawn composition without it? I was looking up, in the British Museum this summer, the newspaper accounts of a very great event, which was one to give the widest scope to the imagination, the opening of the first Universal Exhibition in Hyde Park. Well, life and color were dreadfully deficient. Most of the reports that I came across were commonplace, conventional, and the style in many instances slipslop and sprawling. No sight-power of any consequence was brought to bear on a scene that must have been ex-

\* *Nature*, vol. xlvii, p. 368 (February 16, 1893).

hilarating in its brilliant novelty, and one to make a high-strung spectator tingle from head to foot. I looked in vain for a few lines that would call out of the past any one of the different illustrious personages who figured in the pageant and set her (for a woman had the first part to play on that occasion) or him before me as she or he then appeared to the glad multitude. The Queen's eyes were welling over with tears, I had been told by one who was near her. But this evidence of heartfelt joy escaped the observation of the press. Methought, in turning over the files, what a pity that Mrs. Carlyle and Charlotte Brontë had not been found out, and commissioned by the *Times* and some other big newspaper to describe that Hyde Park function, at which the glow of hope and enthusiasm brightened thousands of faces, and none more than that of the Sovereign, which has since taken an expression of settled gloom! I next turned over another set of files, to see how the wedding of the Prince of Wales was treated. There was an improvement, and I fell on a masterpiece by Sala, in which he spoke of himself as a daw in a belfry looking down on the high and mighty personages forming the bridal party. He caught up the spirit of the scene and conveyed it with magical art to the reader. All the same, I should have liked to find a sketch from, say, the vivid, rattling pen of Miss Bradon. She had written several books in 1863. But it did not occur to any one in the neighborhood of Fleet Street to tell her off for brilliant sketch work at the Royal wedding.

I am going to seek for an instance of the feminine capacity for journalistic work in a book—"Uncle Tom's Cabin"—the greatest literary hit that was ever made, and the most stupendous in its consequences. Deep answered to deep when Mrs. Stowe responded with her pen to the platform eloquence of Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and the Quaker saint, Lucretia Mott. Her book was journalism in this way. The author was inspired, as she was writing it, by events that were simultaneously going forward. Indeed, the raw material was newspaper paragraphs of platform denunciation of cruelties to runaway slaves, of the truckling of the Northern States to the planters, of slave auctions, slave flogging, and the arbitrary breaking up for the market of

slave families. I heard Mrs. Stowe say that the newspapers kept her heart breaking and her blood boiling while she wrote. She wrote because asked to give her impressions on slavery to an obscure New England paper. She aimed as if she were doing a leading article for an immediate effect, and she produced it. A series of articles was looked for, but she gave a serial novel which set hearts throbbing in unison with her own all over the Northern States of America and everywhere in Europe, including Russia, where, because "Uncle Tom's Cabin" carried away the Grand Duchess Helena and the late Czarina, self emancipation preceded slave liberation in the United States.

Journalism in Paris is well-nigh closed against women. This is partly due to the pest of gallantry and to the narrow ideas of the wealthy and well-to-do classes about woman's place in society. The Socialist Prudhon may be said to have condensed these ideas when he formulated his sweeping axiom that women who were not born to fortune had no alternative between setting up as professionally pretty or being mere housewifely drudges. He overlooked, of course, the hundreds of thousands of women engaged in handicrafts and in business. Still, if bourgeois conventionalities and a low standard of social ethics in regard to women have made for excluding them from the press, there have been Frenchwomen at the top of the journalistic profession. Madame Emile de Girardin was the founder of the *Society Journal*; for what else was her *feuilleton* signed "Vicomte de Launay," which made the fortune of *La Presse*? She had to live what she wrote—the most wearing journalism of all.

There never was a quicker, a more exact, punctual and indefatigable parliamentary reporter than Madame Claude Vignon, who for six years sent a descriptive report of the sittings of the Versailles National Assembly to the *Indépendance Belge*. That unfettered Parliament sat in the Palace Theatre, and the Speaker allowed Madame Claude Vignon a front seat in the stage box. She wrote in pencil and in long hand on small square sheets of whitey-brown paper, which she thrust, unfolded, into a printed envelope to post at the railway terminus when she returned after the close of each sitting to Paris. She hardly ever missed a point, and her style was as

finished as if she had carefully corrected and re written her report. Her pen also furnished *feuilletons* to *Le Temps* and *Le Moniteur*. A man's work is over the moment he gets from the professional grind. A woman's never is. Madame Claude Vignon was not rich enough to order clothes of the great dressmakers, and she knew that the gloss of elegance was an Open sesame to many places to which she wanted access as a parliamentary descriptive reporter, but which, if she did not sacrifice to fashion, would remain closed against her. Helped by her maid, she furnished up worn dresses and made new ones. She often ran into the kitchen to prepare some dainty dish. In the parliamentary holidays she worked at sculpture, which she had, when younger, studied professionally. Her excellence as a sculptor led the Town Council of Paris to give her orders for a design for a public fountain and for portrait busts and decorations for the Hotel de Ville. She was a handsome woman and must have had a constitution of iron. But it was not hard work that killed her. Successful ambition did not give what she had hoped for, and when she attained what she had long striven after, disappointments and vexations crowded on her and poisoned her life and blood. She wanted the high-strung soul and moral health which kept Mrs. Beecher Stowe young until she was long past seventy.

Another eminent presswoman, to judge of her from the professional standpoint, is Séverine. I have no idea what her maiden name or successive matrimonial surnames were. She signs herself "Séverine" in her private notes and newspaper articles—Séverine merely. Her friends and acquaintances speak of her as Séverine and address her by that name, dropping the "Madame." Séverine was married, as French girls of good position and means generally are. Her first marriage took place when France was in a state of universal convulsion. The man to whom she was mated was a pedant and had exaggerated notions about the duties of wives to their husbands. He was blind to the converse side of the question. Séverine was open-hearted, shrewd, and had a touch of humor which she brought into play in suggesting that she too had rights. In the tempest of the Commune her pitiful heart threw her on the side of the van-

quished insurgents. This led to domestic bickerings and a separation. The husband had, in law, all the rights, and was master of her property. She then became the secretary of an ill-conditioned, penniless Communist of genius, Jules Vallès. He had, save for her, the temper of a disagreeable cur, and his bite was infinitely worse than his bark. He was founder and editor of a Red Journal—*le Cri du Peuple*. Challenges and citations before Correctional judges rained down on the editor, who aimed at renovating the world by stirring up the working classes to revolt. He was a writer of rare originality, and, without Carlyle's moral backbone and with more tenderness for women, was a French Carlyle. When too ill himself to write, he dictated to Séverine. She corrected his proofs and was the "reader" at the office of *The People's Cry*. Séverine, mastering out of sheer kindness the mannerisms of Jules Vallès' style, wrote articles over his signature when he grew too ill with consumption to dictate. She kept the *Cri du Peuple* resonant. Vallès died, and she was chief mourner at his funeral, and was left by him in sole management of the journal. The wrangles of the men around her and their jealousy at finding that her voice fell pleasantly on the ears of Paris obliged her to give up editorship.

There has been George Sandism in her life. But as she is not polemical, and lives in a country in which divorce is made easy, she does not preach crusades against marriage. Though neither coarse nor vulgar, she is perhaps Bohemian, but better than the set in which she lives. Certainly no writer is now so much in request on the Paris press. She is prized for originality, a sweet vein of sentiment, bright touches of humor and kindness. Coming after—I speak figuratively and literally—all the vitriol throwing and duelling of the last twenty years, Séverine's genial feeling soothes and refreshes. With this, she has the sense of color, which she brings to bear on her press work, and being as she is an artist, the language that she uses corresponds beautifully with the subject. Her brethren of the pen are frantically jealous of her success, and have obliged her to name a duelling *confrère* to answer for her with sword or pistol should she let drop words that might afford them occasion to pick a quarrel. A condition on which she entered the staff of *Le Journal*

was the signing by this fighting partner of an engagement to be answerable for her articles to any persons whom she might offend in them. There is talk among the envious ones of combining to protect themselves against the competition of Séverine. Not that they can complain of her bringing down the market, few press writers being now so well paid. What they object to is the constant employment she has on so many papers, and the leading column being always given to her. It would be useless to try and give a specimen of her style in English, for depending as much on the sound as on the sense of the words for its effect, it is untranslatable. Her forte lies in awaking generous impulse, and thus unloosing the purse-strings of the rich for the benefit of the beaten ones of civilization. This woman's articles are often charity sermons, brimful of sincere emotion. I should say that she furnishes ten columns a week of matter to the Paris press, and I believe that she writes a good deal for the provinces. The papers to which she most frequently contributes are the *Figaro*, *Le Gaulois*, *L'Éclair*, *L'Écho de Paris*, and *Le Journal*, and in all she writes above her own signature. Though often afflicted by the spite of her masculine rivals, her temper keeps sunny and her health good. Her face easily lights up into smiles and laughter, and the tear-fountain is near her eyes. Séverine, as she now is, may be counted a product of the events of 1870-71 and the six succeeding years. I know no better example of the suitability of press work to women. She is always "on the nail," and a finished craftswoman, and takes in at a glance the bearings of a subject. Her judgment may not be always sound, but it is unsophisticated, and her sincerity is beyond doubt.

Journalism seems the easiest of professions, and a rush is made toward it for this reason. This leads to overcrowding in the lower branches, and poor and precarious wages. There are people who think that press work must be as easy as chopping sticks for firewood. I often receive applications from relatives of persons who may be classed as failures to try and get some "light newspaper work" for them. There is no such thing, so far as I know. All newspaper work puts strain on the worker. What appear to outsiders the light wares of the press are

the ones that take most out of the contributors who furnish them. That haste, which is an inevitable condition of press work, makes one feel each time one has got through an arduous task (and such tasks are more the rule than the exception) like a horse that has just done a forty-mile gallop at a single heat. Press work taxes so heavily one's vitality that only those who have great reserves of nervous force can stand it. One must be always working to keep the source of production full and in good order. When others at places of festivity are simply amusing themselves, the journalist is consciously observing and mentally trying verbal effects. He has to make his studies then and there, if he wants to be well inspired when the time comes to record his impressions. Otherwise, what he may do will smell of the lamp, and certainly will not have the ease of an old shoe. The first requirement then is health and a rich reserve of strength. I don't mean the strength of the railway-porter, but the vitality which enables one to recoup rapidly after an exhausting bout of work. Women of good constitutions are more elastic in recovering than men. But elasticity is not enough. There must be staying power. It won't do to suffer from headaches, or to feel easily exhausted. Eager competition between pressmen and presswomen, the more eager competition among newspapers, and the yet greater competition for space among telegrams pouring in from all parts of the globe leave no room in the daily press for the sick and ailing. The same fatalities weigh on the weekly press. How often have I not written for some weekly paper an article a few days in advance, so as to carefully prune and polish. Before it was sent, and sometimes after, some thunderingly big event burst on the world, and as the public could think of nothing else, I had at once to turn round to hunt this hare. The hare that was already caught might or might not be one to stand over; if not the labor bestowed on it was in vain.

For the great newspapers one must generally work at night, and not always at regular hours, which makes things harder, the brain giving out ideas more easily at the time when it is accustomed to make a long effort, just as the digestive organs accomplish best their functions at the usual hours for meals. Night work is generally



got through in a state approaching to brain-fever. The head must none the less keep sane. It is agonizing when the mental faculties are thus over-stimulated and the time running on so fast that one hardly knows what is flowing from one's pen. One is in despair as one draws toward the close, and would give the world to be able to begin again. But the printers are waiting for the copy, and it must be flung to them either to sink or swim. Writing or telegraphing from abroad, one does not see one's proofs. When I was more of a novice I used to spend wretched hours between the moment the hurried article was sent off and that of its return in print. What gladness was felt on finding it had the honors of a screaming header of leaded type, and of flattering comment in a leading article or summary of news. I believe not on those who preach that if the inducement of making millions were not held out to human beings, the world would be suffered to run to seed! The sudden possession of all the money in the Bank of England could never have been so gladdening as this little pat-on-the-head after the depression attendant on the race against time just described.

Shorthand is a useful accomplishment to pressmen and press-women, and an indispensable one to those engaged in secretary's work. But it seems to me that its day in the other departments of newspaper work is declining. The custom must be abandoned of filling columns with dull speeches, in which the speaker talks rather for the purpose of concealment than of clear, frank statement. I look forward to seeing the *verbatim* report only kept on in the columns devoted to law intelligence, and then, in exceptionally sensational cases. The dictated articles and news-letters are also likely to die out, they being as heavy reading as most political speeches. I can always tell a dictated article by its wordiness and lax manner. But if I am not sure that young girls who think of seeking for press work should devote much time to shorthand, I should say to them all, learn type-writing. There is no better friend to the journalist and the eye-worn printer than the type-writer, which is invaluable to those who have few opportunities to correct their proofs. More type-writers and fewer pianos! The noise at first is distressing, but one gets used to it. Besides, working in noisy

places is so often the lot of the journalist, that he or she must learn to be deaf to all that is not good to hear.

I have been asked by a mother from whom I had a letter "What is the best preparation for a girl wishing to make a figure as a journalist?" Pulling down her conceit first of all. It is presumptuous in any novice to expect to make a *figure* at anything. Presently I hope to say something about the moral requirements of the profession, meanwhile I will glance at the educational ones. It is essential that habits of close observation and of punctuality in fulfilling engagements be formed. If the journalist has often to keep irregular hours he must take care not to oblige others to keep them, and above all to be in time for the printers. An appetite for books is also to be cultivated. I have heard it said: "But life is not long enough for book-reading." It can never be too short for converse with those silent friends. The wider my range of life, the more pleasure and profit I take in books. They soothe, support and foster reflection, without which perception would be barren. Books deepen one's nature by strengthening the subjective part which is the mother of imagination and of emotion. There is no communicative power in a purely objective writer. Recollect that there were few great writers who were not in youth omnivorous readers. All the feminine classic writers certainly were, from Madame de Sévigné to George Eliot.

Gambetta, who was favorable to equal rights, was chatting with me one evening on this subject. He spoke of the Catholic Church as being in the way of the movement to allow women to evolve in freedom, forgetting that in Protestant Germany they are relegated to the position of household drudges. His mother, he said, was a woman of a really great mind and the most warm-hearted person that he knew. Her sympathy and perspicacity divined in him an orator, who was too good for the business of a country grocery, to which his father condemned him. He then spoke of feminine writers, which brought him to Madame de Sévigné and Madame de Staël. Gambetta said of the former:

"It was she, in her 'Letters' to her daughter, which were news-letters for the amusement of her and her neighbors in Provence, who was the creator of the journal. Madame

de Staël ought to have been a journalist, for she always wrote best when moved by some public event to take up her pen. She was always receiving in dew what she gave back in rain, unless when in exile, when her genius flagged and she produced two dull rhetorical books, 'Corinne' and 'Delphine.' Whatever she left about the French Revolution, of which she was a witness, is immortal."

"Madame de Sévigné was an orphan and an only child, and received a classical education from her uncle, the Abbé de Coulanges. She read for amusement Virgil in Latin, Cervantes in Spanish, and Tasso and Dante in Italian. Did you ever know of a distinguished woman who was not studious and fond of reading?"

The great school for the journalist, man or woman, is life, and the great secret of success pegging away. Nothing that it concerns the world to know of should be rejected as common or unclean. The philosophy of what that voice said in the vision of Simon Peter has been overlooked. As there should be no weed for the botanist, no dirt for the chemist, so there should be nothing common or unclean for the journalist. The woman journalist should not seek, any more than the man, to be on the crests of high waves, but to be ready for them, and, when caught up on them, to trust to their landing her on high ground. One sex is just as well adapted for these high crests as the other. Every virtue that becomes a man becomes a woman yet more. Presence of mind and courage may be needful qualities in the ups and downs of a press career. The woman who writes this paper had to serve her apprenticeship in one of the most furious war storms of modern times. Battles, barricades, bombardments were so familiar as to cease to frighten. The noise of cannonading lulled to sleep at night, and the cessation of it kept awake. Her lodgings were occasionally on the cold flags of country inns; and, as for "entertainment," there could be no regular meals, and often no meals at all. These dangers and hardships were the best possible training for subsequent duties. One was deconventionalized and thrown back on first principles. Having gone through such a school, she had no difficulty in taking her life in her hand and walking alone from one end of Paris to the other during the throes of the Commune, to meet her husband coming from Versailles, and be with him should he be arrested as a spy. The instinct of fear grew so blunted that she really deserved

no credit for acting bravely, and having her wits about her on finding herself in anxious emergencies.

It is impossible to emphasize too strongly the practical usefulness of cultivating the moral qualities—ethic feeling (which should not be demonstrative) and moral sense to prolong into old age bodily and mental vigor. The address and knack which lighten labor are certainly to be sought after; and in youth the rein is to be given to the passion for perfect literary form. But moral strength is the life of life. A great soul lifts one above all that is mean and paltry, and carries one through crushing difficulties, uncrushed. Talent without soul and moral power is the organ without bellows, the artificial flower as compared to the natural one. Adaptability is an ever necessary quality for the journalist. The best way to acquire it is to become at all times a slave to duty, which in principle is immutable, but the application of which is continually varying. When one arranges for one's inner life to pivot between the present moment and eternity, one retains the practical sense without which this world would not be a good school, and one ceases to worry about to-morrow. Nor does one trouble one's self about the toys of grown-up children. This makes concession on trifling points so easy, and helps one to reserve one's powder and shot for the slaying of giants. Nothing makes social relations smoother than this amiable pliancy growing out of the rock of principle. If it develop into a second nature and have the grace of whatsoever is natural, it opens the gates in all directions. What can be of more use to the journalist, whose studio ought to be the wide world, and who cannot too much realize that the larger the range of thought, feeling, and vision, the better the style.

The rewards the press affords to clever women who accept its unyielding hard conditions are, in regard to salary, handsome. The enduring ones must reap the best rewards, unless in the very exceptional cases of those who can at the outset burn the Thames. And they are pretty sure to retrograde in incendiary ability, because the stern pressure has not been put upon them. There are rewards, and among the best, that cannot be appraised in pounds, shillings and pence. One is often thrown among interesting people if

one's manners are good, and one's life estimable. One has near views of the pomps and pageantries of the great world, of the celebrities of the day; and one's brain, in the long run, becomes a bulky volume in the history of one's times.

A press life need not disqualify a woman for home life. But she ought to have a good housekeeper, and will have to send her children to school. The most busy press woman that I know, Mrs. Margaret Sullivan, of Chicago, has no children. Mrs. Frederika Macdonald gets through a good deal of press work, though not in the daily paper mill, without a housekeeper, and has a charming house which is enlivened by three well-brought-up and highly educated children. The woman journalist who is in the thick of the battle has a reward of indescribable sweetness in the hours of rest she can steal from work. Her companionship with her husband, when she is of his profession, and shares his worries, is heavenly. If his sorrows are hers, so are all his joys. I was often frightened at my own happiness, in the short spans of repose and quiet companionship which were among the recompenses of an arduous career. A day in the country was as a vista opened on Paradise. To give an idea of the strain which preceded such relaxation I am induced to put myself forward for a few moments. On the occasion of the Shah's first visit to France, I was commissioned, he being then a novelty and the object of general curiosity and interest, to chronicle the *fêtes* that were to be given in his honor. An Orleanist Government was then in power.

To reconcile the people of Paris to the idea of royalty, these festivities were to be of surpassing splendor, and to wind up with a garden-party at Versailles and a *soirée* at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. This meant a heavy day for the press people who were invited, and dressing, and complicated hair-dressing, twice for the lady correspondent. There was not an instant for writing before the *soirée*, which was not over before midnight. Fatigue, utter and crushing, then overtook me. A short snatch of sleep was obtained in the carriage going home. But it was not enough. Brain and body called out for a couple of hours' slumber in a comfortable bed. It was arranged to call me at two in the morning; when I was able to start up fresh and fit. The pen ran forward on the paper as if of itself. Sentences fell from it in the right form. Gleams of mirth shot through them. A messenger was to come at six sharp to take what was being written to the post, for special wires were then in their infancy. By that hour all was done, and the copy in an envelope. As luck would have it the day that had just dawned was Saturday, which, no Sunday papers coming out in London, was a holiday for Paris correspondents. You can imagine the exquisite delight felt on realizing that the harness was well off and would remain so until the evening of the following day. May the workers of the world never be deprived of their seventh-day rest! On whatever point they yield, let them stand by that.—*Contemporary Review*.

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#### CHURCH AND PRESS.\*

BY J. THACKRAY BUNCE.

IN dealing with the subject of this paper, I am limited to one aspect of it. Of the relation of the Press toward the Church in its widest phase—that of literature in the proper sense, namely, the issue of books on theology, criticism, or ethics—I have nothing to say. Nor is it within my province to make any reference to the religious Press, so called—that is, to the

endless number and infinite variety of magazines and weekly journals which occupy themselves with Church news and the discussion of ecclesiastical questions. With one or two exceptions of special quality, one conspicuously so, these are repellent rather than attractive to the lay mind; for if a layman attempts to read them he finds that irreconcilable views are too often presented in a manner at once so unfair, so imperfect, and so rancorous as to savor much more of the spirit and the

\* This paper was read at the Birmingham Church Congress.

methods of the world than of the calmness, the patience, and the charity which ought to characterize the examination of the doctrines, the polity, and the aims of the Church. So, bewildered by the clamor, and repelled by the manner of the disputants, the enquiring layman retires, convinced of one thing only—that the Church must, indeed, be strong above all human organizations, because she is able to endure and survive the stress of such conflicting criticism and advocacy. Putting aside, then, these two great aspects of the relations between the Church and the Press, I come to the division of the subject on which alone I can venture to speak from knowledge and connection. That division includes only the newspaper Press and here chiefly the daily newspapers, which have become so numerous throughout the country. The position of the daily journals to-day differs most widely from what it was at the time when the Church Congress held its earlier meetings. Then the daily newspapers were very few indeed outside London. The provincial journals of this description might have been counted on one's fingers. Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, and Leeds in England, and Edinburgh and Glasgow in Scotland, were the only places, I think, in which daily papers were published. Now they are to be reckoned by hundreds. While the London daily papers have not increased in number—indeed, I believe they have rather diminished—the daily papers in the provinces, so to speak, cover the face of the land. There is no town of note, certainly none of considerable population, which does not possess one, or more than one, morning journal, and often several evening papers, while almost every place which is worthy of being reckoned among the town communities has its evening journal. All the papers, morning and evening, are issued at what are called popular prices—those of the morning at never more than a penny, those of the evening invariably at a half penny. Such prices ensure to the more vigorously conducted journals a vast circulation. I remember the time when five thousand copies of a weekly paper and ten thousand of a daily was regarded as a good circulation, when even the most successful London papers printed no more than twenty or at most thirty thousand copies of each issue. To-day there are

some of the London papers which print a quarter of a million daily; and there are many in the provinces whose issues range from thirty or forty thousand to sixty thousand in the case of morning journals, and up to a hundred thousand in the case of the chief evening papers. Add to this the fact that some of the most firmly established journals have independent weekly issues, with very large circulations, and you may form some idea, but by no means an adequate idea, of the diffusion of newspapers all over Great Britain. The journals are in every house, in every hand, among all classes—from the castle to the cottage, from the club to the village reading-room; in the factories of towns, in the country tap-rooms; wherever, indeed, men come together for business or pleasure, there, in one or other of its varieties, you find the newspaper. Forty years ago newspaper readers were to be counted only by thousands; to-day the difficulty would be to discover by the thousand those who do not read.

I offer this broad sketch of the diffusion of newspapers in order to show how important a constituent of national life the daily journal has become, and to indicate the power it must of necessity exercise in the formation of opinion, in the guidance of conduct, in the settlement of the vital questions which from time to time agitate both Church and State. I do not say that the popularity of newspapers is entirely due to the more or less vigorous and serious presentation and discussion of the graver subjects. I admit that news relating to the infinite varieties of sport attracts a vast number of readers, and I know that many good people consider such matter as merely pernicious. Yet they read it, and would be disappointed if they do not find it in the columns of their favorite journal. I am told that even clergymen are not indifferent to records of cricket and football; that some of them take a keen interest in the "odds" on famous horse races; and I remember that on the occasion of a memorable prize-fight, an extremely religious and clerical paper, of the atrabilious type, contrived to convey to its readers the result of the encounter, by mentioning casually that on the previous day two inhuman and degraded creatures had pounded each other well-nigh to death for a prize of a thousand pounds, that their names were, say Smith



and Brown, and that, after a contest of an hour, Brown had carried off the disgraceful honors and the iniquitous prize of the day. News of the money market and the Stock Exchange, again, occupies a great space in the daily papers, and the prominence given to it is held not infrequently to be harmful, and to lead to gambling. But here, again, does no clerical eye ever glance over the prices of the market; is no clerical money ever wheedled out of the clerical pocket by a tempting prospectus of a company which offers profit in proportion to the credulity of its victims rather than to the soundness of its basis? And do we never hear of religious people, clergymen included, who suffer in purse by speculation in stocks and shares, and who lose reputation by the disclosure of their transactions? Once more: the newspapers attract readers quite often enough by full reports of trials which are commonly described as sensational, and which are characterized by features that do not constitute edifying reading. For these they are severely condemned by eminent moralists; yet, may it be asked, if these eminent moralists did not themselves read with interest every prurient detail, how could they know that the reports deserved such unsparing condemnation? I am not offering these observations by way of vindication, for a journalist knows his own business quite as well as do those who desire to instruct him in it, but I am only admitting that it is not only the discussion of serious topics which brings large circulations to newspapers, and I am venturing to hint that there is nothing of human interest, be it evil or be it good, which does not in some way or other appeal to all classes of our people; to the cleric as well as to the layman; to the educated as well as to the ignorant. Therefore, to a very real extent, the newspaper, in all its varieties of information and of exposition, is a great and unbreakable link in the chain which binds together the Church and the world.

What, then, is, and what should be, the relationship between the Church corporate, and particularly the clergy as representing the Church, and the powerful independent organization of the Press—that widely diffused, popular, and energetic company of lay preachers, who can deliver their discourses, on all conceivable topics, six days in every week, and who,

I regret to say, seem now increasingly disposed to invade also the day hitherto devoted to religious service and pulpit exhortation? That the relationship is not so close or cordial as it ought to be, is but too manifest. An acute observer has condensed it for me into an epigrammatic sentence: "The Church and the Press have much to say about each other; but they are not upon speaking terms." We have not, happily, fallen into the state of things which prevails in France, where there is bitter hostility between Church and Press; where Gambetta's famous phrase, "Clericalism, that is the enemy," governs the attitude of the one, and where the spirit of the censorship and the Index inspires the feeling of the other. The British Press, as a whole, is Christian, and, therefore, it habitually deals with sacred subjects, and with all topics related to them, in a spirit of reverence, and extends fair and respectful consideration to the persons and the office of those to whom the defence and the teaching of religion are committed. But this is largely an external attitude; it does not of necessity imply either an understanding based upon intimate mutual knowledge, or a co-operation prompted by a sense of common principles or interests. There is between the two an air of suspicion and stand-offishness. The clergy seem too frequently to feel that orthodoxy may be a little tainted by too close an association with the journalists, while the journalists seem to imagine that too intimate a connection with the clergy may tend to limit, at least in its reputation, their own freedom and independence. I do not mean that this separation is marked in mere ordinary matters. The secular journals willingly publish Church news; they generously afford space for clerical appeals for charitable and ecclesiastical purposes; they give the clergy full access to their columns for vindication and explanation, and they are usually, I think I may say always, prepared heartily to co-operate with the clergy in the promotion of social and other movements in which the community generally is interested. These relations—mechanical relations they may be called—are on a satisfactory footing. It is when we go deeper, and get beneath the surface, that the real and serious cleavage becomes apparent. On a great number of subjects, some interesting, some important, some

vital, there is not merely difference but conflict between the clergy and a great section of the daily Press. You see it in the range of questions which affects politics, especially when these touch upon the relations of the Church with the State in its widest sense ; or, as regards education for example, where politics affect the State in its communal divisions. You see it, again, in the treatment of theological subjects in the columns of the daily journals. No doubt, in both respects the Press has done much to influence the Church. To put this broadly, it has tempered the Church in political, ecclesiastical, and educational conflicts ; it has helped toward stimulating criticism, liberalizing theology, and moderating sacerdotalism. In these matters, I venture to think, while the Press has conferred benefit upon the clergy, it has rendered incalculable service in enlarging and defending the freedom of the laity. But the tone of the Press, in dealing with the subjects to which I have referred, is too often distasteful to the clergy. It indicates the conscious assumption of an external position ; it is marred by a jarring note. Sometimes it reflects the indifference of Gallio ; sometimes it is marked by the lofty coldness and the intellectual disdain of Agrippa. No wonder, perhaps, that the manifestation of the tone thus indicated reacts unfavorably upon the relations of the Church and the Press ; that it provokes resentment, inspires distrust, and tends to drive the clergy still more resolutely back upon that spirit of professionalism which deepens separation too often into overt hostility. Clergymen, it must be admitted, are apt to say unwise things about the Press, to do unwise things in the assertion of their own position, and to regard as direct acts of enmity the frank and not unfrequently the crude discussion of Church principles, and of topics which immediately affect Church interests ; especially those of an external character, such as questions of discipline, of disestablishment, of legislation, and generally of the relations of the Church with the State. Such topics, when they arise, and they do so in our day with increasing frequency, are naturally attractive to the journalists. They interest great classes of readers, they interpenetrate and sometimes dominate national politics, and they constantly affect the current of local opinion. In

the treatment of them the journalist is limited by certain conditions inseparable from his calling. It is required of him that he should speak with decision and with promptitude. What he has to say must be expressed with vigor and what, for want of a better word, may be described as picturesqueness. There usually must be no mistake as to the side which he takes. If he is to hold his ground, his judgments must be delivered as if they proceeded from a court of final appeal. Mr. Trollope's sketch of the performances of Tom Towers in the columns of the *Jupiter* indicates even now the journalist's attitude and method ; still, as did this exemplar, he fastens with avidity upon the personal aspects of a controversy, puts his facts into strong relief, substitutes conclusions for arguments, and gives decisions which his readers commonly accept as law. It is unfortunate, but one cannot readily see how it is to be helped. Generally speaking, the journalist has neither time nor disposition to study ecclesiastical questions deeply, so as to recognize their essential seriousness, or, while forcibly putting his own view, to discern that there is much to be said for the other side. It should, I think, be the aim of the clergy to set him right in such cases, by temperately showing where he has gone wrong, by noting his omissions, and by suggesting corrective views. The true journalist would always welcome such friendly intervention. Excepting on questions purely of a doctrinal character, which cannot be profitably dealt with by ordinary journals, the columns of the daily papers are, as a rule, freely open to letters of correction, or of remonstrance, or of advocacy, no matter how directly these may controvert the editorial view, for it is one of the best characteristics of the English Press that it can bear courteous contradiction, and is always willing to let its readers hear both sides.

There are, doubtless, exceptions—prominent and numerous—to the type of journalist I have broadly sketched. There are conductors of daily journals who, themselves Christian men, and often Churchmen, have studied Church questions in all their aspects, who, from knowledge and thought, are entitled to be heard upon them, who treat them with reverence or at least with respect ; who desire, above all things, to be accurate and to be

just, and who never permit their columns to be used to bring religion or religious topics into ridicule or contempt. As the profession of journalism rises in its personal and in its intellectual standard, and it cannot be questioned that in the more influential daily journals it is rising, journalists of this type will exercise a still wider influence, and will become more numerous. Then the Church will have no reason to complain at least of the tone of the Press, or of the knowledge with which Church questions are treated, or of the spirit which animates those who deal with them. Such a development may not be acceptable to those Churchmen who attach special importance to high ecclesiastical claims, either in Church or State, nor may it be agreeable to those who substitute emotional and demonstrative religious exercises for the quiet performance of duty, adherence to distinctive Church principle and practice, and the maintenance of definite theological doctrine. But it will, I believe, tend to the gain of the Church at large, and will be welcomed by all who "hold the faith in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life."

I desired to say something, however briefly, of the many ways in which the Press may help the Church in its work, even though the relations of the two may

not be so cordial, or confidential, or intimate, or, may I add, founded upon such an intelligent basis as could be wished. But the restriction of time permits me only to refer to the fringe of this part of the subject. Broadly, it may be said that the Press can render great service to the Church, and can cordially co-operate with the clergy in all matters which concern the religious, moral, and social improvement of the population in town and country; in the promotion of education; in the development of physical health and material progress; in the adjustment, if not the solution, of economic and personal questions arising out of the relations between capital and labor; and in the creation and maintenance of a higher, purer, and healthier tone of communal life, teaching men their duty toward each other, impressing upon them the great lesson that, whether they appreciate it clearly or not, they are all members of one body, and showing them that the great outcome of Christian polity and Christian life in the world is expressed in that emphatic formula of true Christian Socialism: "One for all; all for one." Here, then, despite all influences tending to separation, despite misconception and hostility, is work in which the Church and the Press may go hand in hand, usefully and nobly together.—*National Review*.

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## DIARY OF AN IDLE DOCTOR.

BY AXEL MUNTHE.

### ZOOLOGY.

THEY say that love for humanity is the highest of all virtues. I admire this love for humanity, and am convinced that it is possessed by only the noblest minds. Mine is too small—my thoughts fly too near the earth ever to reach so far.

And I am constrained to acknowledge that the longer I live, the farther I depart from this high ideal. I should not be speaking the truth if I said that I love humanity. But I love animals—oppressed, despised animals—and it does not disturb me in the least to be laughed at when I say that I feel much happier with them than with the majority of people I come across.

When one has spoken with a human being for half an hour, one has, as a rule, had quite enough of him—isn't that true? I, at least, then usually feel a desire to slip away, and am always astonished that he with whom I am speaking has not tried to escape long before. But I am never weary in the society of a friendly dog, even if I do not know him, or he me. Often when I meet a dog walking along musing on his way, I stop and ask him where he is going, and have a little chat with him; and even if no further conversation takes place, it does me good to look at him and try and enter into the thoughts which are working in his mind. Dogs have the immense advantage over men that they cannot dissimulate; and

Talleyrand's paradox, that speech has been given us in order to conceal our thoughts, cannot at all be applied to dogs.

I can sit half the day in a field watching the grazing cattle ; and to observe the physiognomy of a little donkey is one of the keenest pleasures ever enjoyed by a psychologist. It is especially when donkeys are free that they are most interesting, and a tied-up donkey is not nearly so communicative and natural as when she is loose and at liberty—and that, after all, is not much to be wondered at.

At Ischia I lived for a long time almost exclusively with a donkey. It was Fate which brought us together. I lived in a little boat-house quite down on the shore, and the donkey lived alongside me. I had quite lost the habit of sleep up there in the stifling rooms of the hotel, and had gladly accepted my friend Antonio's invitation to sleep down at the Marina in his cool boat-house while he was away for a fishing trip in the Bay of Terracina. I fared exceedingly well in there among the pots and fishing-nets, and, astride on the keel of an old upturned boat, I wrote long love-letters to the sea. When evening came and it began to grow dusk in the boat-house, I went to bed in my hammock, with a sail for a covering and the memory of a happy day for a pillow, falling asleep with the waves and waking with the day. Each morning came my neighbor the old donkey, and stuck in her solemn head through the open door, looking steadfastly at me. I always wondered why she stood there so still and only stared at me, and I could not hit upon any other explanation than that she thought I was beautiful to look upon. I lay there half awake staring at her. I thought she too was beautiful : she looked like an old family portrait as she stood there with her gray head framed by the doorway, against the blue background of a summer's morning. Out there it grew lighter and lighter, and the sea's clear surface began to glitter. Then came a ray of sunlight right into my eyes, and I jumped up and greeted the gulf. For me there was nothing whatever to do all day, but the poor donkey had to work the whole forenoon up in Casamicciola. There grew up, however, such a sympathy between us that I found a substitute for her, and then we wandered carelessly about all day long, like true vagabonds, wherever the road led us.

Sometimes it was I who went first, with the donkey trotting tranquilly at my heels ; sometimes it was she who had got a fixed idea of her own, and then I naturally followed her. I studied the whole time with great attention the interesting individuality I had so unexpectedly come across, it being a long time since I had felt so cheerful in any one's company. I could say much more about all this ; but as these psychological researches may be far too serious for most of my readers, I believe I had better stop here.

And the birds—who can ever tire in their company ? Hour after hour I can sit on a mossy tuft and listen to what a dear little bird has to say—I, who can never keep my thoughts together when some one is making a speech. But have you observed how beautiful a little bird is to watch when he sings his song ; how now and again he bends his graceful little head to listen for some one to answer far away in the forest ? In the late summer, when the bird-mamma has to teach her children to talk, have you watched these lessons, when the mamma from her swinging-chair lectures about something or other, and the summer-old little ones stammer after her with their clear child-voices ? . . .

And when the birds are silent, I only need to look down among the grass and moss to light on other acquaintances to keep me company. Over waving grass and corn flies a dragon-fly on wings of sun-glitter and fairy web, and deep down in the path which winds between the mighty grass-stems a little ant struggles with a dry fir-needle on her back. Rough is the way ; now it goes up, and now it goes down ; now she pushes the heavy load like a sledge, now she carries it upon her slender shoulders. She climbs with it up the hillocks, so that it strains her tiny legs ; she slides down the steep rocks with her burden in her arms ; but she never gives up. Onward it goes, for the ant is in a hurry to be at home. Soon the dew will fall, and then it is unsafe to be out in the trackless forest, and best to be at home in peace after the day's work is ended. Now the road begins to be sloping and hilly, and soon a mighty mountain rises up in front of her. What the mountain is called the ant knows well enough. I know nothing, and to me it seems to look like an ordinary good-sized



pebble. The ant stops short and thinks a moment, and then gives with her antennæ a signal which I am too stupid to understand, but which others at once attend to ; and from behind a dry leaf two other ants approach as a reinforcement. I see how they stand quite still and listen : an ant-patrol marches by a little way off, and immediately a couple of ants start off to their assistance. Then they all take hold at once, and like sailors they haul up the log with a slow pull. I understand it is to repair the havoc of an earthquake that the piece of timber is to be used. How many struggling lives have perhaps been crushed under the ruins of the fallen houses, and what evil power can have destroyed what so much patient labor built up ? I dare not ask, for who knows if it were not a passing man who amused himself by knocking down the ant-hill with his stick ?

And all the other tiny creeping creatures whose names I do not know, but into whose small world I look with joy,

they also are fellow-citizens in creation's great society, and perhaps fulfil their citizen duties far better than I fulfil mine !

When thus lying down and staring into the grass, one becomes, for the matter of that, so very small one's self.

And at last it seems as if I were nothing but an ant myself, struggling on with my heavy load through the trackless forest. Now it goes up hill, and now it goes down ; but the question is, not to give up. And if there happens to be some one to give a little help now and then, all goes well enough.

All of a sudden comes Fate, and knocks down all that has been built up with so hard a labor.

The ant struggles on with her heavy load deep in the trackless forest. The way is long, and there is still some time before the day's work is finished and the dew falls.

But high overhead flies the dream on wings of sun-glitter and fairy web.—  
*Blackwood's Magazine.*

## JANUARY DAYS IN CEYLON.

### I.

#### COLOMBO.

THROUGH the brilliant moonlight of a tropical night the little steamer *Aska*, laden with cows, Tamil coolies, and a few European passengers, ploughs her way across the stormy Gulf of Manaar to Ceylon, that fairest " Pearl of the East," set in a sapphire ring of Indian seas. Five miles of shallow but turbulent water, through which a steam launch dives and plunges, lie between Tuticorin and the vessel which waits beyond the bar. At length the drenched and dripping cabin passengers are hoisted up the lurching gangway, while the frightened but pugnacious coolies tumble in pell-mell through an open hatchway, their shrieks and quarrels only quelled by the liberal application of a stout stick to their bare brown shoulders by a muscular native steward. Some of the combatants tumble into the foaming water, and being forcibly prevented from going on board swim back disconsolately to the launch as it gets up steam for the return journey. Babies scream

and kick, women and girls weep bitterly, as they waft frantic farewells to the distant shore, and a cow breaks loose from her moorings and plunges madly round the decks, pursued by a score of brown figures with wild war-whoops and waving arms. When comparative peace is restored we settle down amid bag and baggage on the upper deck for a twenty-hours' passage, which seems an interminable nightmare of horrors. The fearful tossing of the top-heavy boat in the January monsoon, the appalling groans of the crowded coolies, and the dismal howling of the cattle, together with the discomfort caused by the miserable appointments of the steamer, combine to render the little voyage a pandemonium of manifold torture. My own lot is mitigated by the loan of a deck chair and a pillow from a kindly young officer of the ship ; but my less favored companions are reduced to the bare boards of the deck as their only couch through the long hours of misery which intervene from port to port.

At length hope revives, and life again seems worth living, as the purple mountains of Ceylon loom on the horizon and

the lofty cone of Adam's Peak soars into the deep-blue sky. The wind, which travels a hundred miles in a breath, fans us with the fragrance of tropical flowers and the pungent aroma of mace and cinnamon, for the "spicy breezes" of Ceylon are no poetical myth, but a well-authenticated fact. Forests of cocoa-nut palms fringe the coast with feathery crowns bending beneath a golden weight of clustering fruit, the great green fronds sweeping down in graceful curves to the violet rim of the sunlit sea. The *Aska* anchors within the noble breakwater of Colombo, where the bent spars of outrigger canoes flit about among huge steamers, and crowds of catamarans, the native boats, made of hollowed tree-trunks, surround us, paddled by brown figures who gesticulate wildly in order to attract our attention. Resisting their entreaties we select a flat boat with an awning, and two sturdy Cingalese row us to the shore of this earthly paradise, invested with a double charm by contrast with the purgatory which has preceded it. Past the red houses and towers of tree-shaded streets lined with glittering bazaars, and thronged with gayly-clad crowds, we drive along Galle Face, that loveliest of sea promenades, with the huge rollers of the Indian Ocean breaking into foam at our feet. Our powers of enjoyment are for the moment in abeyance, and even the flaming sunset, which transmutes sea and sky into radiant plains of molten gold, wins but a listless admiration, for the luxurious repose of the palm shaded hotel at the edge of the waves is the modest goal of our present ambition.

Colombo is the marine junction of the world, and the different lines converging here as in a focus render the commercial metropolis of Ceylon a cosmopolitan rather than a Cingalese city. The busy streets glow with dazzling color and frame perpetually changing pictures of that brilliant Oriental life which to those unfamiliar with it appears a dream of Arabian Nights rather than a tangible reality of ordinary experience. The various races which jostle each other in street and bazaar partake of the cosmopolitan character which belongs in a certain degree to the whole island, though more especially to Colombo. Effeminate-looking Cingalese with glossy braids of black hair fastened by huge tortoise-shell combs, wander about

in smart jackets and striped skirts of native cloth. The dress of the women is almost identical with that of the men, though sometimes varied by a low white muslin bodice and a string of coral, replaced in the higher classes by sparkling circlets of rubies or sapphires on dusky necks and arms. Moormen, descended from ancient Arab traders who migrated hither from Red Sea ports, and distinguishable by their voluminous red or white robes and tall hats glittering with tinsel, smoke their narghilehs in dim arcades filled with gorgeous silks and delicate embroideries. Malays with flat Mongolian features and dull-blue garb drive a brisk trade in the artistically woven cloth and cotton of their native peninsula. Stolid Bombay merchants and keen-faced Jews with long black ringlets preside over stores of shining gems; for this favored island, together with the pearl fisheries of the western coast, possesses the further treasure of inexhaustible sapphire-mines, and the minor wealth of tourmalines, moonstones, and garnets. The rubies and emeralds of Burma and Siam, which appear plentiful as the native jewels, are received in exchange for the splendid sapphires, and the rare specimens of alexandrite and jacinth obtained from the quarries of Ratnapura, famous for unique crystallizations which rank amid the phenomena of Nature. The most valuable sapphires are of a deep velvety blue, unchanged by artificial light, but the scale of color runs from palest azure to darkest indigo. Sapphires of faint pink hue are highly prized, and the green sapphire has obtained a well-deserved popularity, but gems of white and yellow lustre are comparatively worthless. The semi-transparent asterias, or star sapphire, of blue-gray tint, shows a five-pointed star radiating in fine white veins from the centre of the stone. The abundant tourmalines glow with rich hues of straw color, amber, and brown, varied occasionally by a brilliant green, gems of this color being locally designated as "green diamonds;" but the rare alexandrite, pale green by day and changing to lustrous crimson under artificial light, is the most exquisite of Cingalese jewels. Sparkling cinnamon stones, their ruddy brown shot with orange, are also local specialties; and the delicate moonstone, so called from the

azure crescent which shimmers through the opalescent puller of every perfect specimen, is indigenous to the island.

With difficulty we tear ourselves away from the mysterious fascination of the sparkling jewels, possessing that magnetic attraction for the feminine mind which Goethe realized when he placed them in the hand of Mephistopheles as an irresistible temptation. Coolies who only add a supplementary red handkerchief to the brown suit with which Nature provides them, draw the rickshaws which seem the favorite vehicles of Ceylon, and white bullocks trot past harnessed to scarlet carts laden with brightly-clad natives. English soldiers in white uniform and sun helmet ride prancing chargers on the green "Maidan" before the barracks, and fashionable carriages drive up and down Galle Face, filled with elegantly-dressed Europeans and the more gaudily-attired burghers who belong to the Dutch and Portuguese stock, which by Cingalese intermarriage became incorporated with the original population.

A few expeditions in rickshaw and bullock bandy suffice for the exploration of Colombo, which owes its modern importance to the crowded shipping ever passing to and from this connecting link in the intersecting chains of international commerce. The bazaars with their local curios of ebony and sandal-wood, porcupine quills and woven grass, surpass those of the Indian peninsula in variety and beauty. The extensive Pettah, or native town, glows with kaleidoscopic coloring, and the English cathedral in a shady close adds a touch of home association to the unfamiliar aspect of the shining East. Compulsory baptism during the Portuguese occupation added many so-called converts to the Roman Church, but most of these unwilling Christians reverted in after years to their original Buddhism, though the modern Roman mission numbers many faithful adherents. The supreme charm of the locality consists in the tropical verdure, which turns every rural lane and woodland vista into a bower of floral splendor. An artificial lake in the midst of the city tempers the burning rays of the equatorial sun, and the shadowy creeks under their canopy of palms are filled with floating water-lilies, pink, white, and blue. The aromatic cinnamon garlands scent the air, and every palm-thatched

hut buries itself in a tangle of choicest exotics and a green nest of tropical verdure. The lazy *insouciance* of the people and the lavish bounty of Nature under equatorial skies contrast sharply with the stern environment of Northern poverty in a rigorous climate, where the earth appears as a hard taskmaster rather than a tender mother.

An expedition to Mount Lavinia is *de rigueur* with every visitor to Colombo. Picturesque bungalows and lovely gardens line the road for the first two miles, the deep verandas and pillared porticoes mantled with the royal purple of Bougainvillea and the vivid coloring of unfamiliar tropical creepers. Stately palms rustle overhead, banana and india-rubber flap their broad green leaves in the spice-laden breeze, and ripening mangoes glow amid glossy foliage. The yellow canes of the giant bamboo gleam amid the pale green of the feathery leaves. Custard-apple and boquat, rose-apple and pawpaw hang over every flowery hedge and tempt the thirsty traveller to pause and gather their cool and juicy fruits. Here and there a mighty banyan strikes the ground again and again with the curious trunks which grow downward from the end of every bough, and in their turn branch out into fresh foliage like a dozen trees in one. Mahogany and tulip tree, teak and touchwood, with a hundred unknown species, add to the variety of the tropical woods; and as we advance, the road penetrates the shadowy depths of an interminable forest of cocoanuts, with blue glimpses of the sea shining through their pillared stems. We pass bamboo-roofed villages, their open stalls filled with mounds of pine-apples, and the overhanging eaves laden with huge bunches of yellow bananas. Gayly-clad girls tie up this most plentiful of fruits in neat parcels with its own great leaves, or pour out the tea, which is now the universal beverage of Ceylon, while they chat merrily with the native wayfarers who halt for the simple refreshment.

Mount Lavinia is the site of a large hotel above the Indian Ocean, which bursts in foam and thunder among the rocks and caverns below the green promontory. The shadow of the tall gray house, and the background of waving palms, render the spot an oasis of perpetual coolness in this sun-steeped land. A delicious breeze blows from the sea; fishermen mend their

nets on the golden sands of the palm-fringed bay, and catamarans dart in and out of the rocky creeks. A small brown boy swarms up a lofty tree to gather fresh cocoa-nuts, and we recline in *dolce far niente* fashion on long bamboo chairs, sipping iced cocoa-nut water, while we revel in the glorious sunset light which streams over the purple ocean as the flaming disk sinks below the waves.

The return to Colombo by moonlight, a few hours later, is the loveliest experience of all. The breeze has died away, and the forest of palms is motionless as though carved in ebony. The full moon fringes the dark fronds with silver, and gleams with mellow lustre on the polished stems which pencil interlacing shadows on the shining grass. Fire-flies sparkle in the dusky glades, lighting up a world of mystery with their galaxies of glittering stars. The little villages are wrapped in silence and sleep, though here and there a dark form raises itself from a grass mat at the sound of the horse's hoofs. Our seven miles' progress through the scene of enchantment is all too short, for dawn, sunset, and moonlight, are the three conditions which glorify this tropical Eden with a halo of unearthly beauty. In the deep seclusion of the outlying country lies the missionary station of Cotta, a centre of Christian work, with schools, church, and parsonage inclosed in a green garden. The warm welcome of the kindly missionary to this English home in a distant land, and the peaceful afternoon spent under his hospitable roof, is a bright episode of the sojourn in Colombo. The native converts maintained and educated at Cotta show a warm appreciation of their privileges, and the happy-looking girls who sing us familiar English hymns and native songs in musical Cingalese, gather round their good pastor with the unmistakable affection due to a tried and trusted friend. The deep repose of the rural scenery sinks into the heart, and we turn away with regret from the tranquil lake and shadowy woods, bidding a still more reluctant farewell to the kind and fatherly head of the English mission. Under the rose-flushed sky of earliest dawn we drive to a Buddhist temple outside the city. Not a leaf stirs in the glassy atmosphere, and the way-side flowers have not yet unclosed their dewy petals to the rising sun; the gray boughs and scarlet blossoms of the leafless

cotton-tree rise in gorgeous pyramids of bloom above our heads, and gold mohur alternates with red poinsettia in a brilliant foreground to the unchanging green of the endless palms. Native women are laying their fragrant offerings of snowy temple flowers on Buddha's shrine. His gigantic red figure reclines at full length behind the altar, and weird frescoes depicting the manifold transmigrations of his soul decorate the walls, on which he appears in various forms, including those of a tiger and a hare. A yellow-robed priest acts as custodian of the temple, and notwithstanding his vow of poverty rattles an iron bowl with suspicious alacrity. The images of Brahma and Shiva, which flank the colossal Buddha, indicate that decadence of Buddhist creed which resulted from the influence of the Indian mainland on the purer doctrinal system.

Colombo is about to celebrate the arrival of the Archduke Ferdinand d'Este, heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne, and cartloads of flowers and palms go past to decorate the quays. As the Austrian iron-clad *Kaiserin Elisabeth* is expected on the following day, we resolve to precede his Imperial Highness to Kandy, where great festivities are to be observed in honor of the royal guest. A departure from Colombo is also rendered advisable by the setting in of a "long-shore wind," which, with its enervating effects, is one of the drawbacks to this equatorial paradise, beautiful as a dream, but, like Eden of old, both in a literal and figurative sense, marked with the trail of the serpent.

## II.

### KANDY.

THE railway from Colombo to Kandy traverses a luxuriant plain overflowing with irrepressible verdure. Tobacco and sugarcane wave in the wind, and the dark foliage of magnificent cocoa-nut palms accentuates the paler green of gigantic bananas and the vivid emerald of springing rice. Crossing and recrossing a romantic river, the train winds upward into the heart of the hills, and skirts steep precipices clad from base to summit with feathery ferns. Cocoa-nut forests sweep up to the edge of the fantastic rocks, and palms of every kind—areca and talipot, fan palm, oil palm, and sago—fringe the shadowy



gorges which pierce the purple mountains, and wind away into an unknown region of glamour and mystery. The fluted columns of the graceful Palmyra palm form forest aisles in Nature's green cathedral, the bread-fruit tree waves serrated leaves among creaking bamboos and tall rattans, the scaly globes of the jak grow in golden excrescences from the rough bark, and the verdure of trailing creepers brightens with intermingled leaves of pure white and dazzling scarlet, as though even Nature's green robe caught fire from hidden depths of color under the glow of tropic skies. As the gray crags rise in bolder outlines above the river, the high mountain ranges of Ceylon tower upward bathed in violet haze, and the unearthly radiance of the equatorial sunset suggests some magic vision of "the light that never shone on land or sea." The liquid amber of the sky flushes overhead into peach-like bloom of blended rose and lilac, and the tranquil river flows in a golden tide through the flower-wreathed valley. The train ascends into the cooler regions of the tea district, where the lower spurs of the mountains are covered with the green bushes and starry flowers of Ceylon's most valuable crop. Brown coolies are picking the young shoots, now in full "flush" after a heavy shower. The tea-gatherers are all Tamils from the Indian coast, for the prosperous Cingalese refuse to work on tea estates, preferring to cultivate the strip of fertile land owned by almost every native. Darkness falls as we reach far-famed Kandy, the mountain capital of the ancient kings and a stronghold of barbaric cruelty almost within the memory of living men.

Ceylon, once known as Serandib, and earlier still as Taprobane, was visited by the Greeks and Romans, by Marco Polo, and by the early Portuguese navigators. After retaining possession of the island for a century and a half the Portuguese were expelled by the Dutch in A.D. 1656, and in 1796 the latter gave way to the British, who gradually extended their sway over the whole island, the subjugation of the native Kandyan kings being the last and most difficult feat accomplished by the victorious army. After establishing ourselves at the charming waterside hotel, we make the circuit of the moonlit lake by rickshaw. This picturesque sheet of water which fills the lovely valley is of artificial

construction. An ancient Kandyan king, in order to cool the heated atmosphere of the mountain town situated in a basin of forest-clad hills, imprisoned the waters of a shallow river which flowed through the dale. A perforated stone terrace bounds the head of the lake, now encircled by a carriage drive under drooping cocoa-nuts and stately cabbage palms. The mystical beauty of the moonlight scene is heightened from the Upper Lake Road, where we look down through the luxuriant tropical vegetation to the shimmering water lying like a shield of silver amid the darkness of the surrounding hills. Stone pillars, washed by the rippling wavelets, support the ancient boat-house of the Kandyan kings, used as the present English library. The curling brown eaves and deep balconies of the particolored building combine rustic simplicity with Oriental display. The remains of the royal palace, now occupied by Government offices, exhibit the same character in richly-carved wooden pillars and barbaric architecture, which reaches a climax of picturesque beauty in the adjacent Temple of the Tooth, the most famous of Buddhist shrines. At the first streak of dawn the temple band discourses weird and uncanny music on trombone, conch shell, and flageolet, summoning the faithful to prayer. After the morning sacrifice of flowers and music, the yellow-robed priest who strips the blossoms from their stems and lays them in lines upon the great silver altar, shows us the celebrated temple library in the beautiful octagon of striped brown and white stone which forms the most striking feature of the picturesque building. The sacred books are written with a stylus on leaves of the talipot palm, the gems of this famous collection being protected by covers of carved ebony mounted in solid silver. The intelligent young librarian, who understands English perfectly, displays with much pride Sir Edwin Arnold's gift of a dried leaf from the celebrated peepul tree of Buddha-Gya, which waved its tremulous boughs over the head of the great Indian sage as he meditated on the mystic doctrines afterward elaborated into the Buddhist creed. We return to the temple at a later hour to witness the reception of the Austrian Archduke, and to embrace the rare opportunity of seeing the Sacred Tooth of Buddha, seldom accessible to Europeans, but exhibited to-day in

honor of the royal visit. Flags, flowers, and palms decorate the station where the Archduke and his suite are received by the Governor and to be escorted through Kandy by the native infantry and all available British troops. Triumphal arches span the streets leading to the temple, with waving palm branches, and fronds, split, peeled, and plaited in elaborate native style and intricate design. Baskets of gorgeous flowers hang from the open lattice-work of every arch, and a thousand fluttering pennons of red and yellow are suspended above the roads lined with rustic lamps of split cocoa-nut shells mounted on bamboo-stems for the evening illumination.

The Imperial guest is welcomed at the temple gate by the Kandyan chiefs, who, in accordance with an ancient Cingalese law, act as the lay custodians of the Sacred Tooth. Their broad hats of crimson velvet and gold embroidery blaze with strings and clasps of rubies and sapphires, every hat being surmounted by the towering golden badge of the wearer's race. Gorgeous jackets of red and gold brocade sparkle with the same precious gems, and the voluminous white petticoats of gold-embroidered muslin are tucked up in a huge bundle under a golden belt encrusted with emeralds and pearls. A jewelled dagger flashes at the side, and the brown hands are almost hidden by huge rings, like miniature suns, with rays of many-colored gems surrounding the flaming disk of a great central ruby. The bearded faces of this barbaric aristocracy express a sense of overwhelming importance as they advance, surrounded by a native guard bearing glittering spears, curious leathern shields, and great fans of peacocks' feathers. Fortunately for my own share in the ceremony, curiosity overmasters dignity in one of the noble band, now a useful member of the island parliament, and he offers me a coign of vantage in the temple itself, after satisfying himself by a few preliminary questions that I shall not abuse this lofty privilege. Following his bundle of gorgeous petticoats up the stone stairs, I enter the inner court of the sacred edifice just as a long procession of Buddhist priests with yellow robes and shaven crowns emerges from the dusky arches of an adjacent cloister. Tone and texture are equally varied in the priestly garb, which includes every shade of primrose,

amber, canary, and orange. The flowing garments, dyed with the juice of the jak tree and made of satin, serge, cloth, or calico, leave the right arm and shoulder uncovered. The left hand holds the great palm-leaf fan, which, together with an iron bowl for rice, constitutes the entire personal property of these dreamy ascetics, bound by a threefold vow of poverty, chastity, and obedience. The mystical and subjective doctrines of Buddhism, an ethical philosophy rather than a creed, are often materialized in popular practice by the introduction of Hindu rites and deities into the observances inculcated by the more visionary and speculative system. This religious degeneration resulted from the frequent intermarriages of Kandyan kings with Tamil princesses, who retained their own faith or grafted it upon the Buddhism which in some cases they were compelled to accept. The yawning gulf between the intellectual subtleties of Buddhist doctrine and the gross materialism to which Southern India reduces the mysteries of Brahminism was thus bridged over, and the multitude, ever preferring the seen to the unseen, readily adopted a compromise which appealed to the senses as well as to the soul.

Many intellectual and thoughtful faces are noticeable amid the crowd of Buddhist priests, monks, and novices present in the Temple of the Tooth. All ages are represented, from the venerable abbot of some historic monastery to the youthful neophyte just emerging from childhood. From earliest dawn the green paths of mountain and jungle have been thronged with the golden figures of these gentle "brethren of the yellow robe," assembling by hundreds to venerate the most precious relic of their ancient faith, and the ferry-boat from the monastery buried under the trees of the opposite shore has been in constant requisition, bearing a golden freight across the deep blue water. As the weird strains of thundering trombone and wailing flageolet sound in the distance, the countless priests form into two dazzling semicircles, divided by an intersecting aisle left free for the advancing procession. The frescoed walls and cavernous arches of the ancient temple emphasize the crescent-shaped masses of shaded yellow and the contrasting brown of shaven faces and naked arms. Stalls of votive flowers light up dim recesses

with snowy bloom, and the rich fragrance of ironwood, champak, and frangipanni blossom struggles with the fumes of camphor and the heavy odors of burning wax. At length, as the temple band rends the air with a wild burst of barbaric music, the procession files past, preceded by attendants bearing glittering fans and huge umbrellas of scarlet and gold. The Kandyan chiefs follow, their gorgeous costume enhanced by the addition of cloth of gold capes bristling with jewels. The young Archduke is supported on one side by the Governor of Ceylon and on the other by the abbot of the temple, a noble-looking man robed in rich yellow satin. Another crowd of attendants brings up the rear with a further array of fans, umbrellas, and heraldic badges glittering with gold and color. The Imperial visitor, a quiet-looking young man in simple morning dress, appears somewhat embarrassed by the novelty of his surroundings as he passes within the massive silver door of the inner shrine, and on returning from the sanctum sanctorum of Buddhism he makes a speedy exit from the temple precincts. Owing to the kindness of the Kandyan magnate whose authority sanctions my presence, I join the first detachment of pilgrims, and ascend the corkscrew staircase to the turret which contains the shrine of the Tooth. Only one at a time can pass under the low-browed arch of the narrow doorway. The friendly chief and some yellow-robed "chelas" mount guard within a silver railing, before a table draped with rich embroideries, and supporting a bell-shaped shrine of silver gilt, with costly draperies gleaming within its open door. Two smaller shrines are contained within this external casket. An outer one of gold set with lustrous rubies contains the actual reliquary of priceless emeralds, wherein the Sacred Tooth is suspended by a gold wire above the petals of a golden lotus. The discolored ivory fang, an inch and a half in length, if authentic, must assuredly have belonged to Buddha during his incarnation as a tiger, one of the historical transmigrations experienced by his long-suffering soul. His miniature image is exhibited carved from a single emerald, presumably the largest in the world, and a less valuable figure of rock crystal is a triumph of skilful workmanship in archaic art. With difficulty we thread the dense crowd of

natives who surround the temple, waiting with exemplary patience for what they consider an inestimable religious privilege.

At nightfall the long lines of lighted cocoa-nut lamps gleam softly on the broad green leaves and drooping grasses which border the temple roads and the woodland path to Government House. Native dancers, with tinselled breastplates and spangled scarves glittering on their lithe brown bodies, twirl in wild gyrations before a Kandyan chief, whose praises they sing in a guttural chorus. The crowds assemble again to witness the Perahera, a solemn procession of the sacred elephants which have been arriving all the afternoon from the Buddhist temples of the district, until the court containing the bell-shaped Dagobas which rise round the Temple of the Tooth is full of the noble beasts and their picturesque attendants, who move about bearing green burdens of bamboo and branches of trees for their charges to feed upon. At length, decorated with gorgeous masks and trappings of red, yellow, or white, glittering with gold embroidery representing Buddha in his manifold incarnations, with sacred inscriptions interwoven round every figure, the processional elephants are drawn up in line on either side of the temple gate. As the Archduke and his suite enter the balcony of the octagon, from whence the Kandyan kings were wont to show themselves to their subjects, the magnificent temple elephant descends the long flight of steps in gorgeous state caparisons of scarlet and gold presented by the King of Siam, and bearing the golden shrine of the Sacred Tooth under a golden howdah. A score of attendants walk at the side, supporting a lofty cloth of gold canopy, outlined with lamps and flowers. Snowy plumes rise behind the flapping ears, and turbaned mahouts kneel on the richly-masked head, and lean against the gilt columns of the howdah, holding peacock-feather fans and scarlet umbrellas edged with tinkling golden bells. The temple band leads the way, the barbaric strains of music being accompanied by the clashing cymbals and rattling castanets of a hundred whirling dancers. The dignified Kandyan chiefs walk in glittering ranks before the mighty elephant which occupies the post of honor, his small eyes twinkling through the red and golden mask of the huge head which towers above the multitude, and his enor-

mons tusks guided carefully by the temple servants, to prevent accidental damage from their sweeping ivory curves. The thirty elephants of the procession walk three abreast, ridden by officials in muslin robes and embroidered scarves of sacred red and yellow, and holding golden dishes heaped with rice, cocoa-nut, and flowers, the consecrated offerings of the Buddhist religion. Each trio of elephants is preceded by a band of music, a troupe of dancers, and a crowd of gaudily-clad natives with blazing torches and scarlet banners. Sometimes a baby elephant trots along by his mother's side as a preliminary education in the future duties of his sacred calling, and seems terrified by the noise and glare, which in no way disconcert the imperturbable dignity of his elders. Round and round the wide area of the temple precincts the gigantic animals move with the slow and stately tread which allows ample time for the wild evolutions of the mazy dances performed before each advancing line. The splendor of the barbaric pageant harmonizes with the vivid coloring of native life and landscape. The red glare of a thousand flaming torches flashing back from the gorgeous trappings of the noble elephants, the dark faces of the bounding dancers, the waving fans and floating banners, the wild bursts of savage music, and the Oriental brilliancy of the many-colored crowd, contrasting with the jewelled costumes of Kandyan chiefs and the yellow robes of the Buddhist priesthood, render the imposing ceremonial a picture of unprecedented splendor. The tropical wealth of vegetation which frames the fantastic procession enhances the dazzling spectacle, before which every memory of European pageantry fades into a cold and colorless dream.

The festivities last far into the night, and the wicks still smolder in the cocoa-nut shells at sunrise as the Malwatte monastery across the lake echoes the early strains of the temple band. Slanting sunbeams gild the plummy palms of the green islet which studs the calm blue water. A shower has fallen in the night, flushing the hedges of pink and purple lantana and the massive foliage with a tangle of gorgeous flowers. Golden allamanda climbs in wild profusion over bush and tree, mingling a trailing curtain of yellow blossoms with the glowing boughs of scarlet hibiscus and the long sprays of lilac thunbergia

which festoon the overarching branches. Passion flower ropes the palms and flings the sweeping tendrils of its white and crimson garlands on the green banks of the lake. Arum lilies choke each shallow brook, and huge crotons fill every ditch with a riot of color, the velvety leaves of rose and crimson, chocolate and purple, spotted and barred with white. Green spears, which shoot up in bristling masses from mossy banks, are starred with scarlet. Orange cacti twist blue-green spikes and writhing stems in wild contortions; the pink flowers of the sensitive plant carpet the turf, and the vast green garden of equatorial nature exhales the fragrant atmosphere of a crowded hothouse.

The long streets and low white dwellings of Kandy, with feathery cocoa-nuts rising above red eaves and bamboo thatch, extend in curious perspective beyond the lake, and a rift in the forest reveals a chain of dark-blue mountains piercing the roseate morning sky. The Malwatte monastery beneath us nestles in embowering woods, the monastic cells surrounding a quadrangle shaded by the spreading boughs of a quivering peepul tree. Descending the hill on a journey of discovery, we are invited by a young monk, engaged in teaching some boys the Buddhist Scriptures, to enter his little sanctum, furnished, like the prophet's chamber on the wall, with bed, stool, and candlestick, supplemented by English influences with a petroleum lamp, a photograph of the superior in an Oxford frame, and a tiny table. The chapel of the community contains nothing of interest but the usual image of Buddha, and two curiously carved seats from whence "*Bana*," or doctrine, is preached at stated seasons. The Monastery of Asgyriya, buried in another wood behind the town, shares the importance of Malwatte, every Buddhist priest of Ceylon being ordained in one or other of these historic sanctuaries. The stillness of the woodland cloister suggests an earthly counterpart of Nirvana; for when the great Indian mystic

wended unto the tree  
Beneath whose boughs it was ordained that  
truth should come,

the prophetic voice which spoke to him through whispering leaves and sighing breeze, according to popular belief, forever consecrated the solemn forests to the mysteries of religion. The Asgyriya tem-



ple contains a colossal Buddha, eighteen cubits long, carved in the solid rock which forms the further side of the sacred building. An inscription at the back, in the Pali character, is a legal conveyance of certain lands to the temple priesthood. The neighboring village of Lewella possesses another forest sanctuary, with a huge red image and an historic Daghoba, or shrine, built over sacred relics on the rocky plateau which projects from the main edifice.

The envioning scenery is divinely beautiful. Lovely walks, named after the wives of succeeding Governors, penetrate the tropical woods and skirt the green hillsides. The purple gorges which cleave the sunlit mountains, and the various reaches of the enchanting Mahaveli Ganga, the "great sandy river" of Ceylon, afford exquisite glimpses of untrammelled nature, which attains an ideal beauty at Gona-watta Ferry. A forest road overhung by palm and banana winds round a range of cliffs high above the swiftly flowing water, reached by a gradual descent into verdant valleys carpeted with emerald rice, and fringed with green plumes of palm, varied by blue blossoms of cinchona and glossy boughs of cacao, with long brown pods hiding among the polished leaves. For seven miles we follow the river's course through the tropic wilderness. Two Tamil children sit on the wide green leaves of a tall india-rubber plant at the roadside, and Cingalese girls in plaid skirts and muslin bodices cross the ferry to a coffee plantation on the opposite hill. Rustling leaves suggest an unseen snake; but though the deadly cobra hides in every jungle, and the still more terrible *tio-polonga* haunts the crevices of crumbling walls, the fatal foe is rarely seen by those who keep to the beaten tracks, though a tree recently cut down in the gardens of Government House disclosed a nest of cobras among the branching roots, proving the reality of the peril so frequently forgotten. The palm-thatched villages under the clustering cocoa-nuts repay many exploring tours into the green depths of forest and valley, with picturesque glimpses of rural life under novel aspects, and the Botanical Gardens of Peradenia, three miles from Kandy, add to the splendor of unrivalled vegetation the further charm of the fresh experiences with which they provide us.

Amid these tropical groves we revel in

the strange delight of breaking the ripe nutmeg from the external shell of scarlet mace, gathering fragrant buds of clove or brown seeds of pungent allspice, and plucking glossy boughs of cinnamon in order to taste the rough bark and bruise the aromatic leaves into double sweetness. We stand beneath the deadly upas tree, where certain death awaits the unwary sleeper beneath its menacing shadow, and even the dreaded cobra is not exempt from the fatal effects of a more deadly poison than his own. A noble aisle of towering cabbage palms soars upward in unbroken smoothness, the bright green "cabbage" forming the capital of every column and dividing sombre plumes from silvery stems. The Mahaveli-Ganga bounds one side of the great gardens, and a graceful satin-wood bridge spans the stream flowing between thickets of bamboo, which mirror their fluffy foliage and white or golden stems in the transparent water. In the teeming soil of Peradenia these gigantic bamboos shoot up at the rate of a foot in twenty-four hours, and only begin to die down when they attain their normal height of a hundred feet. The tropical wonders of Brazilian forests and South Sea isles grow with native luxuriance in their adopted land, the white flowers of the tall Liberian coffee scent the air, and the orchids of the Amazon festoon unknown trees with brilliant blossoms which mimic bird and butterfly. The traveller's palm, so called from the draught of water obtained by incision of the stem, shades the turf with mighty fans. A single leaf is supplied to every native soldier as a tent, and some of the fronds are large enough to shelter fifteen men. The green lane which leads from the pretty village of Peradenia to the little station glows with the radiant exotics which drape the hedges. An advancing Buddhist priest makes a point of vivid color against the red earth and rich vegetation, hiding his face with his palm-leaf fan, and guarding his yellow robe from contact with a woman's dress, in obedience to the rule of his Order. No lover of flowers could leave the wealth of gorgeous blossoms untouched, but rapidity of decay equals luxuriance of growth in a tropic clime, and our fragrant burden is only gathered to be cast away.

A large tea estate flanks the station, the green shrubs bordering the line. A visit to the tea factory occupies a spare half-

hour, and we witness the process of drying, sifting, and rolling the tea, which impregnates the air with an overpowering odor. Each of the four upper leaves on every newly "flushed" spray is used for a different kind of tea, the topmost shoot, known as "broken Pekoe," being the most costly and delicate of all; the fragrant "orange Pekoe" is made from the *uncurling* leaf beneath. The small *open* leaf next in order is the less expensive "Pekoe," and the *large* leaf of the tiny twig makes the coarse and common "Pekoe Souchong." The frequent showers of the verdant island "flush" the tea about every fortnight, when the whole strength of the plantation turns out to pick the fresh shoots. Having improved our theoretical knowledge, we return to put it into practice and enjoy the cheering cup in the veranda of the hotel, where

local merchants preside over bales of embroidery and glittering stores of filigree. The lake reflects a brilliant sunset, and the tall palms stand out in black silhouette against the orange glow of the evening sky. Our stay in Kandy draws to a close, but the spell of enchantment remains unbroken.

The precious gem glows with richer color and brighter lustre the longer we gaze into its crystal depths, and increasing familiarity with the wonders of tropical scenery deepens their ineffaceable impression and alluring charm. The fair face of nature reveals a thousand unimagined beauties to those whose admiration has ripened into love, and the fetters which bind the heart to this garden of Paradise are hard to break, although the outward eye sees only a chain of flowers. — *Cornhill Magazine*.

#### SERPENT-WORSHIP IN ANCIENT AND MODERN EGYPT.

BY A. H. SAYCE.

ONE of the most delightful of old books of travel is the "Voyage du Sieur Paul Lucas, fait en MDCCXIV., etc., par ordre de Louis XIV., dans la Turquie, l'Asie, Sourie, Palestine, Haute et Basse Egypte, etc., où l'on trouvera des Remarques très-curieuses, comparées à ce qu'ont dit les Anciens sur le Labyrinthe d'Egypte; un grand nombre d'autres monuments de l'Antiquité, dont il a fait la découverte; une Description du Gouvernement, des Forces, de la Religion, de la Politique et de l'état présent des Turcs; une Relation de leurs Préparatifs faits pour la dernière Guerre contre l'Empereur, et un Parallele des Coutumes Modernes des Egyptiens avec les anciennes." Paul Lucas had already prepared himself for his "mission scientifique" by an earlier voyage up the Nile, an account of which he published, though his enemies declared that the voyage had been taken in imagination only and that the author's knowledge of Egypt was derived from his experiences as cook to the French Consul at Cairo. Whether or not such allegations were true, his second book proved him to be a man of acute observation, with a genuine interest in antiquities and a considerable knowledge of what had been said about them.

In his first book of travels he had given a description of a wonder-working serpent which was revered by the Mohammedan inhabitants of Upper Egypt under the name of Sheikh Heridi, the home of which was in a mountain hollow opposite Tahta. Paul Lucas asserted that the serpent could be cut in pieces, and that the pieces would not only disappear but reunite in another place. Such stories were naturally received with incredulity in France, to which the fame of the serpent-saint had not previously penetrated, and the envoy of the antiquarian curiosity of Louis XIV. was therefore particularly anxious to confirm the truth of them. A visit to the saint was accordingly included in the programme of his voyage.

North of Tahta he passed a camp which he found to be that of a certain Omar Hassan Bey, "who had come to receive tributes which the Arabs are forced to pay him."\* He at once made himself known to the Bey, who entertained him courteously.

"After having taken coffee," he says, "and drunk some water made from the sugar-cane,

\* "Voyage," vol. ii. pp. 82 *sqq.* (Amsterdam, 1720).

which is a fairly pleasant beverage, the Bey asked me what was the object of my journey and how he could be useful to me. I told him that I was looking for plants and some other curiosities in Upper Egypt, but that finding myself in this district I wished to be enlightened on what had been said in this country about the famous serpent in regard to which so many marvels were recounted throughout Egypt. I confessed to him at the same time that the account I had given of it in France had turned everybody against me, so that I was determined to examine the matter on the spot. The Governor answered that I had only to go a little further, that the serpent was on the Akmin (Ekhmin) side of the Nile, that a Dervish who is regarded here as a saint, having a short time before built a Marabous, that is to say, a small chapel, Haridi or the Angel (for this is the name which is given to the serpent) was come to live with him, and that ever since he had been performing astonishing miracles. He thereupon began to describe these alleged miracles to me, but I do not dare even to repeat them here, so extravagant did his account appear to me. When I asked his permission to visit this new abode of Haridi, he said that that was unnecessary, and that he would send for the Dervish with orders that he should bring the serpent himself. We had been talking hardly an hour when the Sheikh arrived, and after having gravely saluted the Governor, who at once asked him if he had brought the Angel, he drew it from his breast and gave it to Hassan Bey, who put it in his own. It is a snake of moderate size and which seems very tame. I was seated all the time close to the Governor and watched his countenance attentively. Each set himself to recount some fresh miracle of this serpent; that which seemed to me the most extraordinary was the history of the cure of a woman of Akmin, who had been paralyzed for eight years. All the remedies she had employed having been useless, she requested with much earnestness that some one would be kind enough to carry her with her pallet to the place where the Angel was kept, declaring by her cries and tears that she would be cured of her inveterate malady. At last some of her friends determined to satisfy her, and having made a sort of litter, they prepared to carry the patient to the chapel of which I have spoken, and which is nine or ten leagues from Akmin. While they were proposing to rest at some little distance from the chapel they saw a serpent coming, which crawled up into the litter. This obliged them to run away, as they thought the woman must be guilty of several crimes and that Heaven was desirous of punishing them before she had arrived at the abode of Haridi. However, these same men, getting ready to kill the serpent and on this account approaching the sick woman, it fled away, and she found herself entirely cured. After the recital of this story and several others just as incredible, the Dervish asked to be allowed to go, and Hassan Bey having stated that he intended to keep the serpent some time longer, the recluse told him that it had already departed long ago, and

that at the moment he was speaking it had reached the chapel. Hassan rose suddenly to look for it, undid his girdle, moved all the cushions in the room, and finding the serpent no longer there was seized with amazement like all the rest of the party. He ordered a man to take a horse at once and see if it really had returned to its ordinary abode. The messenger came back half an hour later and reported that the Angel had actually arrived there, and that it had advanced more than twenty steps to meet the Dervish who takes care of it."

Paul Lucas remained some time longer with "the Governor" and then took his leave. The following morning he resumed his voyage and in "a few hours passed near Tahta opposite the grotto where the serpent used to be." From these words it would appear that before the "Marabous" had been built for it by its friend the Dervish the serpent had inhabited an excavation in the rock.

The fame of the serpent-saint has lasted through all the political and other changes which have passed over Egypt since the days of Sieur Lucas. Norden, the Dane, who sailed up the Nile in 1737, has more to tell us about it than he has about most of the antiquities of the country which he contented himself with observing from a distance.

"The Arabs," he tells us, "maintain that Sheikh Haridi having died in this place was buried there, and that God by a special act of favor transformed him into a serpent which never dies and which cures and grants favors to all those who implore its aid and offer sacrifices to it. It appears nevertheless that this miraculous serpent makes some distinction between different persons; it is much more propitious toward the rich and powerful than toward the smaller folk. If a sheikh finds himself attacked by some malady, the serpent is gracious enough to allow himself to be carried to him; whereas in the case of the common people it is necessary that the patient should have declared his desire for a visit and have made a vow to recompense the saint for its trouble. Even in this case the serpent does not come out without a somewhat curious ceremony; it is absolutely needful for a virgin of unspotted character to be charged with the embassy, for the virtue of the fair sex is alone of avail with it, and if that of the ambassadress has suffered the least taint it will be inexorable. As soon as she presents herself she pays the saint a compliment and begs it in the most humble terms to deign to let itself be carried to the person who has need of its help. The serpent, which can refuse nothing to a virgin, forthwith begins to move its tail and makes some leaps. The child thereupon redoubles her prayers and makes fresh entreaties; at last the serpent leaps

upon her neck, lies upon her breast, and remains quietly there while it is carried in State with great *hollas* and *haussais* to the person who has wanted it. Hardly is it arrived when the patient begins to feel himself recovering. This miraculous physician does not retire, however; it is kind enough to remain for some hours by the side of the patient, provided that meanwhile care is taken to refresh its priests or its saints, who never leave it. All proceeds amazingly well if an infidel or a Christian does not appear upon the scene; his presence would disturb the fête. The serpent, who would perceive it, would disappear at once; it would be useless to look for it, it would not be found; transported to the other side of the Nile it would know how to re-enter the tomb which is its ordinary retreat, without being seen. The Arabs dare to assert further that if this serpent is cut into pieces, the parts will immediately reunite, the outrage not being able to put an end to its life, since it must be eternal. The Christians of the country, who believe themselves more enlightened than the Arabs, reason very differently on the subject; they decide the case according to the spirit of their religion; they believe very piously that this pretended saint is the demon himself, who, by a just judgment of God, has power to deceive this blind and ignorant people, and that which confirms them the more in this belief is that they have a tradition that it was to this place that the angel Raphael banished the devil Asmodeus, of whom mention is made in the Book of Tobit."

A page or two further on Norden adds: "Cutting the serpent in pieces and seeing the parts reunite would be an incontestable proof of its immortality; but that has never been done, and when the Emir of Ekhnim one day ordered this test to be performed in his presence, the priests excused themselves from making the attempt; they will never proceed to such an extremity." \*

Passing from the eighteenth to the nineteenth century, we find that the belief in the miraculous powers of the serpent saint in no way diminished. When Legh in 1812 made his somewhat adventurous excursion up the Nile into Nubia, Sheikh Heridi, as it is termed by the natives, was still performing miracles. He wanted to see it, "but as our arrival was unexpected, and time had not been given for the necessary previous arrangements of putting the animal into the oracular cave, we were answered that he was gone abroad, and could not now be consulted." † Ten

years later Sir Frederick Henniker writes about the serpent as follows:

"The path leading up the neighboring mountain (Gebel Sheikh Heridi) is long, steep, and broiling; about half-way toward the summit is a large quarry or grotto,\* a few steps onward the path runs down into the heart of the mountain; it presents a romantic crater, in the hollow of which is the cell of Saint Eredy. Saint Eredy is held in great veneration by the Arabs, and in consequence of repeated pilgrimages the rugged rocks have been worn into a tolerable path, but the length and difficulty of it is still sufficient to try the Mussulman's faith—it will never make of me a Turkish saint, I would rather ascend the 'Sancta Scala' on my knees, or even kiss the cross erected in the Coliseum, notwithstanding the many dirty mouths that slatter their prayers over it, for only the exemption of two hundred days from purgatory per kiss. My guides inform me that a sacred serpent lives in the cell, and is occasionally, like the relics at Rome, held up to the veneration of the true believers. It is not visible now, the subtle animal never makes its appearance in winter. Gemelli mentions a snake in this country that was *sacred*, the priests used to cut it into several parts, and the snake, worm-like, would join itself by diabolical agency. Who knows whether it were not Lucifer himself?" †

Sir Frederick Henniker's description of the "romantic" situation chosen by Saint Heridi for his abode is sufficiently accurate. It resembles the crater of a volcano, being surrounded on all sides by steep and rugged rocks. Nothing can be more picturesque than the appearance it presents when looked at from above. Standing on the inner edge of rock through which the quarry mentioned by Henniker has been cut, we see deep below us a rounded hollow, within which are two white *qubbas* or domed Mohammedan shrines and a solitary palm. On all sides rise barren and broken cliffs of limestone, with gray outlines sharply marked against the blue heavens. By the side of one of the *qubbas* is a deep cleft in the rock which forms a natural cavern, the roof of which is at the extreme end open to the sky.

But the path described by Sir Frederick Henniker is not the only one which leads to the habitation of the saint. A

Country beyond the Cataracts." By Thomas Legh. Second edition, p. 97. (Murray, 1817.)

\* This is not correct, as the quarry which was excavated by one of the Ptolemies is practically at the top of the cliff.

† "Notes during a Visit to Egypt, Nubia, the Oasis Beris, Mount Sinai, and Jerusalem." By Sir Fred. Henniker. Pp. 103, 109. (Murray, 1824.)

\* "Voyage d'Egypte et de Nubie." Par Frédéric-Louis Norden. Nouvelle édition, par L. Langlès. Vol. ii. pp. 64-69. (Paris, 1795.)

† "Narrative of a Journey in Egypt and the



far less fatiguing and far more romantic one is through a winding wadi with precipitous sides which leads into it from the north-west. The wadi is one of the most striking bits of scenery that are to be seen in Egypt. The rocks through which it is pierced have assumed the most fantastic shapes, while the narrowness of the path and the heights to which the almost sheer cliffs rise on either side, lend to it an air of solemnity, if not of gloom, which is well fitted to prepare the pilgrim for initiation in a religious mystery. The contrast between the gloom of the winding and rugged gorge and the brightness and light of the crater-like hollow into which it suddenly conducts him is extreme. The path through the gorge is the one followed by the pilgrims when they approach the shrine of the saint, the other and less easy path through the Ptolemaic quarry is that by which they leave it. The latter path has been smoothed of late years by steps which have been cut in the side of the crater that slopes upward from the *qubbas* to the edge of cliff on which the quarry stands.

It would seem that one of the *qubbas* was built only shortly before the visit of Paul Lucas to the spot, while the second *qubba* must be of still more recent construction. I was told that it was the shrine of the "wife" of the sheikh, the female serpent who, as we shall see, plays an important part in the modern legends of the locality. Before the first *qubba* was erected, the saint inhabited a "grotto," which was probably the cleft in the rock by the side of his present dwelling-place which I have already spoken of.

Sheikh Heridi is held in as much honor to-day as he was in the time of Paul Lucas or Norden. His *mûlid* or festival takes place every year in the month which follows Ramadan, and lasts for eight days. It is attended by crowds of devout believers, largely composed of Nile sailors, who encamp for days together in the neighborhood of the saint's shrine.

The miraculous powers still possessed by the saint were detailed to me at great length. The serpent, I was informed, is as thick as a man's thigh; if it is looked at or treated irreverently, it breathes a fiery breath into the spectator's face, and the wretch immediately dies. Quite recently a man was so punished. It is, too, jealousy of its wife's good fame. If its "wife"

is insulted it comes down to the river, or wherever else the offenders may be, and there kills all those who have been concerned in the insult.

As in the last century, so in this, it is useless to cut the serpent into pieces, as the pieces will all reunite. The serpent, however, does not seem to mind the operation, and a cunning operator can get advantage out of it. If he watches where the blood flows from each of the pieces that are cut off, he will be able to make his fortune. Gold is hidden in the ground wherever the blood has flowed.

Sheikh Heridi is thus the successor of Agathodæmon, of the healing serpent god who occupied so large a place in the religion of the ancient Egyptians. The belief in his miraculous and divine powers is as strong to-day as it was in the age of the Ramses or the Ptolemies; the name is changed, that is all. The modern Egyptian who attends the *mûlid* of the saint and implores his assistance in time of sickness cannot be distinguished from the Egyptian of the past, to whom the sacred serpent was an object of worship and the source of health.

Indeed, it is probable that Sheikh Heridi is not only the representative of the old Egyptian Agathodæmon in a general sense, but also of a special and local form of the serpent-divinity. Last winter Mr. Wilbour, the eminent American Egyptologist, purchased a bronze snake with the head of Zeus Serapis, which had shortly before been discovered in the mounds of Benâweh (or Benâwit), a little to the south of Tahta. We may infer from this discovery that a serpent was worshipped in the temple which once stood on the spot. What makes this the more probable is that the district in which Tahta is situated probably belonged to the ancient nome of Du-f, "the Mountain of the Snake."

The mounds of Benâweh are visible from the entrance of the quarry through which the pilgrim passes on his way from the shrine of Sheikh Heridi. And at this entrance I have found engraved on the rock in large Greek letters the words ἐν ἀγαθῷ. The words imply that in the Greek period, at all events, the place was sacred, and that a divinity was worshipped either in the quarry itself or in the hollow below. It is difficult to conceive what this divinity can have been except the

sacred serpent which is still worshipped there under the name of Sheikh Heridi.

We may consequently see in Sheikh Heridi the survival of a local cult as well as of a general belief in the divine character and healing powers of the sacred serpent. This general belief is to be met with all over Egypt. Even the myths which the old Egyptians associated with the snake are still prevalent. Egyptians of all classes still believe that when "a serpent grows old, wings grow out of its body," and that there are serpents which kill by darting flames in the victim's face. How old such beliefs are in this country need not be repeated to those who have seen the pictures in the Tombs of the Kings at Thebes. The *serf* or "flying-serpent" and the snake from whose mouth flames issue are among the commonest of the figures painted on their walls.

It is not, however, as Kakodæmon, but as Agathodæmon, that the divine serpent of ancient Egypt still maintains his chief hold on the belief of the Egyptian people. Each house still has its *harrâs* or "guardian" snake, commonly known as the *harrâs-el-bêt*, "the protector of the house." The snake is fed with milk and eggs, and care is taken not to do it harm. A servant of mine, who was born at Helwân near Cairo, has often told me about the guardian snake of his father's house. It was a large one, and used to come out at night for the sake of the food that was offered it and to glide over the bodies of the sleeping family. It never did any of them any mischief, "as it was always treated well." One day a stranger snake made its appearance at the door of the house; the *harrâs* at once went against it, and after a short struggle killed the intruder.

In a neighboring house in the same village the guardian snake once missed its female mate, and supposed that it had been killed. Thereupon, without being seen, it crept into the *zîr*—the large jar of porous clay which serves as a filter in Egypt—and poisoned the water in it. Soon afterward the female made its appearance, and the snake was then seen to glide into a basin of milk, after which it crawled along the ground so that the dust clotted by the milk might adhere to its body, and then it again entered the *zîr*. The clotted dust fouled the water in the jar, and the people of the house accord-

ingly knew that it had been poisoned and was not fit to drink. So it was poured upon the ground, and the *zîr* itself was broken in pieces.

Beliefs like these prove how wide, if not impassable, is the gulf that separates the mind of the modern Egyptian from our own. For it must be remembered that they are shared by all classes alike, by the educated as well as by the uneducated. My servant who told me the two stories about the guardian snake is fairly well educated, and a long intercourse with Europeans, as well as a residence in Paris, has made him sceptical about many things in which the majority of his countrymen have implicit faith. He has but a halting belief, for example, in the *afarit*, which correspond roughly with the ghosts of Europe, but he has no doubt at all about the *ginn*, one of whom he himself saw when he was a boy, or about the *mezai-yerah*, a species of *afrit* which looks like a woman in white and is exceedingly harmful to man. Nor has he any doubt that milk or water drunk out of a cup made of the horn of a rhinoceros is a sure antidote to poison of all kinds, including that of snakes.

An engineer, who had been educated in Europe and was a well-read man of the world, once told me that, when he was at Damanhour, a white cat used to make its appearance whenever he sat down to eat. He invariably gave it food, which it ate and then disappeared. One night, as he was travelling in the dark and alone, he was attacked by robbers. Matters would have gone hard with him, had not the white cat suddenly appeared and fallen upon his assailants so fiercely that they allowed him to escape. Then he "knew what it was." Ever afterward he was careful to offer it food when it appeared to him at his meals.

It may be said that superstitions fully equal to any of these still exist in our own country. But they do not exist among the educated and cultured classes, and therein lies the great difference between the Egyptians and ourselves. We cannot understand the frame of mind and point of view of our forefathers which made them consider it an act of piety and justice to torture and burn a witch, and our forefathers would have had the same inability in understanding the intellectual and moral point of view of ourselves

Between the European and the Egyptian mind the distance is even greater than between our own and that of our forefathers, since the ideas and beliefs which the Egyptian inherits differ essentially from those which the past has bequeathed to us. They belong to the gray dawn of Egyptian antiquity, and, as we have seen, are as potent to day as they were in the days of the Pharaohs.

The Egyptian is quick, clever, and adaptable, and he can consequently put on the externals of European culture with such success as to seem at first wholly Europeanized. For a time we fancy that he is become as one of ourselves. But one day with something of a shock we dis-

cover our mistake. Our theories in regard to him break down, and we are forced to realize how far astray we have gone in dealing with him on the supposition that his ideas and springs of action are those of a European or an Englishman. The inheritance of a civilization of six thousand years has necessarily produced a type of character at once permanent and resistful of foreign influences; it may be moulded, but it cannot be changed. Of Egypt and the Egyptians it is even more true than of the Orient and Orientals in general; the longer we are acquainted with them, the more we come to learn how little we know them.—*Contemporary Review*.

### THE TUSCAN NATIONALITY.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

By the tombs of the Volumnii here, half-way along the white and dusty road from Perugia to Assisi, one truth, long half-perceived, is borne in upon me even more fully than ever,—how much and in how many connections when we speak of Italy we really mean Etruria: how completely all good things that have come out of the Italian soil or character are at bottom Etruscan.

I write, of course, with the damning shadow of that famous chapter of Mommsen's hanging ominously over me. I know my peril. I am aware that the greatest of Roman historians has demolished the Etruscan. So conscious am I of that fact, indeed, that I hardly even dare to have an opinion of my own against the *ipse dixit* of so mighty an authority. Respect for authority (in moderation) is so ingrained in my nature that only the mute appeal of those great dead Volumnii gazing up at me with dumb lips from their travertine urn-lids could induce me to vindicate the honor of their descendants against the cutting aspersions of the great living Teuton.

For when I say Etruscans, I mean of course to include the entire Tuscan nationality in every stage of its checkered history. You have only to live a little time in Tuscany (by choice among the hills) in order to feel that the Etruscan is not somebody who once existed: he is the Florentine or Perugian or Siennese or

Orvietan whom you meet every day in the square of the Signoria or on the Corso Vanucci. From beginning to end, whatever has been most vital and most admirable in Italy has proceeded, I believe, from this ancient people whom Mommsen maligns, but who have nevertheless given us (among a noble army of others) Dante, Petrarch, Macchiavelli, Boccaccio: Fra Angelico, Botticelli, Lionardo, Raphael: Donatello, Della Robbia, Verrocchio, Michael Angelo. In one word, I maintain that for all practical purposes, when we talk of Italian poetry, we mean Tuscan poetry; when we talk of Italian literature, we mean Tuscan literature; when we talk of Italian art, we mean Tuscan art; when we talk of Italian greatness in any way (save only politically), we mean Tuscan greatness. Of course, in a general way, people have long since grasped this truth, in part at least: that is to say, they have recognized that in our modern world, from the tenth century onward, Tuscany has always taken the lead in Italy, intellectually and aesthetically. But that is not enough. I desire here to prove (or at least to suggest) a great deal more than that—namely, that the entire position of the Italian people as to art and literature, in times ancient or modern, is due to the Tuscan element only; and that from beginning to end the Tuscan people have been one and the same, the sole race in the peninsula capa-

ble of adopting and still further developing the gifts of Hellenic and eastern culture.

The best way to look at a big subject like this is perhaps to begin with the known and work back to the unknown. And since modern Tuscany is better known to us than ancient, and Tuscan art is better known to us, for the most part, than Tuscan literature (for all can read the language of Fra Angelico, though not all can read the language of Dante), I shall set out by examining the influence of the Tuscan in modern art, and shall then work back to his influence in literature and science, as well as to the considerable part he played in the earlier development of antique Italy.

In modern times at least there can be no doubt at all as to the artistic supremacy of the Tuscan in the peninsula. And since this is a question of race and natural endowments, not a question of geography and political divisions of country, I shall count here as Tuscans all persons belonging by birth or descent to the ancient Etruria, even though they may have happened to be accidentally included by later distinctions of place or rule in Umbria, the Romagna, or any later administrative unity. Now, it is only necessary to run over the names of the great Florentine artists alone, from Arnolfo and Cimabue and Giotto and the Gaddi, through Masaccio, Fra Angelico, Brunelleschi, Filippo and Filippino Lippi, Ghirlandajo, Della Robbia, Donatello, and Verrocchio, to Lionardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and Raphael, in order to realize the indebtedness of Italian art to one Etruscan city. Indeed, the very supremacy of Florence in painting and sculpture has been one of the main reasons why the Etruscan character of Italian art has been so greatly overlooked; for we have all been in the habit of thinking of such art as distinctively Florentine, when we ought rather to have thought of it as Tuscan in general. Nay, more: when one reflects that Florentine names even of the second rank include such mighty craftsmen as Ghiberti, Benozzo Gozzoli, Lorenzo di Credi, Fra Bartolommeo, and Andrea del Sarto (not all of whom, however, happened to be born Florentines), while the third rank itself occasionally blossoms out into such unexpected works as Albertinelli's "Visitation" and Allori's "Judith," it is no wonder that Florence, by the extraordi-

nary brilliancy of its central light, should have helped to obscure for us the lesser luminaries of other not insignificant Tuscan cities.

Nevertheless, if one examines Italy in detail, nothing so much strikes one in its artistic history as the fact that indigenous art clusters thickest by far in a district which stretches, roughly speaking, from Pisa and Florence in one direction to Rome in the other; and this district almost exactly coincides in its limits with the central area of antique Etruria. Just think of the marvellous wealth of artistic treasures which that little space, less than one-tenth of Italy, includes within its precincts! Pisa itself, Etruscan Pisa, with its Romanesque cathedral, its baptistery, its campanile, and the exquisite Benozzo and Spinello of its Campo Santo. Florence, with the Pitti and the Uffizi, the Belle Arti and the Bargello; Brunelleschi's dome and Giotto's belfry; the Michael Angelos at San Lorenzo, the Fra Angelicos at San Marco. Siena, with its marvellous façade and its glorious museum. Perugia, with its Cambio, rendered bright by Perugino's frescoes, and its gallery rich with the spoils of many plundered churches. Orvieto, Assisi, Chiusi, Arezzo, Cortona—merely to name them is to recall at once delicious memories of Pinturicchio or of Luca Signorelli, fragrant whiffs of Duccio and Lippo Memmi and Sodoma. Now, all these are Etruscans, and all this is Etruria. Nowhere else even in Italy can you find endemic and enchorial art clustering so thick and rich on the native soil that produced it.

Throughout Tuscany, too, in this wider sense, it is noticeable how even the smallest and remotest towns bear their fair share in the artistic and literary movement. Elsewhere 'tis to the great cities you must go for great art and great artists. In Tuscany the merest villages teem and effloresce with æsthetic impulse. Mount the slope to Fiesole, gleaming white on its hill-top, and there, in that second-rate Etruscan Fiesule, what do you find? Why, the birthplace of a Mino da Fiesole and of a Fra Angelico; a cathedral rich with Della Robbias and exquisite marble tombs; a dozen noble paintings worth an hour's deep study; an old Etruscan wall, a later Roman theatre, a modern Franciscan monastery—the history of the land set before you in minia-



ture. Or, take a rickety shandredan from a roadside country station,—the fare is four lire.—and jolt up the steep ascent to belated little San Gimignano, that mediæval survival. What greets you at the summit save a quaint old town, crowned with towers of the thirteenth or fourteenth centuries, yet reckoning among its art-treasures such an array of great names as Filippino Lippi, and Pinturicchio, and Benozzo Gozzoli, and Domenico Ghirlandajo, and Benedetto da Majano, and Taddeo Bartoli? Fancy finding such wealth at Rottingdean or Crewkerne! But 'tis the same everywhere. Prato, Pistoja, Lucca—Spello, Foligno, Spoleto—though little visited by tourists, contain more objects worth looking at than many famous cities in northern Italy. Arezzo is but a country town of some twelve thousand inhabitants; yet from first to last it has numbered among its citizens many distinguished men; for is it not the birthplace of Mæcenas, of Petrarch, of Vasari; of Guido Aretino, who invented our existing system of musical notation; of Pietro Aretino, the pungent satirist; of Cesalpini, the botanist; and of Spinello Aretino, to whose exuberant fancy we owe the charming and naïve frescoes from the life of Saint Benedict that cover the sacristy of San Miniato al Monte? What a varied list for a single small provincial town, a mere rustic bourg whose church walls were nevertheless adorned in deathless colors by Margaritone and Giotto, by Memmi and Lorenzetti!

In order to appreciate the full significance of these facts, however, we must compare the Tuscan towns with some of the other great cities of Italy. Take Rome to begin with. It is a crucial instance. One might have thought that there, at least, at the centre of Christendom, truly endemic art would have flourished spontaneously. But no: though the inducements to artistic production were all there, the proper seed was wanting. The Romans were not Etruscans, or retained at best but a faint and dubious trace of mixed Etruscan ancestry. That trace was not enough to make them into painters or sculptors. Strange to say, when you come to look close at it, there is no such thing at all as native Roman art or native Roman artists. It is all mere fragments of Etruscan and for the most part of Florentine art, imported into Rome

full-blown, after it had freely developed and blossomed elsewhere. Giotto comes from Florence to execute the Navicella for old St. Peter's; Fra Angelico comes from Fiesole to decorate the chapel of Nicholas V. at the Vatican; Alberti comes from an old Tuscan household at Genoa to plan the façade of the Palazzo Venezia. The Sistine Chapel tells us the same tale. Botticelli, Filippino Lippi, Ghirlandajo, Cosimo Roselli, were summoned one after another from Tuscan homes to aid in decorating the Papal palace and the Roman churches. Luca Signorelli, from old Etruscan Cortona; Pietro Perugino, from old Etruscan Città del Pieve; Pinturicchio from the neighborhood of these very Volturni by whose tomb I stand, all help to adorn the walls or the galleries of the Vatican. And when Rome steps at last into the front rank of art with the building of new St. Peter's, it is three great Tuscans—Bramante, Michael Angelo, Raphael—to whom we owe either the architecture of the Pontifical church itself or the glories of the Stanze and the Sistine Chapel. Without Etruria, there would be no artistic Rome; and artistic Rome itself attains its zenith under the pontificate of Leo X., an Etruscan Medici.

Wherever else we look, the same truth confronts us. Hardly any native art springs spontaneous throughout Italy during the Middle Ages or the Renaissance period, save only in Tuscany. Naples has gone; Genoa has none. It is Rubens and Vandyke whose portraits hang in the palaces of the Dorias and the Brignoles. As far northward and westward as Pisa, art covers the soil thickly; at Etruscan Pisae, it seems to stop dead short, and entirely misses the shores of Liguria. Even Magna Græcia, strange to say, is an artistic blank; Campania and Calabria are out in the cold, æsthetically speaking. At Padua it is Tuscan Giotto's frescoes in the Madonna dell'Arena that start the pictorial impulse. At Milan, the artistic age begins when Lionardo da Vinci, coming straight from Florence, settles in Cisalpine Gaul, and gathers round him a group of distinguished scholars, such as Luini, Boltraffio, Cesare da Sesto, and Gaudenzio Ferrari. Throughout the peninsula, the Tuscan goes north and south and east and west, taking with him his own art, which he naturalizes everywhere among receptive pupils.

Of course, there is one great, one obvious, exception, which the reader has been itching for the last three pages to bring up against me: the exception of Venice. Well, I freely admit Venice. More than that: in spite of what I have said above, I admit on the whole the entire Lombardo-Venetian plain. I don't wish to ride my hobby to death, or to spoil a good case by extreme advocacy. In the valley of the Po, alone outside Tuscany, enchorial art exists as a spontaneous product, though to a less extent than among the Tuscan towns; and just as Florence represents the capital of the modern Etruscan artistic development, so Venice, in spite of her complete isolation, represents the capital of the modern Lombardo-Venetian artistic development. This consideration leads me naturally on to a second stage in the exposition of my argument.

For what are the facts, ethnically, as to Lombardy and Venice? The valley of the Po, at the earliest period when we can catch a glimpse of it through the mists of history, was inhabited by Etruscans. The Etruscan power at that time seems to have spread uninterruptedly from the Rhaetian Alps to the banks of the Tiber, or even to have overflowed into Latium and Campania. At a later period, the Gauls burst in upon the rich plains of the great river, and expelled or subjugated the Etruscan inhabitants. I say intentionally "or subjugated," because modern ethnology grows every day more and more conservative on this point of persistence. Cataclysms are now as unfashionable in ethnography as they have long been in geology. Violent destructions and complete replacements of race by race have gone the way of successive annihilations and successive creations. The old idea was that every stock which occupied a country ate up its predecessors. The modern tendency, on the contrary, is to recognize the fact that conquest never means extermination at all—except indeed where, as in America and Australia, the conquering race is so immensely the superior in civilization and culture of the conquered, that amalgamation or even serfdom is out of the question. The Celts of Cisalpine Gaul were, on the contrary, far inferior in these respects to the Etruscans whom they ousted or assimilated. It is not probable, therefore, that the Gauls did more than impose

themselves as landlords and aristocrats, or at most as proedial slave-owners, upon a substratum of Etruscans; and, indeed, not a few traces of the Etruscan blood have been noted in the modern folk of Lombardy by Italian ethnographers. In spite, therefore, of later Gothic, Lombardic, and Frankish conquests, I think we may assume it as highly probable that some proportion of Etruscan nationality at least has survived in Lombardy, perhaps even in Latium, to the present day.

As to Venice, her very name of *Venezia* shows us clearly that the new town which grew up among the lagoons of the Adriatic after the destruction of Patavium, Altinum, and Aquileia, was regarded by its inhabitants as the representative and metropolis of the ancient race of the Veneti. Now, I am not going to claim the Veneti as Etruscans: all the evidence goes to show that they were an Illyrian people, and that they managed to escape to a great extent both the Celtic and the Germanic cataclysms. But this much at least is clear: the Venetians represented the remains of the Romanized population in the eastern plain of North Italy; they were refugees from all the ruined towns of the mainland—among them Etruscan Hatria;—their blood was no doubt a good deal mixed; and they probably included to some extent an Illyrian, a Celtic, and an Etruscan element. Be this as it may, however, the position of Venice was so peculiar, her relation with the Byzantine Empire and the East so abnormal, and the development of her art so distinct and independent, that she can hardly be brought into line in any way, ethnologically or artistically, with the remainder of Italy.

What I would wish to point out, then, is just this—that there are two parts of the Italian mainland (leaving Venice out of consideration) where art in the later Middle Ages attained a high development. One of these parts, where its development was highest, most spontaneous, and most native, was Tuscany, a land still inhabited for the most part by undiluted Etruscans. The other part, where its development, though high, was to some extent less noteworthy, and certainly less spontaneous and organic, than in Tuscany, was the Lombardo-Venetian plain, the greater portion of which had once been Etruscan, and which may very probably have retained to the last no small admixture of the artisti-

cally-endowed Etruscan blood. Though I will also allow that the Celtic race, too, is artistically endowed to an exceptional degree. At any rate, take it how we may, it is a remarkable fact that art flourished most in the towns of Etruria proper, no matter how insignificant; and that, after them, it flourished most in Bologna, which was once the Etruscan Felsina; in Modena and Parma, once Etruscan cities; in Padua, Mantua, Verona, Brescia, Milan, the local Gallicized capitals of what had once been Etruscan republics. Nowhere else in Italy does one get anything like the same development of art; nowhere else are local schools real and living actualities. But a very small knowledge of art will suffice to show one how much more real and living they were at Florence, Perugia, Siena, than at Padua, Mantua, Verona, Milan.

Note, in other words, that the artistic development of the plain (Venice always excepted) is not organic and self-contained like the development of the hill-towns in Tuscany proper. The half-Etruscan cities of the Celto-Lombardic North owe each fresh impulse, as I have already pointed out, to influences which came to them from the wholly Etruscan cities of the mountain country. The Renaissance, in particular, is all Tuscan throughout in origin and progress. Even the Venetians themselves took it ready-made from Florence. Giotto at Padua, Gentile da Fabriano at Murano, Lionardo at Milan, Sansovino at Venice, Giulio Romano at Mantua,—these are the real developmental epochs of North Italian art. It is very rarely indeed that a single figure of evolutionary importance stands out spontaneous in the plain of Po like Andrea Mantegna and Moretto: for Titian and his great Venetian contemporaries must be considered to owe much (from the developmental standpoint) to their Florentine predecessors. Though essentially Venetian in color and feeling, they would have been impossible in science and technique but for Lionardo and his Florentine followers. Indeed, at Padua, one feels how much Giotto, Squarcione, Donatello, led up to Vivarese, Bellini, Giorgione.

Roughly speaking, then, we arrive at this result: the vastly larger part of the highest Italian art is either Etruscan or half-Etruscan in origin. It springs from Etruria, or is taught by Etruria. The

Tuscan blood, I maintain, was the one ethnical element that gave Renaissance Italy her artistic supremacy: where that blood is purest, art is greatest; where that blood is feebler, art is somewhat less spontaneous; where that blood is wholly wanting, art is a negative quantity.

It would be easy enough to show that the same thing is true of literature also. A brief enumeration must here suffice. Dante was a Florentine. So also were Boccaccio, Macchiavelli, Guicciardini Verchi; the Renaissance thinkers; the Platonists, the Humanists. Petrarch was a singer from Etruscan Arretium; Politian, a philosopher from Montepulciano in the lands of Lars Porsena's Etruscan Clusium; Metastasio, like Propertius, was born in half-Tuscan Assisium. Villani, Vico, and Poggio were Florentines. Outside Tuscany proper great names cluster less thickly, and are mostly confined to the Etrusco-Celtic area. Savonarola was a Ferrarese. Tasso was by origin and descent from Bergamo. Ariosto was born at Reggio in the Emilia. Bruno was a Neapolitan from old Etruscan Nola. Pico della Mirandola came from the neighborhood of Modena. Alfieri was a Piedmontese; Goldoni a Venetian. These are the greatest names I can find in Italian literature outside Tuscany.

It is the same in science. Alberti, although born at Genoa, was a Tuscan by family. Galileo and the great Renaissance physicists were every one of them men of Florence. Torricelli came from Piancaldoli in the Etruscan Romagna; by residence he was a Florentine. Galvani was a Bolognese. Volta was born at Como. Visconti was by descent an Etruscan of Sarzana, the town which replaces the old Tyrrhene Luna. Not a Roman, a Genoese, a Neapolitan anywhere. Indeed, if we except the modern political agitators, Columbus is the only great name of first-rate importance that Liguria has given to Italian history.

Was it the same in these respects at an earlier epoch? Did Etruria tower above ancient Latium and ancient Campania as she towers now above their modern equivalents? Not perhaps quite to the same extent: her supremacy was then less evident and less obvious. Still, I believe, from first to last, in spite of Mommsen, the Etruscan has been the salt that savored intellectually and artistically the whole

mass of Italy. A little leaven has leavened the lump. It is impossible to wander through the vast necropolis of Tarquinii, or round the gigantic walls of Cortona, without being struck with one fact, which recurs to one still more forcibly in the Etruscan rooms at the Vatican, and the beautiful Archæological Museum at Florence, that from the dawn of history to the present day the Tuscan people have been one and the same; that the Florentine is an Etruscan and the Etruscan a Florentine; that in decrying the art and the science of Etruria Mommsen, equipped at all points, is tilting against the people of Dante and Boccaccio, of Michael Angelo and Raphael. What the Etruscan was once, that the Etruscan is always.

Not that I desire for a moment to set up my humble opinion against the opinion of a distinguished specialist like Mommsen. Indeed, it is not so much Mommsen himself that I desire to correct as an erroneous impression half-unintentionally left behind by Mommsen's expressions. When the great historian sat down, some thirty years since, to write his famous chapter on the Etruscans he had to combat an idea still largely prevalent in Europe that the civilization of Etruria was something independent of, perhaps even anterior to, the civilization of Hellas. That mistaken view had once for all to be disposed of. Experts had shown that the majority of so-called Etruscan vases found in the tombs of Toscanella, Chiusi, and Corneto, were in reality Greek and for the most part Athenian; while they had also pointed out that the few vases of undoubted native Etrurian manufacture were inferior in art, and were often mistaken and uncouth copies of Hellenic originals. They had furthermore shown that the tomb-paintings were ruder imitations of Greek heroic and mythical scenes. They had discovered that the so-called Etruscan jewelry was often enough not Etruscan at all, but manufactured for export in Phœnician or Carthaginian workshops, and based upon Assyrian or Egyptian models. They had got rid of misconceptions. The Tuscan had too hastily been accepted, at first sight, as a pioneer and precursor of Hellenic art, where he was really a copyist: it was necessary that he should be reduced, once for all, to his proper place in history, as a mere recipient of Greek and oriental culture. And Mommsen was the

man who performed that useful and inevitable task, so far as concerned the general reading world of Europe.

As usual, however, in all reactions, the pendulum swung back too far in the opposite direction. Mommsen wrote with vigor: it would be scarcely too much to say that he wrote with animus. So far as one can be prejudiced against a dead and gone civilization, Mommsen was distinctly prejudiced against the Etruscan. He led the world to believe that Tuscan culture was a puerile rather-ripe, early-rotten affair, with no depth of root in it; that the Tuscans were, if anything, a rather inferior non-Aryan race; and that their art and their civilization were of the flimsiest imitative description. I don't think this extreme and unfavorable verdict can stand in the long run before those who know the finest products of native Etruscan skill and industry. Especially, I don't think it can stand before the face of that continuous modern view of history, which teaches us to see that the people of Maecenas, of Propertius, and of Persius, are also the people of the Medici, of Dante, and of Galileo; that the artists who decorated the tombs of Vulci and carved into dancing groups the alabaster of Volaterræ are lineal precursors of the artists who covered with frescoes the walls of San Marco, and moulded in living marble the singing children of the Opera del Duomo. In one word, if, disregarding artificial land-marks of time, we examine ancient Etruria by the light of modern Tuscany, I think we cannot fail to be struck throughout by the extraordinary resemblance, in tone and character, between the earlier and later developments of the Tuscan fancy.

For, after all, when we have made due allowance for the fact that all Etruscan art is by derivation Hellenic and pre-Hellenic (as all other European art is by derivation Tuscan), and when we have admitted every possible deduction in favor of the Athenian and oriental elements in Etruscan remains, we are still faced by the fact that the archaic relics in Tuscany, native or imported, far outweigh in number and value all the other archaic relics in the whole of Italy. At a time when Latins and Samnites were comparatively rude and warlike barbarians, Etruscans were already displaying their innate facility for art and their innate admiration



for art-products by importing and imitating the pottery of Athens and the silver work of Phœnicia ; they were artists and craftsmen of no mean order. The important fact is that Greek sculpture and painting " caught on " in Etruria—and nowhere else in Italy. Such magnificent native works as the bronze Chimaera from Arezzo, the recumbent figures of the Volumnii, the Orator recovered from the Thrasymene Lake, the terra-cottas of Cervetri, or the Cortona candelabrum, show us that Donatello and Della Robbia and Michael Angelo were not born by mere accident or caprice in Tuscany. Many of the bronzes are as fine as Greek work. The painting is even more perfect in its way than the sculpture. There is a sarcophagus from Corneto in the Etruscan Museum at Florence adorned with a Battle of the Amazons in very fresh and pure colors, so astonishingly beautiful and so wonderful in its drawing both of women and of horses that it suggests at once the spiritual ancestry of the great Renaissance Florentines. It is painted by a Tuscan on native alabaster. But I will not enlarge on this point. The question is one to be settled by actual observation. *Solvitur ambulando.* Whoever goes into the Gregorian Museum at the Vatican (that worthy monument of two great Tuscan antiquaries), or into the Etruscan collections at Cortona, Arezzo, Orvieto, and Volterra, with this historical continuity of Tuscany ancient and modern well before his mind's eye, cannot fail to be struck with the many curious persistent traits of Tuscan character which run like a silver thread through all Tuscan art from the seventh century before Christ to the present day.

Here at Perugia, this continuity of Etruria is every moment forced upon my observation. For instance, there is a certain sort of boss or round disk, commonly interpreted as standing for the ball of the sun, which occurs abundantly on the tombs of the Volumnii, as on many other still earlier Etruscan monuments elsewhere. I find it once more on the Roman Arco di Augusto, and on the later Porta Marzia whose date is fixed for us by its contemporary inscription of *Colonia Vibia*. It recurs time and again on all the mediæval monuments of the town ; it was incorporated by Agostino di Duccio into the Renaissance Porta San Pietro ; and it is now being cut before my eyes while I

write by a modern Italian stone-mason on a building close by me. And what is true in this one instance of a particular detail is true throughout : Roman, Gothic, or German, Grand Ducal or Papal, Etruria has never ceased to be in all essentials Etruscan.

One or two of these traits in particular deserve at least a passing mention. The most important is that gloomy and melancholy tinge in the Tuscan temperament which has so deeply impressed itself upon Tuscan art and Tuscan architecture. This strange gloominess is well seen in the great walls and massive gateways of early Etruscan times ; and it is exactly reproduced at a later date in the frowning doors and heavy cornices of the Strozzi, the Pitti, and the Riccardi Palaces. If we compare these solid works with the springing airiness of light Venetian Gothic we can feel at once the great gulf fixed between the joyous Venetian and the sombre Tuscan ; but we can feel at the same time the exact identity of taste and feeling in the modern Tuscan and the ancient Etruscan. The sons build as the fathers built. In architecture and all the allied arts, the Tuscan temperament has turned out essentially similar works from the earliest ages to the present moment.

One marked result of this gloomy tinge in the Tuscan temperament is the predilection of the Tuscan artists for scenes of blood, of murder, or of torture. It has long been noticed, indeed, by archaeological specialists, that the genuine Etruscan vases and wall-paintings show a singular preference in their choice of subjects for tragic scenes, and especially for massacres. Just in the same way, while the Venetian loves best to depict such joyous biblical episodes as the Marriage at Cana of Galilee, or the Feast in the house of Levi the publican—mere transparent excuses for a display of the ingrained Venetian love for splendor and pageantry—the Tuscan painters revel rather in martyrdoms and agonies, in writhing Saint Sebastians and lacerated Saint Catherines. As we look at the strange demons who torture the wicked in the tombs of Corneto, at the Furies who snatch the dying man from his couch, or at the Typhons and Gorgons of the wall-paintings and sarcophagi, we are irresistibly reminded on the one hand of Dante's Inferno with its ingeniously-varied punishments, and on the other hand of Or-

cagna's Hell in Santa Maria Novella or of the nameless Tuscan artist who so vividly depicted the torments of the damned on the walls of the Campo Santo at Pisa. Paintings of Hades in one shape or another are commoner in Tuscany than in all the rest of Europe put together.

But deeper than all this strange and mysterious melancholy is the Tuscan love for form, for color, for metrical expression. The same men who wrought in bronze the beautiful Tinias and Nurscias of the tombs and excavations still carve the Madonnas of Tuscan country churches. Indeed, the very names of Etruscan gods, like Fufluns and Aplu, still survive abundantly in the folklore of modern Tuscan villagers. Poetry and painting are native to Tuscany: few Tuscans are born without some tinge of either faculty. Nay: is it not significant that even in the domain of religion Etruria has given Italy not only her greatest monastic founder, St. Benedict, but also her two most ecstatic and romantic saints, Saint Catherine of Siena, the Spouse of Christ, and Saint Francis of Assisi, the Bridegroom of Poverty?

"But Etruria," you say, "did not produce many great writers or poets in the Roman period." Perhaps not: our details as to the ancestry and antecedents of Roman authors are too scanty to allow us to speak with certainty. Rome gathered into herself so many diverse strands. Who shall speak with authority as to the nationality of Juvenal, Horace, Tacitus? Propertius and Persius are the chief Etruscan names of which one can be quite positive: though it is noteworthy that it was under the administration of the Etruscan Maecenas that literature first grew to be a recognized power in the Rome of Augustus. Cicero, we know, was a man of Arpinum, and Ovid of Sulmo, neither of which had any demonstrable Etruscan element. Many of the best-known Latin poets and prose writers, however, undoubtedly came from the half-Etruscan region of Gallia Cisalpina. Virgil was a Mantuan; Livy a Paduan; Catullus is reported to have come from Verona; the Plinies sprang from the neighborhood of the Lake of Como. That happy mixture of Celt and Etruscan seems in those days to have run most to literary production; at a later date it was rather the pure Etruscan of Tuscany who led the intellectual van in

Italy. What indeed could be more significant, did not familiarity blind us to its import, than the luminous fact that the *lingua Toscana* has come to be regarded as the one established literary tongue of the entire peninsula?

It is while one stands among the actual remains of half prehistoric Etruria that this racial continuity is most fully borne in upon one. Go to Volterra, for example, still gathering all shrunken within the gigantic walls of Etruscan Velathri; look out from the hill-top city on the blue waters to which the early Tuscan mariners gave their own name, in the familiar form of the Tyrrhene Sea; gaze away toward Elba, whose rich iron ores prehistoric Tuscans smelted in the furnaces and smithies of Populonia; pass through the Etruscan Porta dell'Arco to the modern burying-ground, and then to the elder but contiguous necropolis of the ancient city; inspect the wonderful remains in the National Museum; and turn straight from them to those equally Etruscan works, Niccolò Pisano's cathedral, the handicraft of a mediæval Etruscan from Pisae, and Mino da Fiesole's ciborium, the handicraft of a Renaissance Etruscan from Faesulæ; look away for a moment from Orestes and the Furies or Oedipus with the Sphinx on vase or wall-painting to Luca Signorelli's "Annunciation," and Benozzo Gozzoli's "Nativity": can you deny or extenuate the common Tuscan character of each in its own *genre*? And then remember that the alabaster works which existed here in the fifth century before Christ, as you may see from the sarcophagi, still afford employment to more than two-thirds of the present inhabitants; that the town which gave birth to Persius the satirist gave birth also to Fedra Inghirami the humanist; and that the unknown artists who painted the Death of Clytemnestra, or introduced the still surviving Porta dell'Arco into the Seven before Thebes, were the lineal predecessors of that versatile Daniele da Volterra whose noble masterpiece in the Church of Santa Trinità de' Monti at Rome gave Rubens a hint for the finest effect in his famous "Descent from the Cross," in the Cathedral at Antwerp. It is impossible to stand thus beside the Etruscan walls, the Roman *Thermae*, the mediæval Fortezza, and the modern alabaster works, without feeling in those narrow streets of shrivelled Velathri the es-

essential unity of Etruria from the beginnings of history to the present moment.

And so it is throughout. Tuscany bases itself bodily on the stem of the Rasena. At Corneto, the modern town almost covers the necropolis of Etruscan Tarquinii. At Siena, you walk straight from the massive doors of ancient tombs by the Porta Camollia to the marvellous Duomo, that masterpiece of decorative Italian Gothic. At Orvieto, your attention is almost equally divided between the Etruscan graves and the mediæval cathedral, whose polychromatic façade, like the painted sarcophagi and the frescoed tomb-chambers, forms a speaking monument of the ingrained Etruscan love of color. At Bolsena, which was Volsinii, and at Chiusi, which was Clusium, present melts into past, and past still seems present. At Perugia, you may inhabit a house whose foundations were laid in Etruscan Perugia; and you may see in the portraits of Baglioni and Fortebraccio traced by Buonfigli's hand on the walls of the Palazzo Pubblico, or for the matter of that in the modern Italian officers whose blue cloaks give color to the gray streets of the wind-swept town, exact counterparts in type of those handsome and able Etruscan noblemen whose effigies still sit mute at the ghostly banquet on their own sarcophagus-lids in the antique cemetery. The wains on the Assisi road are drawn to this day by the white cattle of Clitumnus, and the breed of men has persisted no less true to type and stock than the breed of oxen. Nothing is changed: the Tuscan is still the same in features and characters throughout the whole of Etruria.

Remember, last of all, that Rome herself lay on the very confines and marches of the Rasena. She had a marked Etruscan element in her population; her early history is mixed up with Etruscan legends; her religious rites were believed to owe much to Etruscan sources; her engineering ability, her bridge-making skill, her great arched cloaca, her prehistoric walls, bear all of them some tinge of Etruscan origin. The Tuscan, indeed, once overflowed as far south as Campania. Remember, too, that Rome's empire was

largely organized under Augustus by the Etruscan Maecenas, and largely ruled under Tiberius by the Etruscan Sejanus. Remember, again, how in early mediæval times many of her greatest popes came from Etruscan homes, and how, at a later date, Nicholas V., who founded the Vatican Library and brought Fra Angelico to Rome, was an Etruscan of Suazana; while Æneas Sylvius was an Etruscan of Siena. Her churches were adorned by Florentine artists, and her buildings were planned by Tuscan architects. Finally, remember that her Renaissance glories are all Etruscan rather than Roman; and you will see how much even Rome herself—republican, imperial, papal—owes to these Etruscans whom she fancied in her pride she had crushed and vanquished. Was she not Rome, indeed, for the most part just in virtue of her Etruscan fraction and her Etruscan visitors?

I need hardly say I do not mean this article to be exhaustive—or anything like it. I mean it merely to be suggestive, the rough outline of a theme which readers can fill in with fuller detail for themselves on future visits to Italy. But is it not possible that history has suffered not a little from being studied too much, as the modern educational slang frankly puts it, "in epochs"? There are some truths, it seems to me, that can only rightly be realized by looking at it, on the contrary, from a commanding height, which embraces, as it were, a wide perspective panorama down the receding ages. And the truth that I have been trying to point out in this brief sketch is possibly one of them—the cardinal importance of the Etruscan blood in the secular development of Italian art and Italian civilization.

One suggestion more. Is it not a curious refutation of certain modern theories as to the innate superiority of the Aryan race (whatever that may mean) that the one people in Italy who have thus practically shown themselves most receptive of Hellenic and Semitic civilization should turn out to be the people most universally admitted, alike on linguistic and ethnographic grounds, as of antique non-Aryan or pre-Aryan origin?—*National Review*.

## CITIZEN SCHNEIDER.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ECKMANN-CHATRIAN.

BY EMMA WATTS PHILLIPS.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE PRIEST.

"How is it that the remembrances of our childhood are ineffaceable?" remarked the old sculptor Frédéric, in a tone of melancholy, as he lighted his pipe. When one can scarcely recall events of a month ago, how is it that those of our youth remain ever fresh before our eyes as if we had never grown old? As for me, I shall never forget my father's poor hut, with its thatched roof, its little ground-floor room, the wooden staircase leading to the garret under the roof, the bed with its curtains of gray serge, and its two little casements, the panes set in lead, looking down the defile of the Schoucht, near Münster; I shall never forget them, nor the smallest incident of that time. All still live here in my heart, especially the winter of 1785.

During that winter, my Grandfather Yeri, his woollen cap drawn over his ears, slept in his armchair in the chimney corner from morning to night; my mother knitted; my father carved the heads of canes out of holly-oak, to be sold in the spring, the shavings falling about him, and rolling themselves up like snails; sometimes he rested, and, while striking the steel and shaking the tinder on his pipe, would cry, "Catherine, it comes—it comes!" Then, seeing me seated on my stool, all attention, for I liked nothing so well as to watch him at work, he'd smile at me, and begin on the canes again.

All about our hut the snow mounted and mounted higher each day; the decayed old walls seemed to sink into the earth. Already we could only see out of the top panes of our little windows, the lower ones were of a dull, sombre white, because of the snow pressing against them. Sometimes I stood on my chair and looked at the snow piling and piling slowly up in the immense valley, in front the rocks of the peak of Honeck rising up to the sky, and lower down in the gorge the numerous firs loaded with hoar-frost. Nothing moved. The sight of this landscape covered with snow made you cold,

one shivered, notwithstanding that inside the fire blazed, and it was warm. Through the little half door, which communicated with the stable, came the bleating of our goat, and the low bellowing of our cow Waldine. It was a comfort to hear them in such cold weather. We, at least, were not alone in the snow; we were with God's creatures, we yet had friends.

I shall always remember that one morning when Waldine, who, no doubt, was tired of the darkness, after getting free of her cord, I don't know how, came to see us; she entered without ceremony, and my father cried out, laughing heartily—

"Oh, good-morning, Waldine; you came in without making your bow. Ha, ha, ha! Let her be, Catherine, let her be, she'll do no harm, give her time to breathe and to see the light."

It was I who led her back to the stable, and who tied her to the manger.

So passed the time; while the birds cried famine, while the wild beasts searched the caves of Honeck and Valtin, we clustered round the hearth, dreamed in peace, and each evening my mother said—

"Another day is gone! It is another step toward spring."

All that I remember with delight; but strange things happen in this lower world—things that come back to us long after, and prove that the wisdom of man and even his goodness are only folly.

That year then, on the last day of January, between one and two in the afternoon, a great wind arose. Though the house was sheltered from the north, at each gust it trembled. In about an hour it was so covered with snow that the tempest passed over it. We had extinguished the fire, only a lamp burned on the table; my mother prayed, I think my father prayed also; my grandfather was awake, and seemed overwhelmed with fear at the tumult.

All the snow which had been falling for three months rose again to the sky in dust. All without roared, wept, and whistled, and every now and then the great trees could be heard lashing their boughs together, or crashing down with fearful up-



roar. If the wind had been in the front, it would have blown in our windows, and carried away the roof—happily it blew from the mountain.

In the middle of this awful tumult it seemed that now and then we could hear human voices; and, already so troubled for ourselves, we began to tremble in imagining the peril of others. Each time my mother said, "There is some one outside," we listened with held breath, but the mighty voice of the tempest dominated everything.

This lasted two hours; then there was a great silence, and once more we heard the bleating of our goat.

"The wind has fallen," said my father, and approaching the door, for some seconds listened, his finger on the latch.

We were all behind him when he opened it, and we looked forth with eyes wide.

The weather was sombre because of the snow which laid everywhere; a white light on our right indicated the position of the sun, it must then have been about four o'clock.

As we gazed through the gray twilight, we perceived, two or three hundred paces beneath us, in the path which descends from the Schoucht, a sledge drawn by a horse. We saw only the head of the horse and the upper part of the sledge.

"That then is what we heard," cried Grandfather Yeri-Hans.

"Yes," said my father, re-entering the hut; "an accident has happened."

He took the wooden spade standing behind the door, and began descending the side; the snow was up to his knees. I ran behind him, despite my mother's cries; grandfather followed at a little distance.

The more we descended, the deeper grew the snow; notwithstanding, my father, reaching the top of the slope above the path, let himself glide down, resting on the handle of the spade. In that place I halted to watch him: he seized the horse by the bridle, but immediately seeing, two or three steps distance, something in the snow, he approached, and with difficulty raised a big man, dressed in black, whose head fell back on his shoulder. He placed him on the sledge; then, by means of cries and pullings, he drew the animal from his hole. It was a difficult task to get it to the house. My father succeeded, however, by making the tour of all the rocks and the fallen branches

of the trees where the snow had accumulated.

As to grandfather and I, we followed, very sad, gazing at the unfortunate man extended on the sledge. He wore black silk stockings, a long cassock, and silver buckled shoes. He was a priest.

And now, who can imagine the despair of my mother in seeing this holy man in so pitiable a state? It seems I can yet hear her cry, and see her hands clasped above her head—"Lord have pity on us!" She would have despatched my father instantly to Münster for a doctor, but night had come. Outside the door it was black as an oven, and, with all the good will in the world, it would have been impossible to have found the path in the midst of the snow.

In this distress we hastened to light the fire, to warm the bedclothes; and, as I was in everybody's way, I was put to bed in my grandfather's room.

All night I heard them coming and going below, the light shone through the cracks in the floor; my mother moaned. At last, toward one o'clock, overcome by fatigue and an empty stomach, I slept so profoundly that they had to awaken me at eight o'clock next morning, or I should perhaps have slept longer.

"Frédéric! Frédéric!" cried my grandfather, raising the trap door with his bald head; "Frédéric, get up! the soup is ready!"

At that voice I awoke; I glanced round, it was broad day, and the nice odor of the soup filled the cottage. I only took time to pull on my little gray linen trousers and my sabots before I descended. All the occurrences of the evening occupied my mind; besides my hunger, I was curious to know what had passed. Thus, at the top of the staircase, I leaned over the baluster to look into the room; the soup tureen smoked on a beautiful white table-cloth; grandfather, seated in front, was making the sign of the cross; father and mother, standing, said devoutly the Benedicite, and the big man was seated in the leather arm-chair at the side of the hearth, his legs wrapped in a blanket, and his plump hands crossed on his stomach which rose in the form of a bagpipe. He resembled, with his fleshy face and red hair, a well-fed cat sleeping on the warm cinders. It was touching to see him.

"Come down, Frédéric," said my moth-

er. "Do not be frightened—M. le Curé will not hurt you."

The big man turned his head, and smiled at me, saying—

"Is this your little boy?"

"Yes, M. le Curé."

"Come here, little one," said he.

My mother took me by the hand and led me to this good priest, who gazed at me out of his big gray eyes with a tender expression; then, patting my cheek, asked—

"Does he yet know his prayers?"

"Oh, yes, Mons. le Curé, they were the first thing we taught him."

"Good, very good."

My mother had taken off my cap, and, my hands joined, my eyes on the ground, I repeated the Ave Maria and the Pater-noster."

"Very well, very well," remarked the big man, pinching my ear, "ha, ha, ha, you will be a good servant of God. Go now, take your breakfast, I am pleased with you."

He spoke softly, and all the family thought, "What an excellent man! what a good heart! and to think he was nearly frozen in the Schoucht!"

But a circumstance occurred which showed this good man to us in a new light. You should know that, the evening before, my father had brought from the sledge into the room M. le Curé's luggage—his portmanteau, his hat-box, and a large roll of papers. These things were placed on our trunk at the other side of the hearth, the portmanteau underneath, the hat-box and the roll of papers on the top.

In passing, I happened to touch these papers, which, falling to the floor, rolled nearly into the fire, when this peaceful man gave utterance to a savage howl like a wolf, accompanied by fearful oaths. He sprang at the papers, tore them from the fire, and extinguished the flames with his hands. Then, quite pale, he looked at me with eyes so fierce that I felt my skin creep. We were all amazed, and stood dumb with open mouths. He, examining the papers and finding them only a little scorched at the edges, began stammering forth—

"My Thucydides, little wretch, my Thucydides," after which, rolling his papers one in the other, and perceiving our amazement, he shook his finger at me

in his former pleasant manner; but we felt no longer disposed to laugh with him.

"You naughty little scapegrace," said he, "you frightened me. Imagine, I have come expressly from Cologne; yes, I have travelled more than a hundred leagues to fetch these old manuscripts from the convent of Saint-Dié; it has taken me more than three months to put them in a little order; and the carelessness of this unhappy child nearly destroyed a work, the only one perhaps in the world. It has made the perspiration start all over me."

It was true, his big face was purple, drops of sweat stood on his forehead.

Despite what he said, you may imagine that we all looked serious; we were not accustomed to hear priests swear like a drover. My mother said nothing. We ate our breakfast in silence. When we had finished my father went out; we heard him leading the horse from the stable and harnessing it to the sledge, before the door. Then he entered and said—

"M. le Curé, if you are ready in an hour we shall be at Münster."

"I am quite ready," said the big man, rising. Looking round the room with a solemn air, he added—"My good people, forget an involuntary burst of anger; the spirit is strong, but the flesh is weak. Allow me to show my gratitude for your hospitality."

He handed a golden *frédéric* to my mother, but she refused, saying—

"It was in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ that we helped you in your distress, M. le Curé. If we had been in the same need, you would have done the same to us."

"Certainly, certainly," he answered, "but that does not prevent—"

"No, no," interrupted my mother, "do not deprive us of the merit of a good action."

"Amen," he remarked shortly. He took the roll of papers from the trunk, put on his hat and went out.

My father had already placed the portmanteau on the sledge; he himself was seated on the shaft; the curé sat behind, and we watched them off as far as the Roche Creuse. All of us were thoughtful; my grandfather often looked at my mother in silence; many ideas occupied our minds, but nobody spoke.

Toward four o'clock in the afternoon

my father returned. He said the Cologne priest had alighted at M. le Curé of Münster's; that was all.

That year the spring came as usual. The sun at the end of five long months melted the snow and dried our floor. We could take out our cow and goat; we could clear the stable; we could let in fresh air. While leading the animals to pasture, cracking my whip, I made the place echo with my happy shouts. The heath was a wealth of bloom, and the tempest was forgotten.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE CITIZEN.

MANY years had passed; Grandpapa Yeri was dead, and my father had sent me to Lower Alsace to learn the trade of a sculptor from my Uncle Conrad, at Vettenheim. I was nearly fifteen, and began to think myself a man. It was the time when everybody wore the red cap and the tricolor cockade, when they set out by hundreds, in gray linen pantaloons, and the gun upon their shoulder. I recollect at this period two regiments were formed at Strasbourg, and that children had to *battre la charge*, because all the men wanted to carry a gun. Five boys presented themselves at Vettenheim. I was one of the number; we drew lots to see which should go. It was our neighbor, the little Frizel, who won. *Now* they say, "He has won" when he remains.

It was at this same time that the Abbé Schneider was exterminating all the curés, monks and canons in Alsace. There was no religion. The Goddess of Reason and the Graces alone were recognized.

One morning I was engaged in chipping a block of stone in our *atelier*, which looked on the fountain in the little square; my Uncle Conrad was smoking his pipe at the door, and my Aunt Gredel swept up the chips in the entry.

It must have been ten o'clock, when there was a great tumult outside; people ran past the house, others crossed the square, while others following asked—

"What is it? What is the matter?"

Naturally I went out to see, and I was still in the entry when the trot of several horses, the clanking of sabres, the dull roll of a heavy cart, were heard in the distance; then the sound of a trumpet rang through the village. At the same mo-

ment a platoon of hussars debouched into the square; those in front with pistols cocked, and the others with their drawn sabres in their hands. A little behind came, on a black horse, a big man in a blue coat, with facings on the chest; a large flap hat, surmounted by tricolor feathers, on his head, a scarf about his waist, and his cavalry sabre striking against his boot. Behind him, jolting over the pavement, was a cart drawn by gray horses, and filled with red planks.

The big man with the feathers laughed, as the people, pale and alarmed, stood their backs close to the wall, their mouths open, and their arms drooped. At the first glance I recognized in him the priest whom we had saved in the snow.

Some jokers, trying to hide their terror, cried, "Here is the Citizen Schneider to clear away the caterpillars from Vettenheim. Let the aristocrats beware."

Others sang, making grimaces,

"Les aristocrates à la lanterne,"

keeping time with their hands and feet; but that did not prevent their hearts being faint like the rest and their laughter forced.

In front of the fountain the *cortège* stopped; Schneider, lifting his nose, looked all round the square, at the high gabled houses with their pointed roofs, at the numberless faces which crowded into the very garret windows, and the little niches from which the holy images had long been removed.

"What a foul nest!" he cried to the captain of hussars. "We shall have work here for a week."

On hearing that, Uncle Conrad took me by the arm, saying:

"Let us go in, Frédéric, let us go in. It will be enough to compromise us if we but show our noses. It is terrible."

He was trembling in every limb. As to me, I felt a cold shiver run all down my back.

When we entered the *atelier* we found my Aunt Gredel praying aloud, her hands joined. I had only time to push her into the kitchen and shut the door; with her devotion she might have sent us all to the guillotine.

Then uncle and I looked out of the small window. The crowd was still singing outside—

"Ça ira! les aristocrates à la lanterne,"

like those grasshoppers who chirp when winter is approaching and which the first frost kills.

Many people were standing before the window ; above their shoulders and heads could be seen the hussars, the Citizen Schneider, the fountain, and the great cart. Two big fellows were taking the horses from the shafts ; they looked honest enough ; the innkeeper Roemer was passing them a bottle of brandy ; while a small, dry man, pale and weak as a match, with a long nose, and a countenance like the edge of a razor, dressed in a little red blouse fastened round the hips, watched proceedings. He had the air of a veritable Hans Wurst ;\* but God preserve us from such a Hans-Wurst. It was the executioner.

While these things were passing before our eyes, the Mayor Rebstock, a worthy vine-dresser, grave, broad of shoulder, and with a large three-cornered hat at the back of his head, advanced across the square.

Rebstock it was who assembled all the children in the church and taught them the Republican catechism. He was a man full of good sense ; he waited to receive Schneider, and had made himself a vest out of the altar-cloth, to soften the miserable scoundrel.

As he approached, Schneider, leaning over his horse's neck, cried—

"Here is the wine-press, citizen, but where are the grapes?"

"What grapes, Citizen Schneider?"

"The aristocrats!"

"There are none here," answered Rebstock, "we are all good patriots, citizen."

Schneider's face became terrible ; I thought I saw him again tearing his roll of papers from the fire.

"You lie!" he cried, "you are one yourself. What means all that gold and silver on your clothes, when the Republic has not enough to nourish her children?"

"This, Citizen Schneider, is the altar-

cloth of our church. I have put it on my back to exterminate in the people's minds the hydra of superstition."

Then Schneider burst into a loud laugh, crying—

"Good, excellent ! But for all that there may still be aristocrats here."

"No, they have all fled. Our youths have gone to Coblenz in search of them, and our children beat the assault."

"We will see to that," said Schneider, "you look like a true patriot. Your idea of the altar-cloth pleases me. We will dine with you, ha ! ha ! ha !"

He laughed loudly, holding his stomach with his hands. All the hussars dined at the mayor's with Schneider. A requisition was made in the village, and each gave the best he had.

The next day Schneider went to see the club ; he had the children recite in chorus the Rights of Man.

All would have passed well, but unfortunately an old bell-ringer, who thought himself an aristocrat, had hidden himself in the hayloft of the Lion d'Or ; the hussars, searching for some bundle of fodder, unearthed him, and wanted to know why the poor devil had hidden himself.

Schneider, hearing that he had rung the church-bells, had him guillotined while they were yet at table. It was a real grief to Rebstock, but he dared not say anything, or he would have been guillotined himself.

Schneider went away that same day, to the great satisfaction of the village.

That was how I again met the "good priest," and I have often thought since that if my father had known what would happen later, he would have left him to perish in the Schoucht.

As to the old mayor of Vettenheim, they could never forgive him making a vest out of the altar-cloth ; and the aged gossips, above all, whom he had by this means saved from being guillotined, furiously cursed him, which was a great injustice.—*Temple Bar.*

\* Punchinello.



## THE POETRY OF D. G. ROSSETTI.

BY W. BASIL WORSFOLD.

If Rossetti had never written a line of poetry we could well imagine some discriminating critic exclaiming, as he wandered through a collection of the artist's pictures, "If Rossetti had only been a poet!" Yet now that he has been a poet, and a very considerable poet too—for we have Mr. Ruskin telling us that he is, in his opinion, greater as a poet than as a painter—there are not a few persons who turn away from his poetry with disappointment, and, in order to justify the original and dignified conception which they have formed of him in his dual character, take refuge in the recollection of the influence he exercised upon his friends, upon contemporary art, and through art upon the life of the nation.

It is no ordinary character that Mr. Holman Hunt draws for us when he describes this poet-painter at work in his studio, or among those intimates to whom he so rigidly confined his acquaintance. "A young man of decidedly foreign aspect, about five feet seven and a quarter inches in height, with long brown hair touching his shoulders, not taking care to walk erect, but rolling carelessly as he slouched along, pouting with parting lips, staring with dreamy eyes, not looking directly at any point, but gazing listlessly about. . . ." But this "apparently careless and defiant youth" would prove on closer acquaintance "courteous, gentle and winsome, generous in compliment, rich in interest in the pursuits of others." Under the trials of studio work, we are told—and, indeed, can well believe—he manifested at times an "uncontrollable temper;" but "when his work did not oppress his spirits, when his soul was not tormented by some unhappy angel-model—frightened out of its wits in turn by his fiery impatience—he could not restrain his then happy memory of divine poesy." At such times he would chant in a voice "rich and full of passion" . . . now in the "*lingua Toscana*" and again in that of the "well of English undefiled."

At the time of the formation of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, Rossetti had, according to his friend Mr. Hunt, "a greater

acquaintance with the poetic literature of Europe than, perhaps, any living man." Moreover, he was essentially a proselytizer. Himself steeped in poetry, he wished to give a poetic form to the life of his contemporaries. Failing in this, he resolutely excluded from his sympathies all that in the life of the age appeared to interfere with this ideal life. A man who thought that "people had no right to be different from the people of Dante's time," and considered the pattern of a curtain or the form of a chair a matter of greater importance to mankind than the Evolution Hypothesis or the doctrine of Conservation of Energy, must certainly be credited with a highly artistic temperament, but more than this is required to make a poet. Undoubtedly a personality more essentially "poetic" than that of Rossetti has seldom or never been presented to the world. But for the composition of great poetry a personality is not enough. Byron had that, but Matthew Arnold does not therefore include him among the "glorious class of the best." These are endowed with an extended range of vision and a knowledge of the heart of man sympathetic almost to clairvoyancy. Byron was wholly concerned with the life of the period, and of that he could only see one aspect, the narrowness of the majority of "respectable" people: and his criticism of life was confined to an exposure, not always in the best possible taste, of their prudery and hypocrisy. The fact that he made himself the principal character in all his poetry, and that he invariably asserted the discontent which formed the burden of his song to be universal and inevitable, whereas it was in truth the reflex of his own unhappy experience, justified Macaulay's taunt that "never was there such variety in monotony as that of Byron," and seriously endangered his claim to be called a great poet. Similarly the circumstances of Rossetti's life, and the fierce concentration of himself into the life of art that made him as Ruskin said "the chief intellectual force in the establishment of the modern romantic school in England," prevented him from attaining that wide

comprehension, that calm and level attitude of mind, which can alone afford a basis for an adequate criticism of life.

But there is another test of poetic value—the possession or not of that quality of “earnestness” on which Aristotle, and after him Arnold, insists. “Genuine poetry,” says Arnold, “is composed in the soul.” “Composed in the soul,” here at least we have an unmistakable characteristic of the man who wrote

O dearest ! while we lived and died  
A living death in every day,  
Some hours we still were side by side,  
When where I was you too might stay  
And rest and need not go away.  
O nearest, furthest ! can there be  
At length some hard-earned heart-won home,  
Where—exile changed to sanctuary—  
Our lot may fill indeed its sum,  
And you may wait and I may come ?

Here, I say, we have a good assurance for our belief in the genuine character of Rossetti's poetry. But before we consider its import, let us first note those aspects in which he has no claim to excellence. By thus limiting our expectations we shall be in a better position to judge of his real merits.

In the first place, we cannot expect in Rossetti's poetry an interpretation of life such as we find in the “world” poets. No one would think of writing of him, as Pope writes of Homer, that “it seemed not enough to have taken in the whole circle of the arts, and the whole compass of nature.” Or as Sismondi writes of Dante, “That great genius conceived in his vast imagination the mysteries of the invisible creation, and unveiled them to the eyes of the astonished world.” Or as Johnson did of Milton, that “he had considered creation in its whole extent.” Or as Dryden of Shakespeare, that he “of all modern and perhaps ancient poets had the largest and most comprehensive soul.”

Rossetti is also deficient in what Goethe calls the “architectonics” of poetry. His chief work, “The House of Life,” is a mere sonnet-sequence—a series of individually perfect but entirely independent pieces. Not only is he deficient in this faculty of construction, and generally in the sense of proportion so conspicuous in the Greek poets, but that which Aristotle calls the “very soul” of the poetic composition, the plot or story, is of necessity absent from his works. Possibly he

thought that this function of the poetic art belonged more especially to fiction in the nineteenth century. It is at least certain that he was not wanting in power to portray actions. Nothing could be more essentially dramatic than the death of William the Atheling in “The White Ship.”

He knew her face and he heard her cry,  
And he said, “Put back ! She must not die !”

\* \* \* \* \*

God only knows where his soul did wake,  
But I saw him die for his sister's sake.

While that his eye was no less keen for scenic effect than that of a Greek tragedian is shown by a score of passages in his longer poems ; not to mention a whole class that are nothing but pictures rendered into poetry. But the poetic afflatus is too intense ever to last longer than is barely sufficient for a single episode. The flames of the sacrifice burn so fiercely that they consume the very altar upon which they are offered.

Neither is there any decided trace—to turn from the matter of his poetry to his manner—of the “fascinating felicity” of Keats ; still less of the supreme genius of Shakespeare, who was “naturally learned ;” in whom were present “all the images of nature” which he drew “not laboriously but luckily.” Apart from internal evidence, we have Michael Rossetti's account of his brother's poetic method. According to him, Dante Rossetti was a “very fastidious writer.” He wrote, indeed, out of a large fund of thought “which would culminate in a clear impulse or (as we say) an inspiration ;” but in the execution of his poems “he was heedful and reflective from the first, and he spared no pains in clarifying and perfecting.”

Even if we narrow the comparison and ask what was his comprehension of the life of the age, Rossetti's poetry appears equally inadequate. Of his want of sympathy with its scientific aspect I have already written. As his brother remarks, “he was anti-scientific to the marrow.” But this is in itself an insufficient reason for the entire indifference, apparent in his works, to the progress and travail of humanity. It does not excuse the fact that there are in his poetry no lines instinct with the pride of material progress, such as Tennyson's :

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward,  
forward, let us range,  
Let the great world spin forever, down the  
ringing grooves of change.

No cry interpretative of its spiritual unrest such as Browning's "Truth at any cost;" no figure sympathetic to England's life such as Arnold's "Weary Titan." The reason lies solely in the limitations of his own temperament. The exclusive spirit which was shown in his choice of associates and in his manner of life is equally manifested in the choice of his poetic sphere. Just as Rossetti's nature was concentrated into a single phase of the life of art, so his poetic thought is limited to a consideration of that passion which appeared to him to offer most scope for the study of the beautiful in the life of man.

But within this sphere Rossetti's poetry rings true. This limitation once recognized, and there is an end to our disappointment. We feel that by his poetry a door is opened for us into the "soul's sphere of infinite images," and that, of all the poet voices, his voice is most near to that sweet utterance which, in his own unequalled line,

Is like a hand laid softly on the soul.

Dante had striven by his "Vita Nuova" to give an altogether higher and more spiritual conception of the passion of love to his mediæval contemporaries in his great epic; while Virgil acts as his guide, it is Beatrice that inspires and encourages him in his moments of despondency. Rossetti, following in the steps of his master, likewise interprets the passion of love. In so doing he has brought into his considerations the fuller knowledge and the wider spiritual experience of the nineteenth century. Not only has he by his poetry widened the *gamut* of human passion, but he has introduced half-tones to which the mediæval ear must naturally have been deaf. In particular he has approached a problem of peculiar and special interest at the present time—the endurance of an earthly union under the changed conditions of a future existence. The consideration of this question was deepened by the circumstances of his marriage. His own enjoyment of wedded life had been brief. In such love he recognized the purest and most perfect of human passions—an influence which above all

else raised the spirit of men's actions. To think that this relationship was only for earth, when it was in truth a foretaste of heaven, revolted his ardent nature, and in his poetry he has endeavored so to interpret the earthly manifestations of this passion as to demonstrate its fitness for the sphere of heaven.\* To prove the truth of this belief is the desire of his heart, a desire continually and eloquently poured forth throughout his poetry.

Your heart is never away,  
But ever with mine, forever,  
Forever without endeavor,  
To-morrow, love, as to-day;  
Two blent hearts never astray,  
Two souls no power may sever,  
Together, O my love, forever!

When such a motive has a chief place in the presentation of the theme, it follows that Rossetti's conception of the passion of love is essentially elevated. The passion which he portrays as existing on earth is, indeed, that of a man keenly alive to all sensuous beauties, but this human passion is dominated by the spiritual element which is the basis on which the doctrine of the continuity of love rests.† For him Love's throne was not with "Kindred powers the heart finds fair," Truth, Hope, Fame, Oblivion, Youth, Life, Death,

but far above  
All passionate wind of welcome and farewell  
He sat in breathless bowers they dream not of.

To portray the manifestations of love in its most perfect form, with the most subtle feeling and the richest imagery, to intro-

\* "Lady, I fain would tell how evermore  
Thy soul I know not from thy body, nor  
Thee from myself, neither our love from  
God."—*Heart's Hope*.

† Undoubtedly Rossetti has provoked the charge of materialism brought against him by his manner of representing spiritual ideas in the most material form. When he wishes to paint a spirit the form his conception takes is that of the most beautiful of beings cognizant to the senses in association with material emblems symbolic of the highest ideas of conduct. Similarly in his poetry he surrounds a spiritual conception with the most sensuous images. Therefore in any estimate of the character of his poetic ideas it is necessary to make due allowance for the manner in which they are presented. If this is done, it will be found that the spiritual tone which characterizes the faces of Rossetti's women in his paintings, and which has enriched the world of art with a new type of female (facial) beauty, underlies in a scarcely less degree the sonnets of "The House of Life."

duce an element of spiritual interpretation, to assert its continuance in the after-world, is his chosen task. For that task he possessed the fullest equipment. To his passionate Italian nature and his unequalled appreciation of the beautiful he added a spirit of devotion so deep that it led him upon his wife's untimely death to bury in her grave the volume of poems he had ready for publication. He is never tired of asserting the supremacy of Love. Sometimes it is Love's power to discern and reward the true soul on which he dwells. So Rose Mary, after she has passed through scenes of conflict in which the electric atmosphere is lightened ever and anon by flashes of lurid lightning, ultimately triumphs over the Beryl-stone, and hears the voice of Love saying :

Thou, true soul, shall thy Truth prefer  
To blessed Mary's rose-bower :  
Warmed and lit in thy place afar  
With guerdon fires of the sweet Love-star  
Where hearts of steadfast lovers are.

Sometimes he magnifies the greatness of the spiritual principle by an assertion of the littleness of the human vehicle.

I, what am I to Love, the lord of all ?  
One murmuring shell he gathers from the sand,—  
One little heart-flame sheltered in his hand.  
Yet through thine eyes he grants me clearest call  
And veriest touch of power primordial  
That any hour-girt life may understand.

In the presentation of his theme he has extended the usual resources of poetic art by methods more especially suggested by his artistic genius. In particular he has employed the principles of Pre Raphaelite painting with extraordinary skill to heighten and sustain the human tension by a contrast with the calmness and unconcern of Nature. This aspect of his poetry is one that is so important that an exact example may be pardoned. When Alöyse the Bride tells her "sad prelude strain"

more than once the stillness of the chamber is broken by sounds borne in from the outside world. And we are told that once Amelotte

Heard from beneath the plunge and float  
Of a hound swimming in the moat.

What a touch is that ! how, in our perception, the darkened quiet chamber, the sad low voice, the open casement, are all illuminated by the plunge of that hound in the still water of the moat in the hot midday.

The trick Rossetti has of representing both mankind and material objects in a pictorial or conventional form ; his unconscious assumption in his poetry that the reader is conversant with the principles and even some of the technical aspects of art, is sometimes vexatious. But we may laugh now at the petulance of the "Quarterly Reviewer" who wrote of Rossetti's characters, "The further off they get from Nature, the more they resemble mere pictures, the better they please . . ." the poet and his school. We have at least learned to be grateful for Rossetti's picture-poems and poem-pictures. The distance from which we look back upon his poetry is too short yet to allow us to see it in just perspective ; but already his name has won an honored place among the poets of the century. Let him answer the critics in his own words :—

Around the vase of life at your slow pace  
He has not crept, but turned it with his hands,  
And all its sides already understands.  
And he has filled this vase with wine for blood,  
With blood for tears, with spice for burning vow,  
And watered flowers for buried love most fit ;  
And would have cast it shattered to the flood,  
Yet in Fate's name has kept it whole ;  
which now  
Stands empty till his ashes fall in it.

—*Nineteenth Century.*

#### DANNEL THE CARTER.

THE stable is quite dark and silent ; the five great cart-horses stand motionless ; only the mice are lively as they scuttle across the loft above, making a horse prick occasionally a drowsy ear. By-and-by streaks of red light begin to steal under

the door, where the patient feet of the horses, passing in and out year's end to year's end, have worn the stones down. Gradually the shadowy forms of the horses grow out of the darkness ; as the light gets stronger, they stir, and there is an air



of expectancy about them ; then all the ears prick up, and all the heads turn toward the door as a footstep is heard coming through the yard—a brisk, trotting footstep. The horses greet it with low, snuffling whinnies. The next moment the top of the door is thrown back, letting in a flood of light, and a man walks in. He is a little old man, clad in a white linen jacket and corduroys. His first act is to go up to each horse in turn and pat each head and firm strong shoulder ; then he goes and leans his arms on the half-door and looks out for a moment or two. His withered face is so brown and wrinkled that it is like a walnut shell ; he has a pinched nose, a pursed-up mouth, and small bright dark eyes. His whole expression is keen, honest, and obstinate.

There has been rain in the night, and the thick moss on the barn-roof is vividly green. Long bright drops drip from the thatch ; on the top of the cowhouse, a flock of sparrows are chattering and quarrelling ; a long line of ducks march through the rickyard, stopping occasionally to paddle about in a puddle or dive their bills into a pea or bean rick. The old purple-breasted drake leads the way ; his bright green glistening head is as brilliant as the wet moss on the barn-roof. They waddle off down the quiet road to the pond. How cool and greenly translucent the pond looks in the early morning light ! The nut-boughs hang over it, and once in a while a nut slips its tawny husk and drops with a gentle splash into the water ; or a yellow leaf floats down, and settles so softly as to cause scarce a ripple. There is a dragon-fly skimming across it, with a rustle and flash of glittering colors, of a wonderful gleam of copper and purple, of emerald and turquoise. At sight of the cool green water, the ducks all rush forward, flapping their wings ; then pause, when they have waded half in, to drink as greedily as though they had not stopped at every puddle on the way ! There is no more still reflection for the little pond ; the ducks splash and dive from one end to the other, till Daniel—or Dannel, as he is always called—the carter comes down with the horses and sends them quacking away. The horses hurry forward—Diamond, the old black mare, going in till the water laps against her deep strong chest. For a minute or two they stand drinking, drinking a long

fill ; then they slowly and reluctantly get out of the pond again. Doctor, the great brown, by virtue of his age and sobriety, is allowed to go without a halter. How he revels in this little bit of freedom ! Stopping to eat a bit of the emerald grass growing along the gutter that flows from the pond, pulling a mouthful out of the hedge, going to look over a gate, and then coming along with a leisurely and independent gait, paying no attention to Dannel's shouts of, "Hoot ! Doctor !" as he stands holding the yard-gate open. The farmyard is all awake now ; the cows are being driven into the milking-house, with a great deal of barking and excitement on the part of the rough old sheep-dog. A man is leaning against the stable wall, talking to the cowboy ; he is a new-comer, just engaged as "carter's mate."

"What sort of a old chap be he ?" he inquired as Dannel came in at the gate.

"Oh ! he be middling enough, but a bit queerish ; he can't abide the women !"

"Why's that ?"

"Ah ! he'll tell you that himself, sure enough ; he be ter'ble fond of talking of it !" answered the boy, moving off, to allow the horses to enter the stable.

"Good-mornin', mate," said Dannel civilly. "If you'll come along o' me, I'll show you which be the horses.—This be Punch," pointing to the roan at the beginning of the stable ; "and that next he be Poppet, and Vi'let, and Black Di'mond ; and this here be Doctor. I'll warrant he be a good hoss, that he be," said Dannel, passing his hand proudly over Doctor's shining flank. "Treat un kind and he'll do anything fur you ; but if you offers to hit un, he'll go through hedge wi' you ! That be all ; and I'll be bothered if you could see a purtier lot anywheres ! And now, I 'lows we'd better begin feedin' on em."

There was a rope-ladder in one corner, leading to the loft above, which Dannel ascended ; and a moment or two after, a quantity of clover came tumbling into the rack above the horses' heads. When they had finished eating, the two men began to harness them. As they went out of the yard, Dannel glanced round and said : "You be holdin' your whip wrong ; you must hold un as I holds mine !"

Jim shifted his whip with a half-smile, and they went on in silence till the field was reached. The sky was stormy ; huge

masses of cloud hung heavily, casting great purple shadows on the hills; the blue showed here and there between the clouds, and the sun shone fitfully. At this time of year everything has a softened look; most of the pale stubble-fields are yet unploughed; the trees are toned down with buff and brown tints; there is a haziness over the distance; and the hedges are gray with wild clematis; while a white dew lies over the grass. The flowers are gone, save where a dandelion still lingers, or a campion a little deeper pink than its sister-flower of the summer, or the tiny weed-flowers that creep about the fallows.

The two men harnessed the horses to the harrows and began to lead them up and down the field; another man and a boy joined them, and collecting the couch into heaps, set fire to it. A flock of sea-gulls came flying inland with a whiteness on their wings as of beaten silver.

"I'll warrant we be goin' to hae stormy weather, you," said Dannel with a wave of his whip at them. "When you sees they plaguy gulls a-comin' in, you may be sure 'tis goin' to be rough."

"Ah! And I seed the old sow a-car-ryin' about straw to make her a bed," said Jim.

"There be a many ways o' tellin' what the weather be goin' to be," said Dannel; "but what you can goo by more nor anything, be they little red bird's-eye flowers; they shuts up so tight when rain be a-comin', I've often said to my mate: 'It be goin' to rain; they bird's-eyes a-shuttin' up;' and sure enough there'd be rain afore long; and then, when it be over, they'll open again, and look so innocent!"

"The moon looked queer last night; I thot we war goin' to hae a change," said Jim; "he was late last night."

"Ah! he be allus three-quarter o' an hour later every night till he comes to the full."

"Aw! I didn't know that; I thot he warn't particular whether he gained or lost, till he come to the full."

"Yes; three-quarter; you ask anybody, he'll tell you that."

There being no wind to blow the smoke from the couch-fire away, it hung white over the field. It was very still; the only sounds besides the rattling of the harrows were the voices of some children black-berrying in the distance, and tinkling of a

sheep-bell from some sheep turned out in the fallow.

"'Tis time we knocked off and had our dew-bit," said Dannel at last, leading the horses off to the hedge; where the two men sat down and brought out their breakfasts, while the horses munched contentedly away at the hedge.

"Hev you bin here long?" inquired Jim presently.

"Forty-five years, man and boy. I come here cowboy; then milkman; then carter's mate; then carter, same as I be now."

"How come you to turn carter, if you began milkman?"

"There was an 'oman in that," growled Dannel. "Drat 'em, they be in everything!"

"What she got to do wi' it?"

"Why, 'twas like this yere," said Dannel, settling himself as though for a long tale. "There was me and a dairymaid—the finest-lookin' maid ever I set eyes upon! I can see her now as plain as I can you"—a half-wistful expression came over the old man's face—"wi' her eyes as black as kickseys [sloes], and her cheeks like car-nations; but her heart was as hard as a Isle o' Wight cheese—that it were! And I was a gurt chap, halfways betwixt eighteen and nineteen. Half past five I got up and got the cows in. There was six for she to milk, and six for me; but she'd be off every mornin' a-courtin' her spark—so I heerd arterward—and left me to do 'em all! I thought I was keepin' company wi' she all the time, you sees! Lor, lor, lor! what a foolish errant she did send me on! He was carter's mate here, same as you be now; and one fine day off they went and got married! Dear, dear, dear, how the folks did laugh. I felt like a snail wi'out are a shell. But wold maister, he said they hadn't a treated me well sarvin' me so; and he didn't think much of him best o' times; so he gived 'em both the sack, and put me on in his place, fur I wouldn't hae nothin' more to do wi' milkin'; I was that soured, I'd hae turned the milk!"

"Be that why you be a single man?" inquired Jim.

"Yes, 'tis. If a hoss kicks me once, I'll warrant I don't go aneast his heels again in a hurry!"

Jim took a long pull at his tin bottle of tea, and said: "Coz one 'oman med a

fool o' you, weren't no call to think all on 'em would. Now, there be my missis; I don't know what I should do without she!"

"All I've a got to say be that there baint no trust to be put in 'em," said Dannel doggedly. "They be like a shy-in' hoss—you never be sure on 'em. They've a hand in all the trouble as ever comes into the world.—Ah! I often thinks o' that young hussy Eve, when I be out in the fields a harvestin' and a hay-makin' wi' the sun pourin' down fitten to melt you! 'Twas all along o' she as we've got to arn our bread by the sweat o' our brows!"

The sun came out as the day wore on, shining on the mellow tints of the hedge, where the maples had turned yellow, and the bracken russet. Sometimes a cart would pass along the road, and its driver shout a remark to Dannel, who would at once give Jim a long account of him, his family, past history, and place of abode.

When the other men went home to dinner, Dannel went up to the farm-house, and presently reappeared with a large junk of bread, some cold pork, and potatoes. He sat down on a heap of straw in one corner of the stable and slowly consumed his dinner. The big black stable cat came purring round to share it. Dannel slept at the farm-house, and was supposed to have his meals there; but he always preferred to take them away with him either into the fields or the stable. When his dinner was finished, he lay back on the straw and had a peaceful nap till Jim came back again. As they were reharnessing the horses, there came a crowing, chuckling sound, and a little girl of about two years appeared. She stood laughing, and putting her small round head, which was covered with scant yellow hair like spun-silk, round the door as she peeped up at Dannel and called, "Yannel! Yannel!"

The old man's face completely changed—it became positively illumined. "Well, my dove, and what do *you* want?" he asked in the most blandishing tones his rough voice could take.—She toddled off toward Doctor.—"You wants a ride on Doctor, that's what you wants. Well, you must giye wold Dannel a kiss fust!"—She at once laid her soft cheek against his hard brown face.—"You be artful, you be," he said beamingly. Then he lifted her on to Doctor's great back and held her there.

"Who be she?" asked Jim.

"Oh! the little un up at the farm," replied Dannel.

At this moment a sharp-faced, bright-looking, elderly woman appeared hurriedly. "There—I knew she'd be here," said she. "Directly my back be turned, that bad maid be off to stable!"

"And why shouldn't she, if she've a mind to it?" said Dannel in a sully voice. "Where *you'd* allus be off to, if you'd your way, would be to shop, a-squanderin' your wage on finery, makin' yourself look like a old sheep in lamb's guise." He looked at her with a chilly and distrustful expression as he spoke. Dannel always was oppressed by a fear that every unmarried woman who came near him wanted to marry him.

"Be you going to keep that child here all day?" inquired Sarah blandly.

"Run away now, my lovey," said Dannel, dropping his voice to a softly amiable tone again. "And to-morrow, I'll take you out in cart."

The baby went off, holding Sarah's hand, but still turning to gaze back at Dannel.

"I never know'd nothin' so knowin' as that maid be," said he, watching her admiringly. "She took to me from the first, that she did! I'll warrant I could stop her cryin' when nobody else could, when she war a little tiny baby!"

"I wonders you'll hae anything to do wi' she, considering as she'll be an 'oman one o' these days," said Jim with a twinkle.

"Ah! but my maid be goin' to be worth the whole lot o' 'em boiled down!" said Dannel with conviction, leading the horses out of the stable as he spoke.

"His maid" was the only person to whom he ever unbent; she was the only one he never scrubbed or snapped at. She always rode in the cart when he went to cut fodder for the horses, returning on the top of a load of sweet-smelling clover; or in winter, when he went for turnips or straw, she sat in the front of the cart carefully wrapped up in his coat. On Sundays he hung about round the kitchen door till she came out, when he would take her "a-flowerin'" when the summer grass had grown long and golden with buttercups; or a "bird's-nestying" in the spring, to see the horses when they were tethered out, or the cows milked. There was always something new and delightful.

Gray clouds were blowing up from the south across a stormy yellow, when the last weeds were cleared off the harrows and put on the fire; there was a dull fiery red where the sun had just set, but opposite was a bit of clear pale blue sky with one quiet star. The reflection of the sunset sky cast a subdued light down one side of Dannel and the horses, as they went through the dark field beneath. In the distance, blowing up a great cloud of white smoke against the dark hills, was the couch-fire. Jim stayed to give it a final stir with his prong till it flashed up so red a flare that the paling glory of the sunset, the little white star, and everything round, seemed to go dark in a moment.

The stable was dark when they reached it.

"I must go up and get some candles for my lantern," said Dannel.

There was a pleasant smell of new-baked bread filling the kitchen as he entered it, for Sarah was just pulling the hot loaves out of the oven.

"There's your tea ready for you over there," she said, pointing to the dresser; "but you'd better stop and have it by the fire, for it's a bit chillish out this evening."

"No, thank ye," said Dannel, suspiciously. "I'll take it with me. What I be come for be some candles."

Sarah reached up to the high mantelpiece for the candles, and in doing so, knocked off a candlestick and bent it. She picked it up and tried to straighten it.

"Here; give it to me," said Dannel, taking it and putting it straight. "Dear! how helpless the women be!"

"You're that conceited, Dannel, I've no patience with ye," said Sarah, ruffled. "I'll warrant there baint many things as you can do as I couldn't, if I tried."

"Can ye sow?" asked Dannel, with great contempt; "or thatch, or mow, or plough?"

"I dessay I could if I tried to it," replied Sarah undauntedly; "and I've a sowed beans, and thatched our bee hives; and I'll tell you what I've a done—"

"Your words, Sairey, comes out as fast as the chaff do when we be a-threshin', and w' about as much sense in 'em as the chaff have grain."

"There's good grain comes out, too, Dannel, when you be threshin'."

"If there be any grain in the women's talk, I'll warrant it be mowburnt, and nothin' ever comes o' it!"

"If no good comes o' our words, 'tis because the men's minds, Dannel, be but bare and stony ground for 'em to fall on."

Dannel could think of no retort to this, so he went off, saying: "Dear! dear! how the women do talk!"

"Don't forget to bring some candles for me, if you goes into town to-morrow," called Sarah after him.

"Yes," replied Dannel grumpily, and departed.

In spite of his dislike to "the women," Dannel never forgot any of the numerous commissions they gave him to do when he went into the market-town. He always put a series of knots in his great blue-spotted handkerchief; and when he got into the shop, he would draw it out and go through the different knots in an undertone: "This yere be the meat fur to-morrow's dinner; and this two recls of machinery cotton black; and wicks fur the lamps; and a penny o' cough drops; and— Oh yes! this be it; this little titty tiny un at the end o' it!—Three pounds o' tea if—you—plaze!"

On one occasion a rather eccentric aunt of the master's, staying at the farm, told him to go and order her a bonnet. "And tell them, Dannel, it's to be a plain one!"

Dannel was just starting with a load of straw to the town. He looked rather sour, but said nothing. When he reached the millinery establishment, he drew the team up outside it. It was a snowy day, and he had his long greatcoat on, faded, by years of exposure, to a dull greenish brown. It was powdered white over the shoulders with snow. In one hand he held his big brass-mounted whip. He opened the door and walked sturdily in. "You be to make Miss Dixey a bonnet," he said in his strong rough voice; "and you mind this—you baint to put none o' they cockelorum jigs on to it!" Having said this, he walked out of the shop, waved his whip to the team, and went on with his load of straw. The bonnet arrived in due course, and proved satisfactory!

He was a strange, obstinate, crusty, old man, living a solitary life, out in the fields all day, always in company with the horses, till such an understanding grew up between him and them that they knew every



wave of his hand or whip, every tone of his voice. He took a wonderful pride in them; and in the evenings, when the other men went home, he would stay in the stable grooming them and plaiting their manes and tails with straw and ribbons. In the winter, when the wind was blowing in freezingly under the door, and the long icicles hung from the thatch, sparkling in the frosty white light of the moon, and the horses' hair was all ruffed up with the cold, he would be driven up to the house, where he would sit over the brewhouse fire reading his Bible by the light of his lantern. He always read aloud in a loud monotonous chant, raising his voice still higher if "the missis" or Sarah came in, and choosing such parts as he thought at all applicable, such as, "Let your women keep silence in the churches;" "and everywhere else, says I!"

But one evening the "little maid," playing round the kitchen table, fell on the hard stone floor and cut her hand. She began to wail and cry pitifully, and a moment after, Dannel's head was thrust round the kitchen door. "What's the matter with Polly?" he asked with an angry glance at Sarah.

"You needn't look at me like that!" she said indignantly. "I han't done nothing to her. She fell down."

Polly held out a small chubby hand with a bleeding palm to him.

"Wait a moment, my little maid, and I'll soon cure that," said he, hurrying off to the stable, and reappearing with a large

cobweb, which he wrapped round the wounded hand. The novelty of this so pleased Polly, that she stopped crying, and began to laugh, though the tears were still trickling down her cheeks.

"Got any picture-book, Sairey?" asked Dannel, picking Polly up, and carrying her off to the chimney corner.

Sarah produced a battered volume from the table drawer; and Dannel turned over the pages and explained the pictures, till Polly becoming sleepy, Sarah carried her off to bed.

After that, Dannel often came into the kitchen of an evening, and would sit in the chimney corner and tell Polly stories of the different horses he had had under his charge, and of his own experiences as a little boy "minding" the rooks. He was always very civil to Sarah on her own ground, and on one occasion he even went so far as to pay her a compliment. She had just been cleaning the kitchen, and the floor was snow-white, save where it took rosy tints in front of the blazing fire. The dresser had been polished till it shone again; the coppers under it twinkled with brightness. Dannel cast an admiring glance back at it, as he was preparing to depart, and said: "The kitchen looks proper, Sairey! I 'lows you knows how to get round the table!"

Sarah was silent with astonishment for some time after; then she said: "Well, there! I declare Dannel be like a Ribstone apple, he improves with keeping!"  
—*Chambers's Journal*.

#### FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE Union at Oxford has rejected a proposal to expend £7 in buying the works of M. Zola by the narrow majority of 261 to 223 votes.

A DISTINGUISHED American sculptor and medalist, Mr. St. Gaudens, has just completed a large-size portrait in low relief of Mr. R. L. Stevenson, which is described as being a speaking likeness and also an excellent work of art. The sitter is represented writing, propped on pillows, according to the habit of his invalid days at Bournemouth, where the first sketches for the work were made some seven years ago. A cast will probably be shown at one of the London exhibitions.

MR. HAYWARD, of Croydon, is about to publish a work entitled "These Eighty Years; or, the Story of an Unfinished Life," by the Rev. Henry Solly. In addition to the author's recollections of various distinguished men, such as Lord Brougham, Lord Lyttelton, John Stuart Mill, George Odger, the Earl of Rosebery, and Samuel Morley, his own varied experiences as counting-house clerk, manufacturing chemist's assistant, Nonconformist minister, founder of the Working Men's Club and Institute movements, and of other social enterprises, may be expected to give these volumes an exceptional interest.

"THE HOME LIFE OF THE ANCIENT GREEKS,"

translated from the German of Professor Blümler by Miss Alice Zimmern, will be issued by Messrs. Cassell & Co. in the course of the present month.

MR. R. B. BROWNING, who, by the way, has recently purchased the Casa Guidi, has procured in Rome a slab of porphyry, which is to be placed over his father's grave in Westminster Abbey.

MADAME TAINÉ is correcting the proofs of the last instalment of her lamented husband's "Origines de la France contemporaine," the volume dealing with the clergy. M. Taine left it nearly finished. Only a couple of chapters are lacking.

It is reported that the decree forbidding the performance of Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell" in Russia has been rescinded, and that the great patriotic drama will henceforth be performed in the Czar's dominions.

UNDER the title of "My Dark Companions and their Strange Stories," Mr. H. M. Stanley will issue shortly, through Messrs. Sampson Low, a collection of legends that he has himself heard round the camp-fire during his seventeen years of travel in Africa. Most of them, it is interesting to the folk-lorist to know, describe the adventures of animals. The book will have more than sixty illustrations by Mr. Walter W. Buckley.

PROFESSOR JEBB's new volume on "The Growth and Influence of Classical Greek Poetry" consists of lectures delivered by him at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. The professor's aim is to exhibit concisely, but clearly, the chief characteristics of the best classical Greek poets, and to illustrate the place of ancient Greece in the general history of poetry. His publishers are Messrs. Macmillan.

PROFESSOR MAHAFFY, who has been ordered to take rest and change in the South, hopes to join Professor Sayce at Cairo in December and proceed to Nubia, where they expect to find unpublished Greek inscriptions and other new materials for Ptolemaic history.

A LARGE publishing firm in Paris is going to start in January, probably, a rival to the *Revue des deux Mondes*, which is supposed to have somewhat lost favor in France of late under the editorship of the younger Buloz.

GEORGE MEREDITH'S GROWING POPULARITY.—Some fifteen years ago George Meredith had

already produced much of his finest work—although "The Egoist" and "Diana of the Crossways" had still to appear, the lovers of "Rhoda Fleming," "Beauchamp's Career," and "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," might, perhaps, be disposed to say his very finest—but his name, except to a small circle of admirers, was practically unknown. Since then he has come upon the public with all the prestige of a discovery. The appearance of a new work from his pen is hailed by every journal that occupies itself with literature as the great literary event of the day; his books pass into cheap editions that mark the growing demand for them. Popular, in the sense in which Dickens and Walter Scott on the one hand were popular, or on the other in which Miss Braddon and Mr. Rider Haggard are popular, he is not and never will be. For good, or for the reverse of good, he has not the vulgar ear. But it is impossible to imagine Mr. Meredith ever bending for a moment to catch the vulgar ear. He sits among the gods, who sup off the nectar of high imaginations, the ambrosia of philosophic musings. It would be manifestly unfair not to attribute this growing popularity of Mr. Meredith's work chiefly to an adequate appreciation of its great qualities. It has, in fact, qualities that ought to command the largest success. A splendid and restless imagination, a treatment of character at once profound and original, a magnificent glow of color, a vision of life largely and purely human on one side, if on another too obviously and too obtrusively ironical—the praise of an author equipped with virtues such as these should need no explanation beyond the mere enumeration. But we are perhaps doing human nature no injustice in assuming that a certain intellectual difficulty in reading Mr. Meredith, a certain tortured obscurity of phraseology that occasionally makes a strong pull upon the intelligence and the patience of the reader, counts for not a little in the worship of the increasing band of disciples eager to hail him master.—*Temple Bar.*

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#### MISCELLANY.

POACHING.—From varying causes poaching has become almost a lost art, for what little is practised now is but very degenerate compared to the professional proceedings of its former votaries, the tales of whose prowess in capturing, while avoiding being captured, are still cherished and related with kindly ex-

tenuation, both in the halls and hostelryes of their native villages.

For they were none of your skulking, semi-burglar, ne'er do-wells, who stole game only for filthy lucre; but, generally, smart, jovial-mannered fellows, who divided all natural history into two classes, "game" and "vermin," and who knew more of the habits of both than most naturalists; and, being the keenest of sportsmen, they poached simply because the fates had not made them landed proprietors, or rich enough to rent game preserves.

The fascination of poaching to such men one can easily imagine; for those who need not have occasionally joined them for the pure excitement of it. One well-known clergyman's son actually assisted to poach the very preserves over which he was to shoot the next day with the squire; and, unfortunately, the keepers surprised them, when the poachers cleverly vanished, as only poachers can, leaving the vicar's son to be hunted by the keepers, from whom he only escaped by crawling through an almost impenetrable stretch of furze, to the intense pain and disfigurement of face, hands, and knees.

The pains and penalties of the law were defiantly risked and submitted to over and over again; and one well-known character, whose only fault was this unconquerable love of poaching, always pleaded so hard with the magistrates that he often succeeded in getting his punishments reduced. On one such occasion he coolly told them he "*could pay the fine, but might as well work it out in jail, as it ain't a busy time just now.*" And afterward, to the magistrate's clerk, who, himself a keen sportsman and owner of shooting, was known to sympathize, asked him where he had done best of late, he impudently said: "The best hauls I ever get, sir, are on your own place." Another one, as he paid his fine, told the keeper who had caught him that "No matter, I'll take it back off your place very soon."

First and foremost necessity for poaching is the far-famed "poacher's dog"—the true Norfolk Lurcher (so called from an old meaning of the verb lark—viz., to steal), originally a cross between the greyhound for speed and the retriever for scent and work, but now a recognized breed, and often again crossed with the greyhound.

As to the training and cleverness of these dogs a whole paper might easily be written; they are not only never allowed out in the

day time, but are always kept in the dark, and their skill and cunning, when well trained, is beyond the belief of those who have never witnessed it. A comical instance was of one taught to reverse all the usual orders, so that when loudly called to heel, he would slip off after a rabbit, and the more he was whistled the faster he went. None will appear with any game in his mouth before a stranger, however friendly he may appear to be, until whatever the accustomed signal of safety has been given him; and if his master be driving along the lanes in his cart, as one style of rabbit poachers often do, the dog is trained to jump into the cart, drop his rabbit, and out again, without any stoppage of the wheels, which might excite suspicions of any observant keeper.

Night poaching—that is, after one hour from sunset to one hour before sunrise—is a much more serious offence than in the day, but only by night are most forms of poaching possible. Then the pheasants roost in the trees, and for them the poacher takes his gun, with its barrel so shortened that he can carry it in one of his many pockets, and its stock in the other; or a quieter and less likely way to attract the keepers is to hold burning sulphur at the end of a fishing-rod beneath the sleeping birds, when they tumble half suffocated into his arms. The keepers circumvent these pheasant poachers by nailing on to the branches dummy pheasants so cleverly made of bunches of twigs or straw and bits of wood that much valuable time in shooting at, and holding of the sulphur, is wasted before the dummy is detected in the dim light, when the "language is frequent, and painful, and free," and made the more realistic by the fumes of the burning sulphur.

A good instance of the clever impudence of the old professors of this most daring method is told of one "Cutty White," a well-known poacher, who, being surprised early one morning in a forest glade by a keeper, threw his bag (an indispensable part of a poacher's outfit and the origin of the term poacher—that is, one who *pockets* game, stealing and conveying it away in a bag) into a furze bush, and himself, as if utterly exhausted, on the bank. Apparently delighted to meet any one, he anxiously asked if he was right for a distant village, where his only son was dying, and when told he had taken the wrong glade, his grief was very great; for he was an old man and so worn out and bad on his feet that he could

scarcely walk at all—so lame, in fact, that the kindly keeper had to assist him toward the right road, when, meeting the owner of the estate, his sympathy was so excited by the old man's story and appearance that he sent him to the Hall and gave him a good breakfast and half-a-crown, and would have had him driven to see his sick son, but that was more than the rascal was quite prepared for; so with profuse thanks he limped out of sight along the right road, and then turned in another direction. Almost immediately he was gone the keeper rushed back to the Hall, saying he had found, behind the tank whereon the old man was resting, fifteen snared pheasants, while a lot more were "jumping about" in snares on the feeding-ground close at hand.

Men were instantly despatched in every direction to find the old man, and one met a jovial butcher's man in the conventional blue blouse, hastening to fetch some sheep from a neighboring farm, who remembered passing an old man limping along in quite the opposite direction. Needless to say, "the butcher" was but another of Cutty's many disguises, and that he got safely away from the district until the legal time for his apprehension had expired.

For hares and rabbits nets of various kinds are used. For gates and gaps, to which hares and rabbits always make when disturbed while feeding in the fields, there are gate-nets, ten or twelve of which are placed by the poachers lightly and well on to the ground before the favorite gates and gaps, and then a couple of lurchers are told to "go," when off they hurry under the shelter of the fences, one on either side of the field, to the far end, when, in the most wonderfully clever way, they work all the hares and rabbits toward the nets, which the poachers empty and reset, until often as many as three or four men can carry are caught thus in one night.

One hair-breadth escape occurred to a poacher, one of whose snares the keeper had found with a hare in it, and hid up close by to catch the poacher when he came for it. Luckily for the poacher, he came earlier than usual, and had already taken several hares from his other snares, when, nearing this one, he noticed a fresh footprint on a molehill, and instantly crawled, with the greatest caution, through the underwood; when, to his horror, he almost knocked against the keeper, who, however, was so sound asleep that the poacher not only took the hare from his snare, but

reset it for pure impudence, and got safely away.

Very successful rabbit-poaching is also done from carts, as already described. One clever poacher for long defied detection; he was a rabbit catcher by trade, and, though well watched and often searched, nothing could be found, although his master was certain he was robbing him. At last, one day the master noticed the ferrets eagerly scratching at the bottom of their box, and then found it was a false one, and beneath it two couples of his best rabbits neatly hidden away, which, multiplied by every weekday, represented a considerable haul.

Poaching is often done by regular gangs of men, some of whom merely watch and fool the keepers, while the rest do the work, and all share the profits. One such gang of eighteen, some years ago, became a terror to their district, and were undoubtedly the murderers of a keeper, to try and find out which a well-known London detective was employed. Appearing in the district as a ne'er-do-well gentleman's servant out of work, he so wormed his way into their secrets that he became almost their leader, until, after many months, finding he had got all the information he could get against them, he took steps to have the whole gang arrested; and when he appeared in court against them in his proper character, and they recognized their former pal, their threats and curses were terrible to hear.—*Nineteenth Century*.

IN A SURREY WOOD.—The air is warm, the hot sun draws out the pleasant resinous scent of the pine-trees. Outside the wood the commons are covered with heather and ling, cornfields are golden and festoons of hops are ripening. There is the soothing rush of a weir in the distance, a heron calls harshly, pheasants fly across our path, young birds chirp to one another from the bushes. There is a delightful sense of green tangle round us, that only an anatomist would stay to dissect. The path under our feet is strewn in places with soft pine-needles, brambles stretch out long arms to hinder our movements, crowned with pinky blossoms and plentiful promise of berries. As we gaze into the heart of the wood, the sun shines on slanting pine-stems, glossy chestnut leaves, and ruddy mountain-ash berries. In the far distance are rumbles of artillery, but the echoes are not disturbed in the warm harborage of



the wood. Let us wander on, by an opening in the trees past the edge of a hop garden. The gable end of a farm-house comes in sight; the weather fox on the top of the gable points southwest. Presently, in the clear blue sky comes the sound of beating wings, and overhead fly eight or ten swans, the sun shining on their silver feathers. Surely they are on their way to rescue the dumb princess, the little sister who sits wearily weaving coats of mail from graveyard nettles? By a corner of the farm is a great pile of freshly cut logs, and like a sentinel beside them stands a thin grimy old man, shading his eyes from the sun. Among a careless litter of sawn wood rises a huge symmetrical mound, formed of logs still coated with rough bark. Near by is a large circle of blackened dust with a small heap in the centre of it. Are these funeral pyres? Does some remnant of a legendary Norse or Scandinavian tribe lurk in this mysterious wood? Has the chieftain gone to his Walhalla, and are his favorite wife and horse to be sacrificed that his nobility may not feel lonely when he arrives?

The old man is truly a relic of bygone ages, one of the few picturesque figures that still haunt our woods and forests. He is a charcoal-burner, the friend of our boyhood, the hero of many an ancient legend, the puppet of many a German or French author. The years as they pass have stolen away all trace of youth and comeliness, his cheeks are as seamed and rugged as the bark of his logs, the smoke has dried him while the sap is hissing in the green wood. He is ideally dressed for the part in a pair of grimy corduroys pulled up nearly to his shoulders over an equally grimy shirt, and an aged felt hat. In building that symmetrical mound or "pit," as it is technically called, he begins with the "bird-cage," a three-cornered affair of small sticks that recalls the brick-building days of childhood. The sticks are laid triangularly to the height of three feet or thereabouts, then a post is driven down this chimney and the logs are ranged in order round it, one end resting on the ground, the other sloping against the bird-cage; and again a second layer on the top of these, all sloping inward at the same angle. The logs are fitted in, one over another, until they form a compact mound, and the bird-cage is hidden. Then the whole is covered with dry fibrous earth from the adjoining wood, comprehensively called "dirt," and the centre-post being taken away, a few

handfuls of burning charcoal thrown down the chimney set fire to the logs.

When we next pass that way, we shall see drifts of lazy white smoke curling round and over the black mound. The charcoal burner watches night and day—he sleeps under some sacking that hangs in classical folds over two leaning hurdles, and his kitchen is a rude open shanty of roughly woven hurdles, propped up by posts and partially covered with tarpaulin. The sun shines through a corner of the latticed withies and lights up the grassy floor; the other corner is in a rich brown shadow. His furniture consists of a block of wood, on which lies a red handkerchief, an iron pot, and a large tin jug. As he stands on the top of the burning heap, he looks like a wizard or the presiding genius of some Rosicrucian rite. There is a pungent smell in the air, the fire, penetrating inwardly downward, sends out jets of pale smoke drift that betray its whereabouts. When the logs are burned through, the mound is opened, and the blackened, calcined wood is collected into immense baskets, the "dirt" being first sifted through a riddle, and the odor of charcoal is still more strongly diffused.

When a sufficient store of charcoal has been made to dry all the farmer's hops in the neighboring hop-oast, the charcoal-burner vanishes. His kitchen and bed-place remain, shorn of sack and tarpaulin covering; large rings of blackened earth, strewn with fragments of charred wood, show where he has been at work. The prose of every-day life takes the place of the romance of yesterday.—*Spectator*.

THE QUALIFICATIONS OF A PREACHER.—For what are the qualifications with which a preacher of the Gospel of Christ must go forth armed before he can hope to sway and move at will the human beings who shall listen to him? "In this congregation," says that great humanitarian, Charles Dickens—meditating upon a dense crowd of people gathered together on a dull Sunday afternoon in a London theatre to hear a religious discourse—"there is indubitably one pulse; but I doubt if any power short of genius can touch it as one, and make it answer as one." And there you have the truth—not only of that audience in a dingy theatre on a dull Sunday afternoon, but of every audience that ever drew together in church or chapel, to the music of pealing bells or soft voluntary of great organ. We dwellers in these stormy isles are first and foremost

and essentially a church and chapel-going people. Sunday, and the suit of solemn black, and the Prayer-book or denominational hymnal under the arm, and the seat in the rented pew, are mechanical matters of course. "Mechanical," that is the word. Even Heine got hold of it, and vigorously twitted us. When a man, and especially an Englishman, gets into a mechanical rut, nothing short of a mental Hercules can rouse him out of it. We have listened to sermons in our mechanical, easy-going way since the days when we first toddled by our parents' side to our corner in the high-backed pew. We have, as a nation, as tough and capacious a swallow for sermons as we have for the proverbial roast beef. We are sermon-sodden, sermon-impregnated, sermon-salted, and, in consequence, sermon-proof. What, then, will move us? Lolling in our cushioned pews with an equanimity truly rhinoceros-bided in its imperviousness, thinking upon the cut of Brown-Jones's coat, we absently bawl "Thy kingdom come" as we ponder upon some business scheme for the morrow, and mentally hug our knees in cosy self-satisfaction while the bullets of denunciation, warning, declamation, indignation, pleadings, threatenings, are hurled at us only to glance off as though they were pellets of wool. We have been acclimatized to regard this as the Sunday sponge-bath. We enjoy it as we would a small snowstorm. It gives us an appetite for dinner. We all, as sermon-tasters, partake more or less of the capacity of Robert Louis Stevenson's Scotchman, who exclaimed with enthusiastic approval anent the evening sermon at the kirk: "We were a' damned, and that was clear."

What, then, can move us? Certainly not the ordinary, harmless cut-and-dried little homily that issues weekly from half the pulpits in the land, with its smug, cut-and-dried little arrangement of very bald heads, with its firstly and its secondly and its thirdly and its tame little wind-up. And as certainly not the noisome thunderings, furies, and gesticulations of some mighty-voiced vociferator, who stamps and howls and shrieks, and metaphorically tears his hair as though he would shout salvation into us. Alas for you, my stentorian brother! Noise cannot do it. We are utterly blasé and case-hardened. Trumpet-blasts may have brought down the Jericho

of stone, but they will not move the Jericho of human apathy. What, then, are the qualifications necessary to the truly great preacher? What can move us? For we can be moved! Underneath all the phlegmatic stolidity, underneath all the stony indifference, there beat human hearts, with all the human capacities for delight, passion, pain, and tears—hearts that, be they ever so humble, will give forth music to the touch of the master-hand—hearts that can surge and yearn and sigh with the purest and deepest aspirations when kindled into warmth and moved to emotion by the electric thrill of sympathy and noble enthusiasm. What, I ask, must be the qualifications of the preacher who can in this fashion break down the adamant barrier of the conventional Sunday and touch the hidden and secret chords in the hearts of his hearers?

He must, to begin with, have a veritable wealth of soul, of emotion, of fervid and fiery-hearted enthusiasm, such as would carve a way for themselves in any art or calling. He must have the imagery, the grace, the lofty ideals, the charm of diction, the subtlety of thought, that are the essentials of the poet. He must have the deep understanding of human character, the intense compassion for human frailties, the passionate admiration for all that is best and truest in human nature, the gift of glowing and nervous word-painting, the keenness of vision, the power of moving to alternate tears and delight by pathos and rapturous exultation, which go to the making of the great novelist. He must have the fire, the virility, the logical sequence, the terse, convincing argumentative faculty, the brilliant turns, the sudden sallies, the flashing perorations, of the great orator. He must have the gentle refinement, the discriminating taste in the selection of his subjects and illustrations, the delicacy and deftness of touch in limning human life, human woes, human joys on his canvas, which are the attributes of the painter. And what is more than all these, he must be a man of pure heart, of clean life, untainted from the world, pulsating and glowing with noble, generous, loving thoughts toward his fellow-men. Take such a man, and you have the great preacher.—*Harry Davies, in Westminster Review.*

